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THE NEW YORKER

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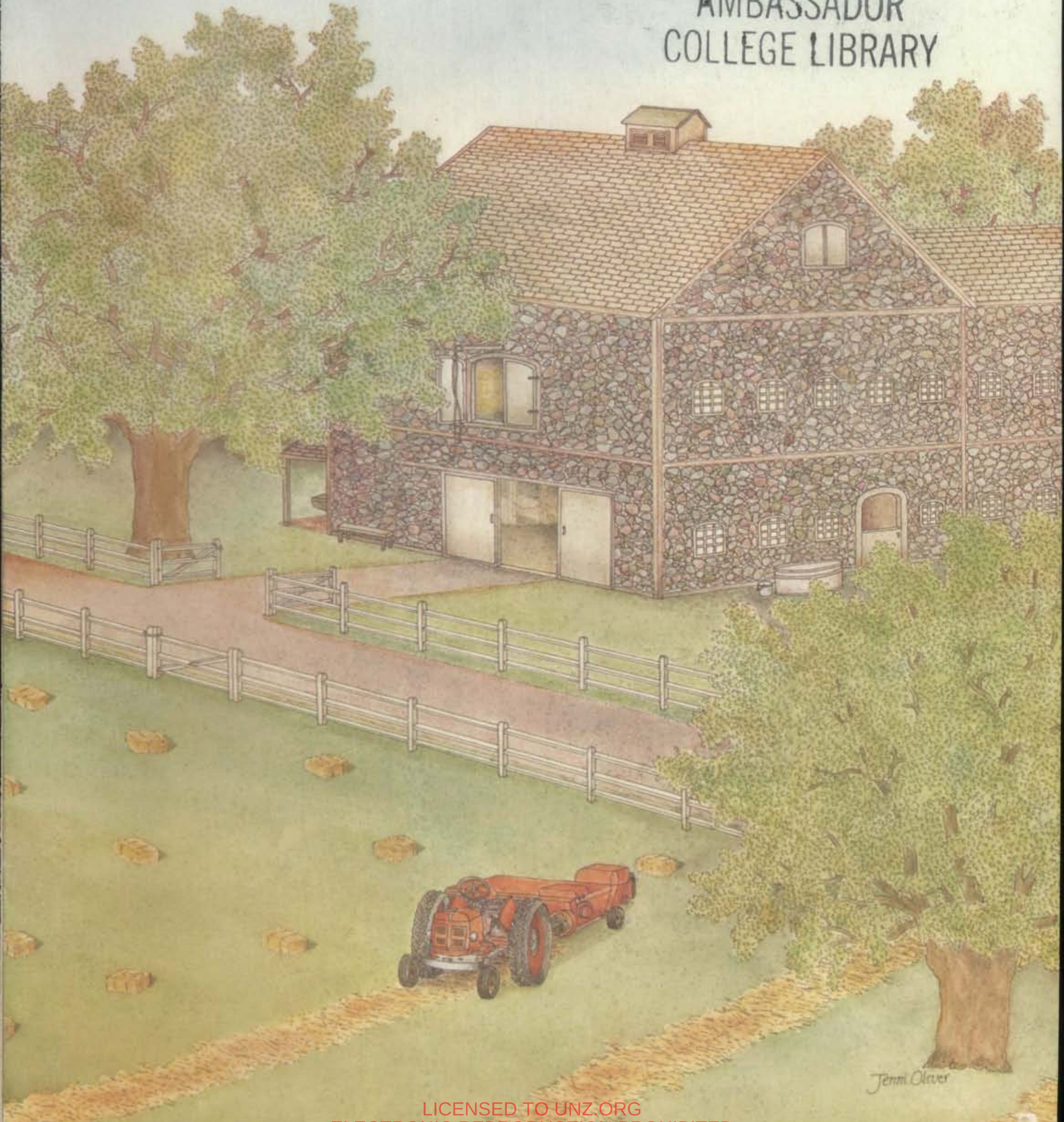
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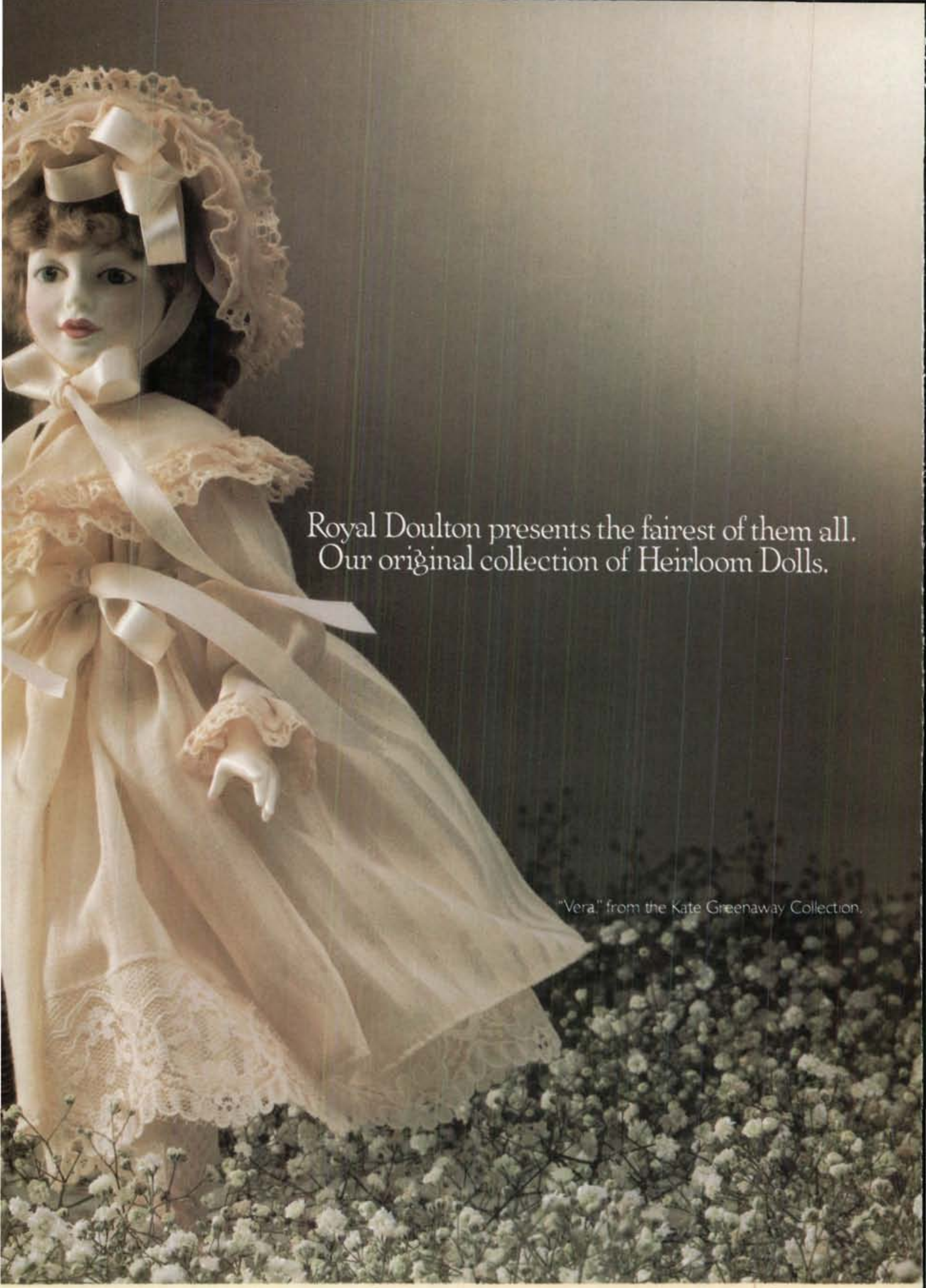
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/15/81.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Ballad of Dexter Creed—A play by Michael Moriarty, performed by Mr. Moriarty and Linda Kozlowski. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

Boy and Tarzan Appear in a Clearing—A musical entertainment by Amiri Baraka, with music by Hugh Masekela. Jack R. Marks is Tarzan, Rod Lucas is Boy, Ellen Dolan is Jane, and Willie Carpenter is the leader of a mythical African nation. Opens Friday, Oct. 9, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 1. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Broken Pitcher—A revival of the Heinrich von Kleist play, in a new translation by Jon Swan. With Richard M. Davidson, George Ede, Marta Heflin, Gary Kingsolver, Larry Pine, and Sylvia Short. Opens on Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 1. (Martinique, 49 W. 32nd St. 564-7989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—Joanne Woodward heads the cast of Bernard Shaw's drama. Also in it are Jane Curtin, Ron Bishop, John Gilliss, Ron Parady, and Tait Ruppert. The director is Michael Cristofer. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 15, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 22. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chekhov on the Lawn—A one-man show (by Elihu Winer), in which William Shust, as Chekhov, tells stories and reminisces. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Zeljko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Double Feature—A musical by Jeffrey Moss (book, music, and lyrics), with Carole Shelley, Don Scardino, Pamela Blair, Stephen Vinovich, Michael Kubala, and Tina Paul. Opens on Thursday, Oct. 8. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1954 Jean Kerr-Eleanor Brooke comedy **King of Hearts** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening with Dave Allen—A monologue delivered with debonair irreverence by an Irish entertainer who lives and works mostly in England. He covers many of the same subjects as Montaigne, but not in the same tone of voice, and the difference matters. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 17.)

Everybody's Gettin' Into the Act—A vaudeville-style entertainment by Robert Ost. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty-Deuce—A play by Alan Bowne, with Orson Bean, Kevin Bacon, Tom Citera, and John Noonan. Staged by Tony Tanner. Previews through Thursday, Oct. 8. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 9. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring"

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CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—The Royal Shakespeare Company production of a play based on the Dickens novel and adapted for the stage by David Edgar. Stephen Oliver wrote the music and lyrics. Roger Rees portrays Nickleby, and David Threlfall plays his friend Smike. Directed by Trevor Nunn and John Caird. The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

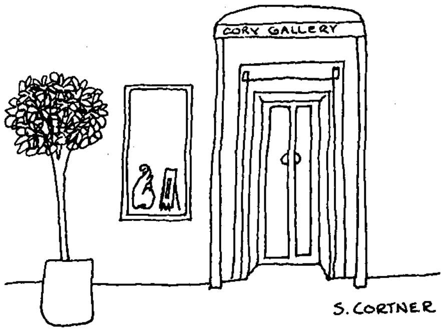
March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) Reopens, after a brief hiatus, on Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Marlowe—A rock musical based on the life of Christopher Marlowe. The book is by Leo Rost, the music by Jimmy Horowitz, and the lyrics are by both. Patrick Jude is in the title role; others in the cast are Lisa Mordente and Raymond Serra. Directed by Don Price. Previews through Sunday, Oct. 11. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 12. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 7, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7:30.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Not—Bill Cobbs in a play by Dan Owens. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 944-9870. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)



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Phoenix Theatre—A Canadian import, **MAGGIE & PIERRE** is a tedious local joke about the Trudeaus. (10/5/81) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8, and final performances Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3 and 8.)

Sea Marks—A dim play about a publisher (f) who tries to make a professional poet out of an Irish fisherman (m). (10/5/81) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

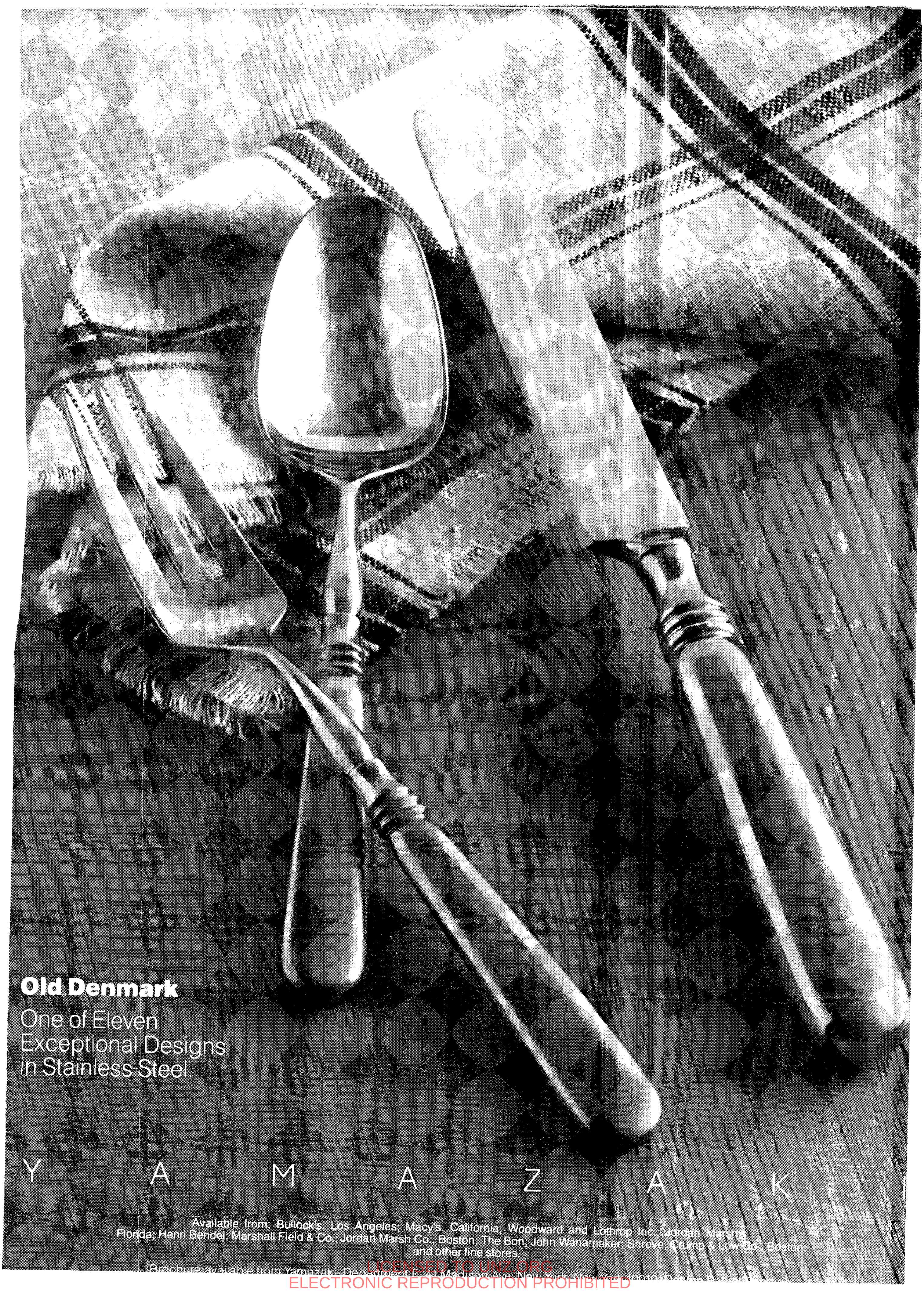
Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Talent for Murder—Claudette Colbert is an ever-welcome presence on Broadway, and so is her co-star, Jean-Pierre Aumont, but they can contribute little of value to this so-called "suspense comedy" by Jerome Chodorov and Norman Panama. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 13, John Wood will replace Mr. McKellen. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 13, Mike Burstyn will replace Mr. Dale. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,920 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Swoosie Kurtz and Richard Thomas dominate the proceedings. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Helen Gallagher (Ann Miller returns on Monday, Oct. 12) having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

"SALUTE TO THE BLACK CLASSICS OF DANCE AND MUSIC"—Final performances of a festival presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: Andy Bey, Rufus Reed, Billy Hart, Slide Hampton, and Sonny Fortune in a program devoted to the compositions of Eubie Blake and Fats Waller. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: The Universal Symphony in a program of classical music by Tania Leon, Adolphus Hailstork, Ulysses Kay, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8:30: Clifford Jordan, Charlie Rouse, Barry Harris, Eddie Gomez, and Vernel Fournier in a program given over to the music of Thelonious Monk. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30: A performance by the Metropolitan Baptist Gospel and the Inspirational Choirs. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

DANCE

TWYLA THARP DANCE—Final performances by Miss Tharp's company—Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 7-9, and Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 14-16, at 8: A full-length work entitled "The Catherine Wheel." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2; Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3: "The Bix Pieces;" "Assorted Quartets;" "Short Stories;" and "Baker's Dozen," with Dick Hyman, jazz piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, and Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 17, at 2: "Brahms' Paganini;" "Uncle Edgar Dyed His Hair Red;" "The Fugue;" and "Deuce Coupe," with guest dancers Cynthia Gregory and Christine Sarry. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement—Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 7-9, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Arden Court," "Cloven Kingdom," and "Private Domain." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2: "Diggity," "Profiles," "Airs," and "House of Cards." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

TRISHA BROWN DANCE COMPANY—"Son of Gone Fishin'" (première), "Glacial Decoy," and "Opal Loop / Cloud Installation #72503." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **CHARLES MOORE DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Oct. 7, and Friday, Oct. 9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 10-11, at 2: "Jigbu," "Fast Agbekor," "Moon Dance," "Cafēzal," and other works. . . . **DANCES BY DIANE GRAY:** Wednesday, Oct. 14, and Friday, Oct. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2: "Journey" and "Piano Fort." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

BATTERY DANCE COMPANY—"Last Dance" (première); "Scaramouche;" "Loose Joints;" and excerpts from "The Art of Fugue," with harpsichord accompaniment by Jerry Brainard. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 889-0122. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 15-17, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, the **PHILLY JOE JONES** quartet will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand at ten, eleven-thirty, and one; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his trio will take it over.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Trumpeter Glen Zottola's quartet works through Sunday, Oct. 11; on Monday, Oct. 12, Joanne and Carl Barry will be present; and on Tuesday, Oct. 13, pianist **CORKY HALE** *will begin leading a quartet. Music from* nine.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, **BETTY CARTER,** the gutsy risk-taker of a jazz singer, will trade sets with hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** and his quartet; on Sunday, Oct. 11, **LIONEL HAMPTON** will drop by with his big band; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** will sing his wry, witty songs to *the accompaniment of his guitar and gyrate* all over the stage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** collaborates with bassist **CALVIN HILL** through Saturday, Oct. 10; on Sunday, Oct. 11, John Coates will be at the piano. Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

VILLAGE GATE
THE TOP OF THE GATE
VILLAGE GATE
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CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, has become the resident entertainer. He appears with a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, is in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 7, Jak Glenn Band, Good Boys, R. A. Madison, and Greg Stier Band; Thursday, Oct. 8, Fred's Band, Jody Beach, and Dan Yodie Band; Friday, Oct. 9, Shrapnel and Ex-Husbands; and Saturday, Oct. 10, Shrapnel and Jo Marshall. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

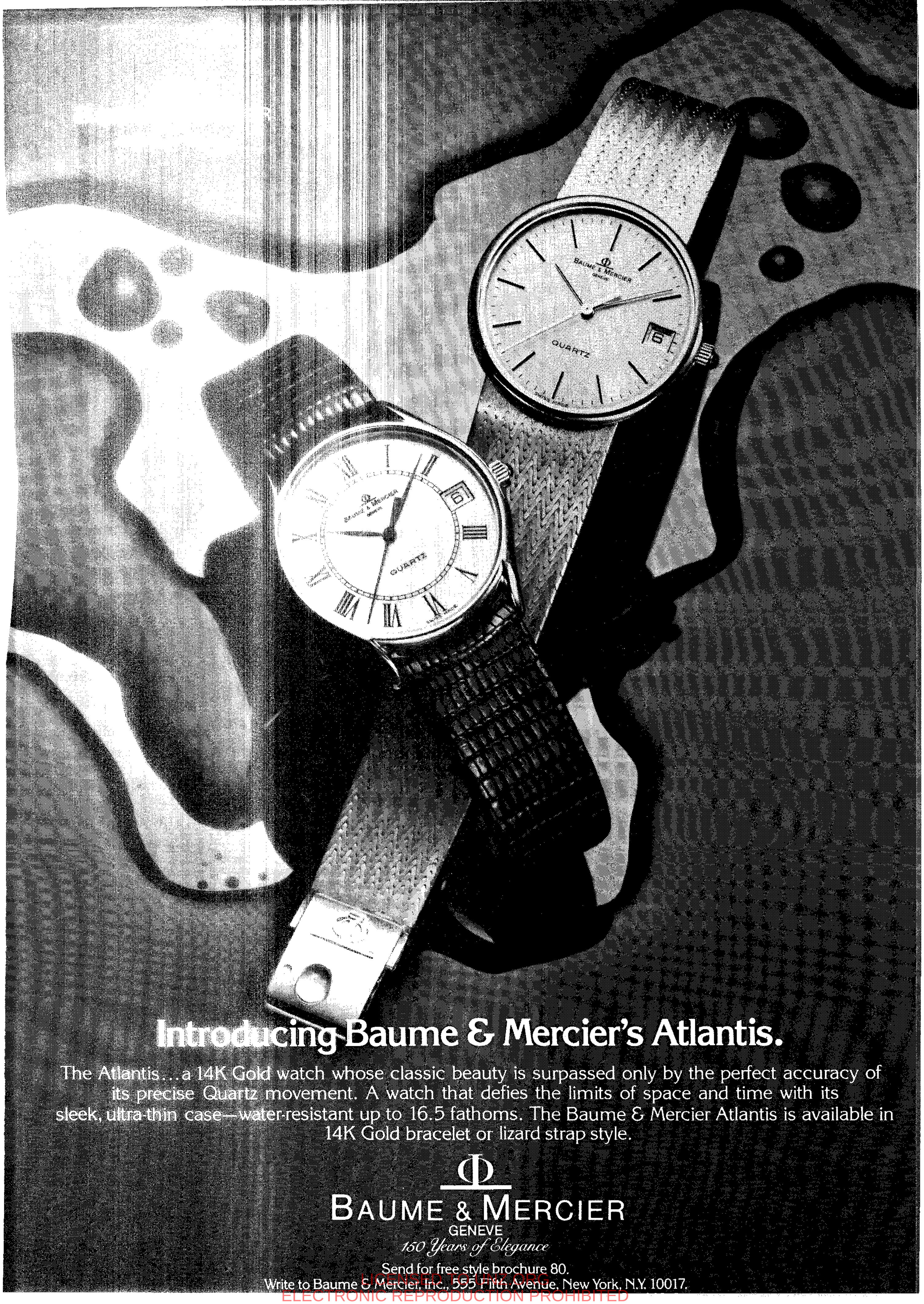
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays are now claimed by **CARRIE SMITH,** who has a big, resounding voice—big enough to take on Bessie Smith and Sister Rosetta Tharpe material. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 7, Bill Ochs and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Oct. 8, Lewis Bros.; Saturday, Oct. 10, Cranberry Lake Jug Band; Sunday, Oct. 11, guitarists Ian Buchanan and Nick Katzman; Wednesday, Oct. 14, the New York Packet, a sea-chantey quartet; Thursday, Oct. 15, the N.Y. Stomp Ensemble; and Saturday, Oct. 17, Lowe Arkwright & the Backdoor Oilers. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Oct. 11, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will round up saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** trumpeter **TOM HARRELL,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **CONNIE KAY,** and they'll play from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Singer and songwriter **JON HENDRICKS,** his singing family—**HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS**—and his rhythm section, bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** and drummer **AL HAREWOOD,** are all here through Sunday, Oct. 11. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 13, flutist **HERBIE MANN** will be in charge of a Latin-jazz combo. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GINGER MAN, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** drummer **TOMMY BENFORD,** either **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** or **AL HALL** on bass, and a choice of



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CHARLES BATEMAN, DILL JONES, or **KEITH INGRAM** on piano—goes at it from nine-thirty on Thursdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Miss Rhapsody (Viola Wells) sings blues from nine-thirty to one-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: **JAY MC SHANN,** the Kansas City pianist, singer, and former big-band leader, performs with violinist **CLAUDE WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Oct. 10; on Sunday, Oct. 11, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and his Brazilian-jazz band, A Banda Sem Nome, will be on hand; on Monday, Oct. 12, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will team up with hardboppers **BILL HARDMAN** and **JUNIOR COOK;** and on Tuesday, Oct. 13, Brazilian singer and pianist Tania Maria will take over. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** is back, playing piano and singing from five to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists. **RONNIE MATHEWS** and his bassist perform through Saturday, Oct. 10; and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 13-17, will belong to **MIKE LONGO** and his bassist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists: stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** through Saturday, Oct. 10; **RED RICHARDS** on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 11-12; and bebopper **JOE ALBANY** from Tuesday, Oct. 13. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, altoist **LEE KONITZ** and his quartet; Wednesday, Oct. 14, trumpeter **OLU DARA'S** septet, which features **HENRY THREADGILL** on saxophone; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, *French* hornist, guitarist, and singer **DAVID AMRAM** and his quintet. Thursdays, Brazilian composer, arranger, singer, guitarist, and percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** leads his ten-piece band, **AMAZON.** Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. On Sundays, there is dancing to recorded jazz from eight until midnight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A *no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more* vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **ROLAND HANNA,** a pianist who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse, works with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND** Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 7, singer **PETER ROWAN;** Thursday, Oct. 8, swamp rocker **DR. JOHN** and George Strait; Sunday, Oct. 11, Texas Jewish cowboy Kinky Friedman; Monday, Oct. 12, Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS;** Tuesday, Oct. 13, bluesmen **SON SEALS** and **CLARENCE (GATEMOUTH) BROWN;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden. Comedian **MORT SAHL,** newspaper in hand, has invaded it; he's briefing audiences through Saturday, Oct. 10. On Monday, Oct. 12, *singer* **HELEN O'CONNELL** *will begin a six-*night visit. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Friday, Oct. 9, Heros and Outsets; and Saturday, Oct. 10, B-Girls and Lyn Todd. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DOROTHY DONEGAN,** *one of the most animated*—both musically and physically—pianists around, is at one grand piano, and **PAGE CAVANAUGH** is at another. They play together and separately Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Oct. 7, Jet; Thursday, Oct. 8, guitarist Doc Powell; Fridays, Saturdays, and Mondays, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, and a reggae septet; Tuesday, Oct. 13, Nitesprite; Wednesday, Oct. 14, Rodney Jones; and Thursday, Oct. 15, the Thom Rotella quintet. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Friday, Oct. 9, Alex De Grassi; Wednesday, Oct. 14, Maggie Swank; Thursday, Oct. 15, Steve Tarshis and Julie Davidson; and Saturday, Oct. 17, Double Dynamite. Tuesdays are Grover Kemble & Za Zu Zaz swing-music nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. The ten-to-two shift belongs to singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE,** who does songs you remember, songs you forgot, and songs you may have never even heard of.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance septet are in their sixth year in this wonderful room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Thursday, Oct. 8, rock guitarist **TOM VERLAINE;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark and Romeo Void; Sunday, Oct. 11, blues and rock guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Tuesday, Oct. 13, **BLACK UHURU,** a reggae outfit; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, the Professionals; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, Echo & the Bunnymen and the Coma-teens. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, the tribute of the month is one honoring Irving Berlin. It's entitled "They Say It's Wonderful," and it has a cast of four—Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrell. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: the Chin Suzuki group Wednesday, Oct. 7; *Thursday through Sunday, Oct.* 8-11, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET,** with **DAVID MURRAY, OLIVER LAKE, HAMIET BLUIETT,** and **JULIUS HEMPHILL;** Monday, Oct. 12, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13-14, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and his trio, which features **STEVE SWALLOW** on bass; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 15-18, singer **SHEILA JORDAN,** pianist **STEVE KUHN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and drummer **BOB MOSES.** Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** heads up a quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will perform with his trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A lineup of good jazz in a knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON** teams up with drummer **OLIVER JACKSON,** bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER,** and pianist **RICHARD WYANDS** through Saturday, Oct. 10; on Sunday and Monday, Oct. 11-12, trumpeter Lee Katzman leads a quartet; and on Tuesday, Oct. 13, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will arrive with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: **JOE TURNER,** *the* Kansas City blues shouter, New

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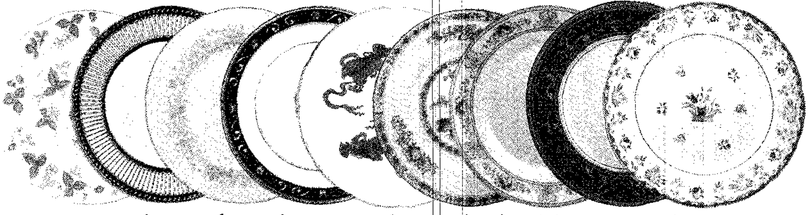

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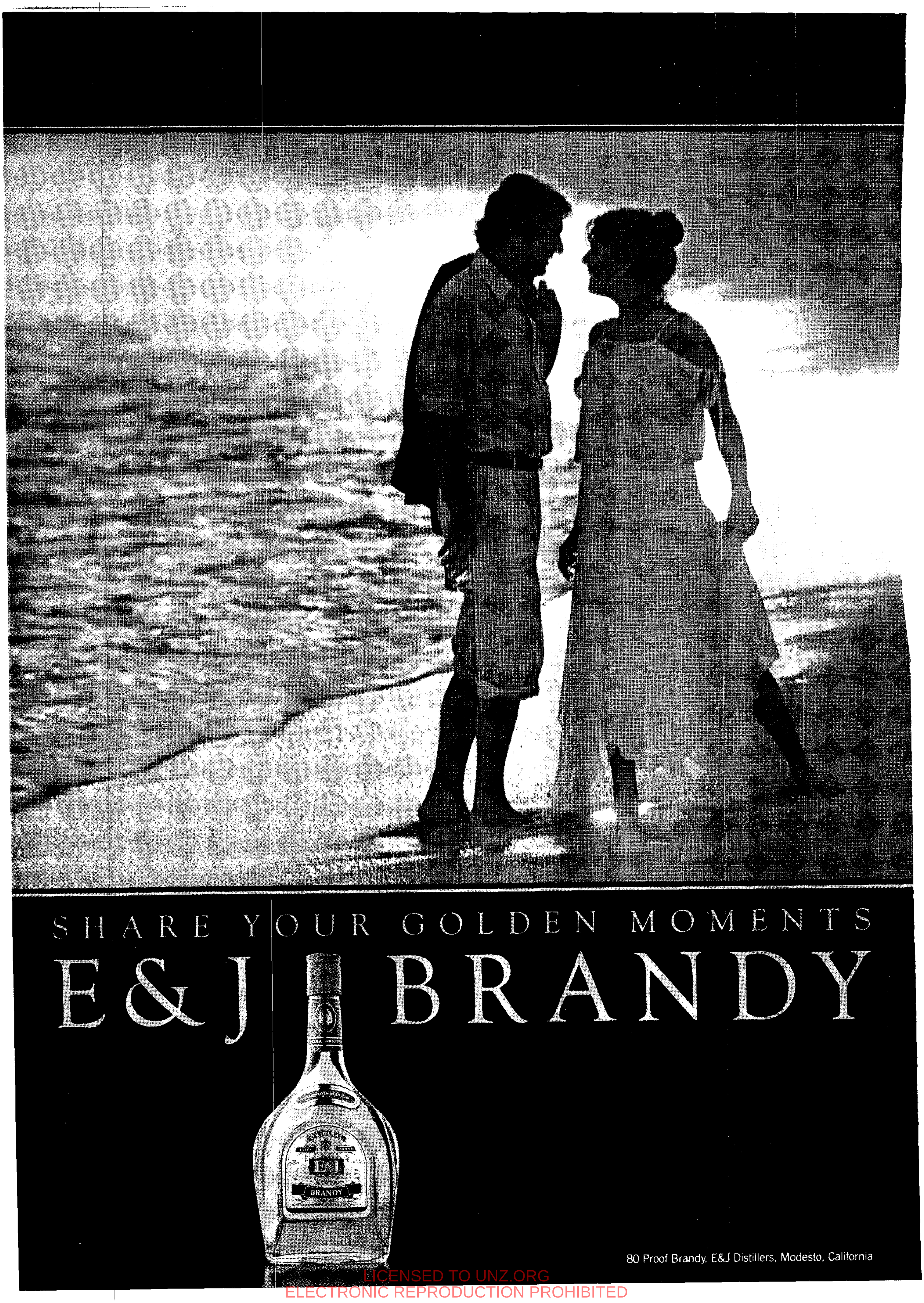
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Orleans-style singer, Chicago-blues singer, and early rock-and-roll singer, is here Wednesdays through Saturdays (through Oct. 17); on Sunday, Oct. 11, guitarist Matt Murphy and his band will play Chicago blues; and on Monday, Oct. 12, **J. B. HUTTO**, the slide-guitar master, will offer up more blues. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS**, which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 7, Fernando Saunders; Thursday, Oct. 8, the Darts and Kieran Liscoe; Friday, Oct. 9, Eat Right with Stu Daye and Boulevard Jacks; Saturday, Oct. 10, Marshall Crenshaw and the Nitecaps; and Tuesday, Oct. 13, Bobby Jo Mann, Le Rock, the Hooters, and the Bank. Sundays are now jazz nights: Oct. 11 is reserved for vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON**, pianist **HANK JONES**, and their quartet. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine; on Oct. 12, the guest musicians will be tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** and pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI.** On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Guitarist **JIM HALL'S** trio is here through Sunday, Oct. 11; on Tuesday, Oct. 13, saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday, Oct. 7, **STRING FEVER**, a hot-jazz combo; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 8-11, and Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 14-18, trumpeter **JABBO SMITH.** On Mondays saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

PRETENDERS—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, at 10. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

GATO BARBIERI—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 and 11:30.

BLACKFOOT—With Def Leppard. (Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

BLUEGRASS—The Seldom Scene and the Tony Trischka Band. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.)

ALL NITE SOUL—A twelve-hour jazz marathon, with Dick Hyman, Billy Taylor, Galt MacDermot's New Pulse Band, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Oct. 11, beginning at 5.)

PETER, PAUL & MARY—Savoy. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 14-17, at 9.

JOHN DENVER—Appearing solo in a benefit concert. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 662-2133.)

ANTHONY DAVIS & EPISTĒMĒ—With George Lewis, Warren Smith, Abdul Wadud, and others. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 16, at 10.)

FLORA PURIM & AIRTO and **ALIVE!**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.

BATTLE OF THE BIG "BAD" BANDS—With Mel Lewis & the Jazz Orchestra vs. Frank Foster & the Loud Minority. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

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JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 10:30 and 12: Guanabara. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jimmy Madison Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Waymon Reed quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 11, at 9: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 15-17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, Art Davis, and Leroy Williams. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 4: Tito Puente, Camilo Sesto, Leonor Benedetto, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10: East/West German Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14: Daniel Ponce & New York Now! . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15: Toshinori Kondo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16: Material with Toshinori Kondo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17: Fred Frith. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Shows begin at about 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROMARE BEARDEN—Oil paintings and paper collages dated 1981. Through Nov. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. A selection of the artist's collages from the seventies is currently at the Brooklyn Museum.)

DOVE BRADSHAW—Works on typewriter carbon paper. Through Oct. 31. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

SAM GLANKOFF—Symbolist abstractions of uncommon vitality based on the human figure and executed by an eighty-seven-year-old artist who combines monotype printing and plain brushwork. He calls them "print-paintings," and each is done on four or more sheets of rice paper pieced together. Mr. Glankoff's works appeared in group shows at the Whitney Studio Club during the twenties, but this is his first one-man show. Through Oct. 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN ADAMS GRIEFEN / EUGENE SPEICHER (1883-1962)—Recent abstract paintings. / Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

GAYLEN HANSEN—Ten determinedly naïve Western paintings by a resident of Palouse, Washington, who specializes in gigantic fish, dogs in the moonlight, and a cheerful disregard for the laws of perspective. Through Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

JOHN HEGARTY / ROBERT BARIBEAU—Portraits. / Abstract Expressionist paintings and pastels. Through Oct. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

RODGER MACK—Bronze constructions. Through Oct. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CHARLES MOSER / JOACHIM BERTHOLD—Paintings and charcoal drawings of remote landscapes in Michigan and Maine. / Bronze and marble sculptures of severely simplified figures by a German artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Paintings. Through Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

CESAR PATERNOSTO—Twenty-one abstract paintings. Through Oct. 18. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—"The Long-Necked Birds," a series of oils developed between 1968 and 1981. Through Oct. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—Six large predominantly white (and one predominantly black) wall pieces made of folded canvas, with Egypt as the theme, and two large works on paper. Also, related working drawings. Through Oct. 24. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ALLEN SAALBURG—Representational gouaches (and serigraphs made from them) on the themes of the kitchen, the barnyard, and the artists' studio. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BARBARA SCHWARTZ—Sculptural works composed of handmade paper built on wire lath and painted in bright caseins. Most of the pieces are for the wall, but there are freestanding ones, too, the largest just under seven feet tall. Through Oct. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—Collages from 1920-47, and selections from his Dadaist *Merz* graphics and publications. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

ANTONI TÀPIES—New works, predominantly mixed mediums on gouged and otherwise marked wood. Through Oct. 24. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

WILLIAM WILKINS—Landscape paintings of France, Wales, and the Delaware Water Gap area. Also still-lifes, cathedral interiors, and nudes. Through Oct. 28. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDWARD YOUKILIS—Abstract acrylics. Through Oct. 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eastman Johnson, John White Alexander, Guy Pène du Bois, and other artists in a show of paintings from 1880-1917. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Seventy-five works (all but a handful of them paintings) by Thomas Sully, Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Georgia O'Keeffe, and many others. From the collection of the Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Massachusetts. Through Oct. 31. . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD**, a new gallery at 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A joint enterprise by two well-known London fine-arts establishments. The opening exhibition consists of seventeenth-century Dutch paintings and nineteenth-century French works. More recent French drawings—as late as Raoul Dufy—are also present. Through Jan. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Maillol's cast-lead sculpture "Montagne" is the highlight of a new show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures, most of them by European artists. Through Oct. 24. . . . **SIEGEL** (formerly Art Latitude), 29 E. 73rd St.: A work apiece by Philip Guston and Alfred Jensen, who died during the past year, and by younger artists who felt their influences, among them Stuart Diamond and Joan Snyder. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **URDANG**, 23 E. 74th St.: Drawings, paintings, and photographs in primarily black or white by, among others, Karen Shaw, Duane Michals, and George Lawson. Through Oct. 31.

SCULPTURE—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works in wood and stone by Alexander Archipenko, Chaim Gross, William Zorach, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Recently acquired works by Moore, Mail-

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lol, Lipton, and Arp, among others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Gustave Baumann (1881-1971)—Seventy-five color woodcuts and a number of original woodblocks, all of the Southwest. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Janice Biala—New paintings of landscapes and interiors. Through Nov. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—A retrospective of drawings (with seven recent oils). (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A second retrospective, one that includes every print made by this artist of the everyday New York scene. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Oct. 31.

Richard Bosman—Recent paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Claudio Bravo—Recent paintings by a realist who works in oil on canvas. Also drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brown—This artist, whose works are always autobiographical, visited India last year, and the present show consists of a gaudy pergola, a couple of freestanding columns, self-portraits astride tigers, and depictions of Indian mythical figures. Through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

James Burgess—Paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 24. (Dorsky, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Burlin (1886-1969) / **Tom Butter**—Late paintings. / Fibre-glass sculptures. Through Thursday, Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Chemeche—Mythical figures and beasts are seen among exotic vegetation in these paintings inspired by Alhambraic ornamentation and illuminated manuscripts from the Near East. The artist, born in Iraq, moved to Israel, thence to Paris, and now lives here. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robyn Denny—Hard-edge abstract drawings done with white pencil and colored tape on dyed paper. Through Oct. 24. (Jacobson Hochman, formerly Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—New paintings of the Hudson River. Through Oct. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Josef Herman—Strong paintings and drawings, sometimes verging on the abstract, many of them depicting seamen, coal miners, and peasants, by a Polish-born artist who has lived in England since the Second World War. Through Thursday, Oct. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Malvina Hoffman (1885-1966)—Bronzes of dancers by a sculptor who was a student of Rodin and a friend of Pavlova. Also, works on paper. Through Thursday, Oct. 15. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closes at four on Saturdays.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Drawings in mixed mediums. Through Oct. 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Linfante—Outsize pastel portraits of individual apples, pears, or bunches of grapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Seven spherical bronzes, including one that measures six feet in diameter. Through Oct. 31. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin / **Julio González** (1876-1942)—A new crop of her striped works, all six feet square. The colors are paler than ever but the effect is undiminished. / Welded-iron sculptures; drawings done from 1927 on. Through Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Marsha Pels / **Valentina DuBasky**—Sculptural pieces that reflect the architecture and landscapes of the industrial areas where their found-metal components were collected. / Deliberately primitive drawings, in colorful encaustics, of horses and sheep. Through Oct. 24. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 7. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gilbert Rohde (1894-1944)—Representative furniture pieces by this designer who more or less revolutionized Grand Rapids in the thirties. They are shown in a setting along with revolutionary paintings of the period—by Ilya Bolotowsky, Milton Avery, Byron Browne, George L. K. Morris. Through Oct. 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Thomas A. Rose—Canvases built up with wood, studio scraps, and paint. A staircase or similar architectural detail appears frequently. Through Oct. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Recent freestanding welded-steel sculptures in which the artist introduces a ready-made rectangular frame that serves as a sort of stage for the found pieces he incorporates in his works. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ An exhibit of Stankiewicz's earlier and large-scale works is at Zabriskie's 521 W. 57th St. gallery. (Opens at 2; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Saturday, Oct. 17.

Andrew Tavarelli—Abstract oils on fan-shaped canvases. Through Oct. 31. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jeff Way—Convulsive-looking paintings of Elvis Presley at work, a number of them portrait heads of him done in the manner of Francis Bacon. Also, a series of heads of Christ reminiscent of ancient woodblocks. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—New and relatively small-scale abstract sculptures in poured bronze, some of them treated with acids to obtain a variegated patina, plus works in iron. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Three large-scale steel works are currently on view at Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St., and will remain there for several months.

Sirpa Yarmolinsky—Wall hangings woven of heavy, handmade fibre ropes; constructions of tarpaper; and several colorful tapestries. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

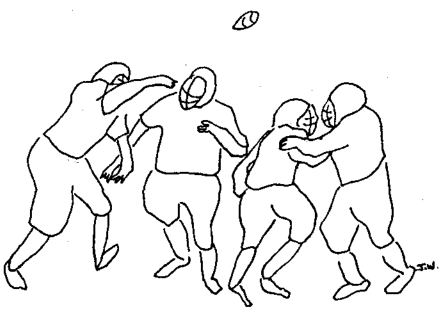
Robert Barry and Carole Gallagher—Works on paper by the former; photographs by the latter (greenhouse interiors and exteriors); and a joint effort involving words and photographs projected on a wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Works on paper—flowers, floral patterns, anatomical studies. Through Sunday, Oct. 11. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Jean Cocteau (1889-1963)—Drawings, pastels, and ceramics. Through Tuesday, Oct. 13. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Raymon Elozua / **Jack Radetsky**—Miniature ceramic sculptures of broken-down industrial sites as imagined by the artist. / Folding screens on which shadowy representations of the interiors they belong in are painted. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Jeanne Flanagan—An installation (combining plaster, wire, cloth, and pigment) evoking a cocoon in a trench. Through Oct. 22. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 1 on Sundays.)



George Greenamyer—Steel sculptures by an artist who pokes fun at Uncle Sam, bureaucrats, and suburban life styles. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

K. H. Hödicke—A Berlin artist who paints large, vigorous figurative works in the Expressionist tradition of, say, Kirchner. Through Oct. 24. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Buffie Johnson / **Gerald Samuels**—Paintings covering the past four decades, including one done during the nineteen-fifties as a study for one of the abstract murals in the Astor Theatre. / Charcoal-and-graphite drawings of shells. Through Wednesday, Oct. 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

Don Judd—A work, eighty feet long, composed of a row of massive wooden bins made of sanded marine plywood. It occupies the whole north wall of this spacious gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Kushner / **Lynton Wells**—Two new paintings, each more than forty-five feet long. / New paintings. Through Oct. 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Andy Warhol—A show called "American Myths" includes silk-screened portraits of Santa Claus, Greta Garbo, Howdy Doody, Mickey Mouse, and Warhol himself. Diamond dust is incorporated in the processing of the works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **CHRISTIAN**, 110 Greene St.: Forty Famous Californians—a show of works on paper which is intended to convince the East that Art is alive and thriving on the West Coast. The guest curator is Michael Walls, and the artists include Richard Diebenkorn, Sam Francis, Chris Burden, Robert Arneson, Bruce Nauman—big guns all. Through Wednesday, Oct. 14. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Recent works on paper by eleven emerging artists, including David Winter (acrylic and colored-pencil drawings), Thomas Corey (architectural representations on translucent paper), and John Billingham (tiny paper sculptures). Through Oct. 28. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER**, 142 Greene St.: Drawings by Francesco Clemente, Malcolm Morley, Julian Schnabel, and other prominent contemporary artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **TOLL**, in new quarters at 146 Greene St.: Nine gallery artists showing new work: a cryptic story told in pictures by Liliana Porter; a triptych painting by Milo Reice; and a curious vase by Curtis Ripley. Through Saturday, Oct. 10.

OTHER GALLERIES

Denise Green—Large canvases in black, white, and red. Through Oct. 31. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Transformed Houses—An architectural exhibit of photographs (by Camilo Vergara) of various stages during renovation of low- and middle-income-family homes in large and small cities. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Oct. 24. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

Sesquicentennial Tribute to New York University—A four-part exhibit in celebration of this institution's hundred and fiftieth anniversary: Paintings by Jim Dine, Ad Reinhardt, and others from the university's collection; works from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. John Brademas (the former is the president-designate of the university), including original posters by Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Indiana, and James Rosenquist; paintings by Ralph Fasanella of the Washington Square area; and one hundred photographs by André Kertész. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Small-scale works, including a

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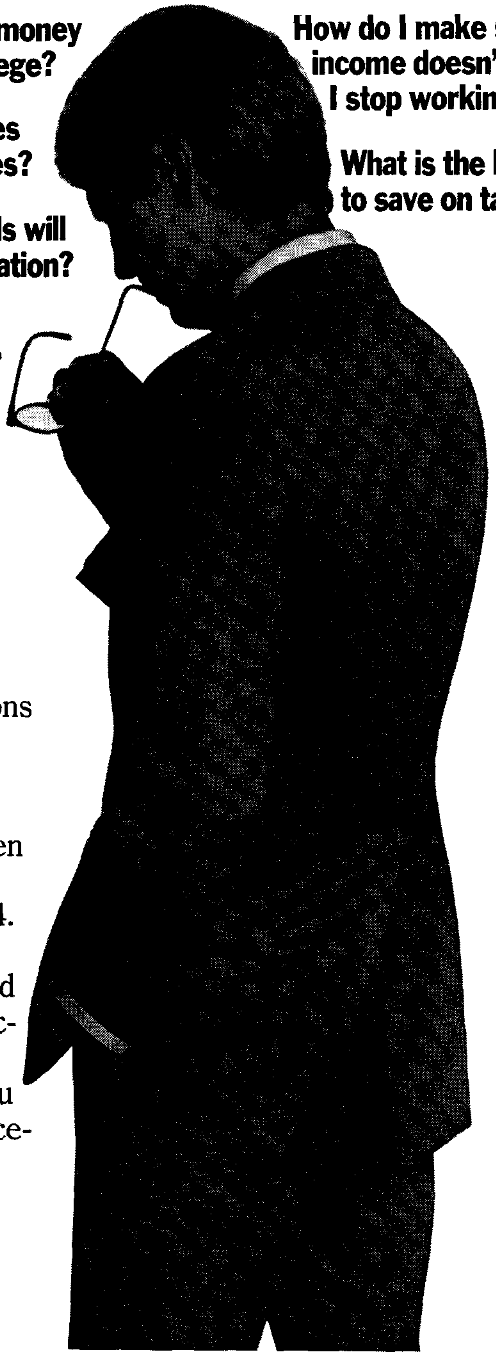

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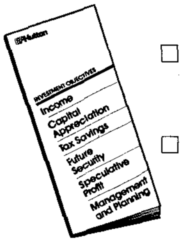

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floor arrangement by Carl Andre consisting of five ivory strips as well as an eight-by-ten drawing for a large-scale project by Christo to be completed in Biscayne Bay next spring. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—A hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the Museum of Modern Art, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

John Baldessari / Deborah Turbeville—Starting with an enlarged, closely cropped photograph of a struggling snake, the artist has selected a number of other photographs—a football player, scuba divers—and trimmed them to fit a space identical to the snake's. / Photographs of Versailles, part of a series recently published as a book. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Erwin Blumenfeld (1897-1969)—Work from throughout his career, including early noncommercial prints. The artist was in the forefront of European experimental photography but was best known here for his fashion work. Through Nov. 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Lucien Clergue—Photographs of Picasso in the last twenty years of his life. Through Nov. 6. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Mark Cohen—Photographs dated 1967 to the present. Through Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nell Dorr—A fifty-year retrospective of this octogenarian's work, beginning with her portraits of children in the Florida Keys during the twenties and including prints of nudes, flowers, and the numerous mother-and-child studies which she has done over the years. Through Friday, Oct. 16. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Bernard Faucon—Fresson-color prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Castelli Photographs, 4 E. 77th St.)

Louis Faurer—Prints of New York and Philadelphia in the forties and fifties. Seventy-five in all. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peggy Jarrell Kaplan—Portraits of contemporary artists and dancers: twenty-five subjects, including Joseph Beuys, Eleanor Antin, Ida Applebroog, and Stanley Boxer. Through Friday, Oct. 9. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

George Platt Lynes (1905-55)—About seventy-five photographs: fashion, ballet, nudes, portraits. Through Oct. 31. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Danny Lyon—Recent shots of New York (street scenes) and Colombia, South America (slum children, the interiors of brothels), plus some earlier character studies; seventy-five prints in all. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Gordon Parks—Dye-transfer prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

J. Seeley / John Staszyn—High-contrast color prints, among other works. / Abstract still-lifes. Through Saturday, Oct. 17. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Joel Sternfeld—Color prints from the past three years. Through Oct. 31. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display (in photographs) of Frederick Law Olmsted's and Calvert Vaux's plans and drawings for the creation of Central and Prospect Parks, plus historical and contemporary photographs and a topographical model of Central Park as it was in 1873, with its requisite balance of "turf, wood, and water." The show was put together by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission. Through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and twenty etchings by four seventeenth-century Dutch printmakers: Allart van Everdingen and Esaias and Jan van de Velde (genre

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scenes and landscapes), and Romeyn de Hooghe (portraits, cityscapes, political caricatures). Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the career of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp: examples of her early abstract style; a number of marionettes she created for the Swiss Puppet Theatre in the mid-teens; two painted-wood Dada heads and watercolors from the nineteen-twenties; and drawings, gouaches, oils, and a series of painted-wood reliefs from the late nineteen-thirties. Over forty entries in all. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Photo-Realists Robert Bechtle, Charles Bell, Tom Blackwell, Chuck Close, Richard Estes, Audrey Flack, and Ron Kleemann showing a total of thirty-five paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 12, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lichtenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Nearly a hundred and fifty recent drawing acquisitions, the works of a stellar—and diverse—cast: Prendergast, Gorky, Diebenkorn, Guston, Calder, Nevelson, Reinhardt, Steinberg, Arneson, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. A complementary show is at Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition, a biennial show whose works were chosen from open viewings at the museum. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 12, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The microscope's role in the annals of science—from Leeuwenhoek through Louis Pasteur to the museum's 23,000-power scanning electron microscope. A mid-seventeenth-century illustration of a flea, which Leeuwenhoek considered "endowed with as great perfection in its kind as any large animal," is compared to a flea seen through a modern-day lens. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements (styluses, quills, felt-tip pens), accessories (inkwells, pencil boxes), surfaces (papyrus, vellum), and even desks is explored, as are penmanship and the learning of one's ABC's. A section on book arts includes a fifteenth-century encyclopedia entitled "Nuremberg Chronicle," an original Beardsley drawing, and lithographs by Delacroix for an illustrated "Hamlet." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and advancing in sequence from "John Bunyan Dreams a Dream," to "The Slough of Despair," and arriving at last at "The Gates of Heaven." Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Nearly seventy early Buddhist works of art that have been borrowed from the Hōryū-ji monastery in Nara, where Buddhism was established in Japan by Prince Shōtoku Taishi in the seventh century. Included in the display are a late-seventh-century gilt-bronze Yumetagae Kannon and a ninth-century wood Jizō (both national treasures), painted and sculpted images of the Prince, and metal openwork decorations taken from the temple. Through Oct. 25. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five seventeenth-to-nineteenth-century French drawings on loan from the Rouen Museum. Watteau, Delacroix, Géricault, Poussin, Ingres, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of music manuscripts, books, and prints central to early-American musical history (the tunes for the national anthem, "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle") and other music memorabilia. Through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings on Plexiglas by Tom Wolf, drawings and life-sized cardboard sets by Philippe Demontaut, and a photographic installation by Annette Messager. Through Saturday, Oct. 17.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Layne Redmond (performance), Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; Louise Udaykee (performance), Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Marc Blane (installation: collages denoting urban decay), through Oct. 24.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Performances at 8:30.—Amina Claudine Myers (music), Friday, Oct. 9; Ned Sublette & the Southwesterners (music), Saturday, Oct. 10; Nam June Paik & Andy Mannik (performance), Monday, Oct. 12; Alan and Susan Raymond (a documentary film entitled "An American Family"), Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 13-15; Amiri Baraka (reading), Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17. . . . ¶ Gary

Hill (video installation), starts Thursday, Oct. 8.

MUSIC

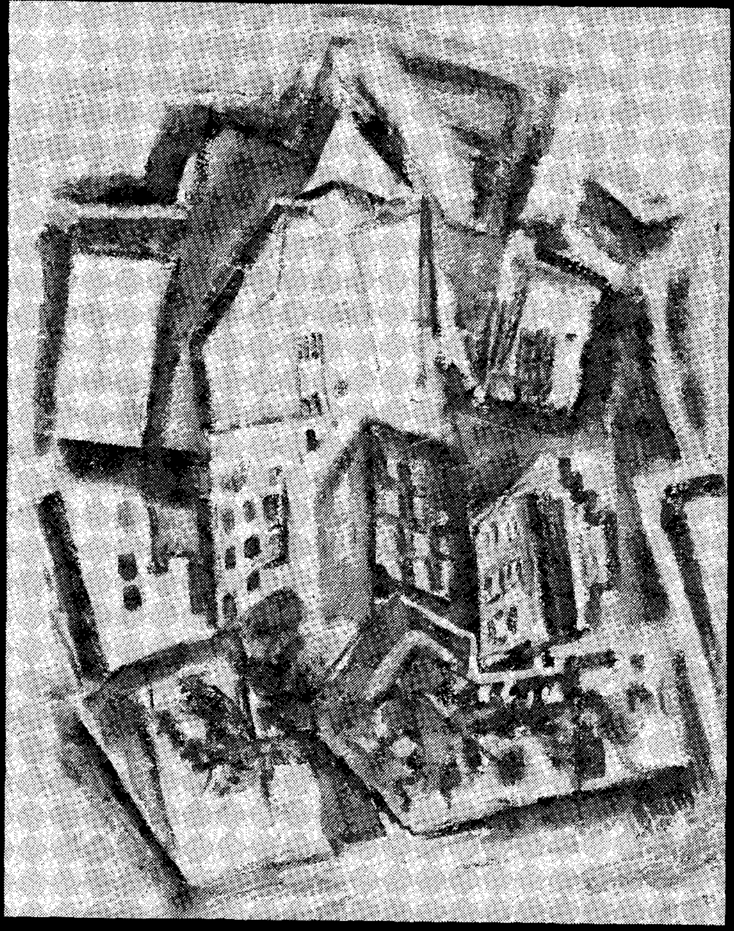
The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Audiorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Arthur Thompson; conducted by Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8:30: "Das Rheingold," with Ellen Shade, Jocelyne Taillon, Eva Randova, Timothy Jenkins, Franz Mazura, and Donald McIntyre; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 7: "Siegfried," with Elisabeth Payer, Manfred Jung, Ragnar Ulfung, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Jozsef Dene, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Arthur Thompson; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Cornell MacNeil; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Birgit Nilsson, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, and Gerd Brenneis; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Renato Bruson; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nicole Lorange, Ariel Bybee, John Alexander, and Ryan Edwards; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 7: "Siegfried," with Elisabeth Payer, Manfred Jung, Ragnar Ulfung, Donald McIntyre, Jozsef Dene, and John Macurdy; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Renato Bruson; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 1:30: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Birgit Nilsson, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, and Gerd Brenneis; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Ariel Bybee, John Alexander, and Ryan Edwards; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, John Broecheler, Spiro Malas, and John Aler; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "La Bohème," with Heather Thomson, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "I Puritani," with June Anderson, Janis Eckhart, Chris Merritt, Richard Fredricks, and Justino Díaz; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 10: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Leigh Munro, John Lankston, Jerry Hadley, Dominic Cossa, and James Billings; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; Vincent La Selva. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 11: "I Puritani," with June Anderson, Janis Eckhart, Chris Merritt, Richard Fredricks, and Justino Díaz; Theo Alcantara. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 11: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, John Broecheler, Spiro Malas, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 14: "La Bohème," with Heather Thomson, Marianna Christos, Riccardo Calleo, and Alan Titus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, John Broecheler, Spiro Malas, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: A new production of Verdi's "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Barry McCauley, and William Stone; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "The Cunning Little Vixen" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Nadia Pelle, John Lankston, and Richard Cross; Michael Tilson Thomas. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Faith Esham, Jacque Trussel, and James Dietsch; Semyon Bychkov. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln

John Marin's
New York
at
The Kennedy Galleries
October 13 - November 6



"I see great forces at work – great movements – the large buildings and the small buildings – the warring of the great and the small – influences of one mass on another. . ."
John Marin

The illustrated color catalogue, $15.
An exhibition poster: 24 x 19¼ inches, $12 pp.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Gerhard Samuel-Chopin-Mozart program Thursday and Friday, Oct. 8-9, at 8 (both with Cecile Licad, piano). . . . ¶ Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting a Rachmaninoff-Shostakovich program Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14-15, at 8; Friday, Oct. 16, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 7:30 (all with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano).

National Arts Center Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi conducting a Shostakovich-Beethoven program, with Felicity Palmer, soprano, and Marius Rintzler, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Dallas Symphony Orchestra—Eduardo Mata conducting a Ravel-Beethoven program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano; Eliot Chapo, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and the New York Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Richard Strauss-Nielsen-Barber program, with James Galway, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8, a Beethoven-Mahler program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8, a Weber-Stravinsky-Tchaikovsky program.)

Manticore Chamber Orchestra—Thomas James conducting, with Richard Sher, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Vladimir Kin conducting a Weber-Shostakovich-Beethoven program. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of music by Stravinsky and Chopin, and Paul Creston's "Sadhana, Opus 117" (New York première). With Shura Cherkassky, piano; Irene Gubrud, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 3.)

RECITALS

Alan Mandel—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Jan DeGaetani, Lee Luvisi, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, mezzo-soprano, piano, and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Linda Chesis—Flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2:30.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2:30.)

Erick Friedman—Violin, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

Harry Clark and Sanda Schuldmann—Cello and piano, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

Richard Fredrickson—Double bass, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Michael Rogers—Piano, in a program of Scandinavian music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—The first in a series of three concerts of music for strings, winds, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham

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Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Alexandra Hunt—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Elizabeth Parcells—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Dylana Jenson—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—A Mozart-Schubert-Grieg program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Daniel Phillips and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Robert Sylvester, cello; and Stephanie Brown, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of instrumental and vocal music entitled "A Renaissance Sampler," with Jane Bryden, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

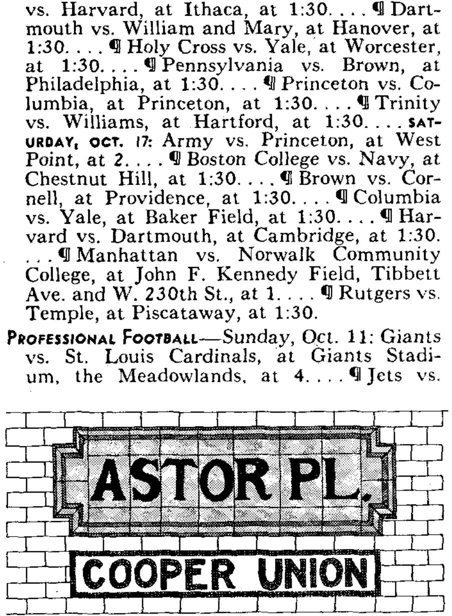
SPORTS

Baseball—**AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE PRELIMINARY PLAYOFFS:** Yankees vs. Milwaukee, at Yankee Stadium, Friday, Oct. 9, at 8, and, if necessary, Saturday, Oct. 10, at 4, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS:** Start Tuesday, Oct. 13.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Nets vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Oct. 11, at 8. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:35.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 10:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Yale, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 17:** Army vs. Princeton, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Norwalk Community College, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at Piscataway, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 11: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1.



Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:35. (Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.) . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Oct. 15 at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 12. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct 9; the Jockey Cup Gold Cup and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 10; the Beldame, Sunday, Oct. 11; and the Athenia Handicap Monday, Oct. 12. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Oct. 14 through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Jamaica Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 14, and the Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS** Weeknights at 8, except Monday, Oct. 12 when post time will be 1:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Queen Charlotte, Friday Oct. 9. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1 through Monday, Oct. 19.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights a 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7.

Yachting—The fifteenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, around the West Bank Light, and back to the 69th Street Pier in Brooklyn. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 10 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 11). A spectator boat will embark from the South Street Seaport (no boat on the storm date); for information about tickets and departure time, call 766-9056.

ET ALIA

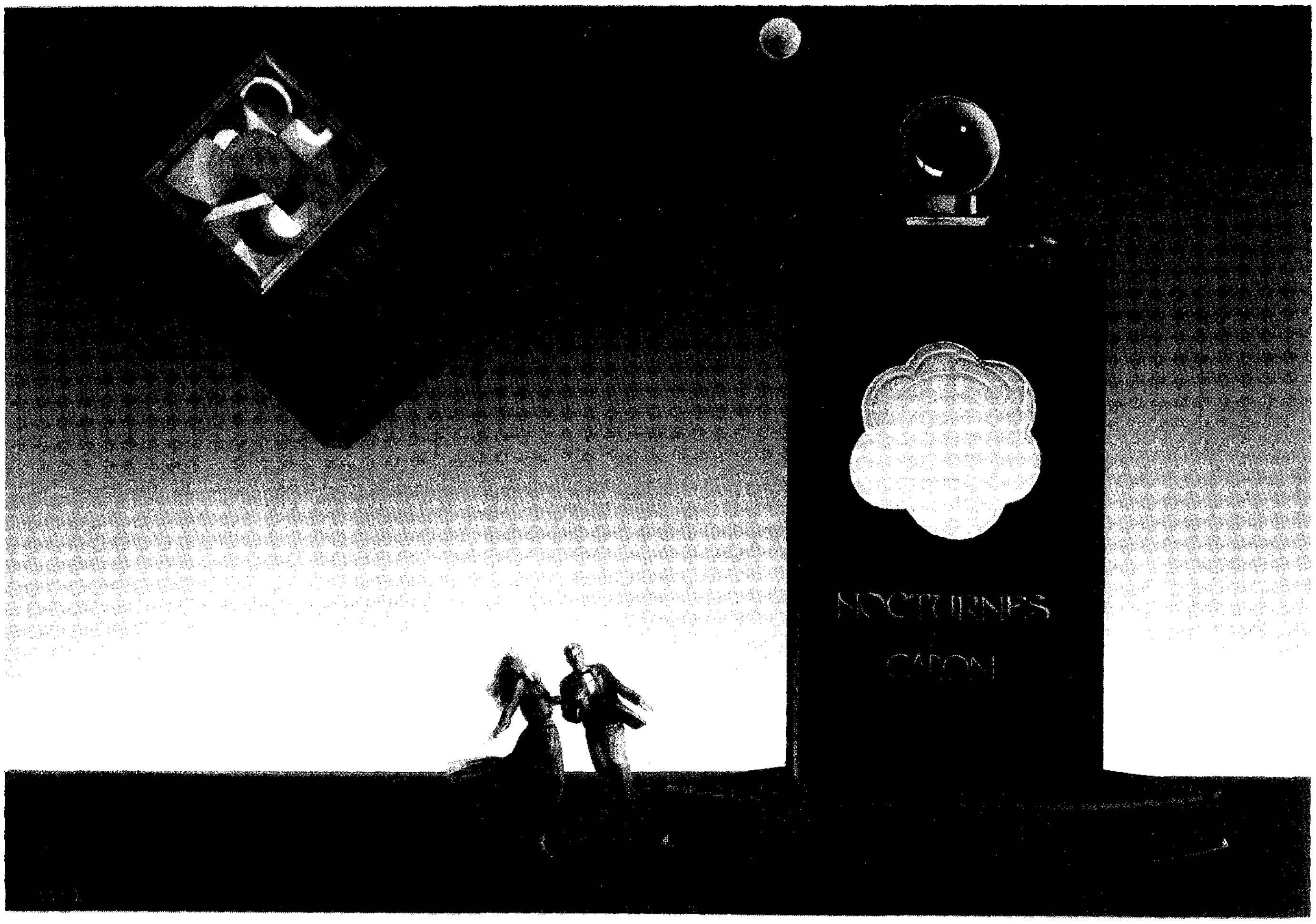
Poetry and Prose Readings—John Hollander and J. D. McClatchy reading from their own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Wednesday, Oct. 14, at 7:30.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—More than a hundred and forty dealers. Three centuries' worth of stuff (seventeenth to Art Deco). Japanese and Chinese things included. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 10, through Sunday, Oct. 18. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Walking Tours—Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of northern Central Park on Saturday, Oct. 10. It will meet at 100th Street and Central Park West, at 10:45. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ The other end of Central Park will be covered by Jeff Simpson on Sunday, Oct. 11, starting at the entrance to the Park just south of the 79th Street transverse on Fifth Avenue, at 2. No tickets necessary.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13-14, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 9. . . . **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.) Saturday, Oct. 10, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture, European works of art, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13-14, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Oct. 15, at 10: English and Continental silver, *objets de vertu,* and watches. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 15, at 2, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, at 10:15 and 2: International silver, porcelains, bronzes, furniture, decorations, and rugs—all from the Victorian era. Exhibition starts Sunday, Oct. 11. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. Thursday, Oct. 15, at 10 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 16, at 10: Jewelry. (Exhibition hours: Saturday, Oct. 10, from 10 to 4:30; Sunday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 4:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 13-14, from 10 to 4:30.)

Election Registration—Final registration for the Nov. 3 elections will be Saturday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 9.


NOCTURNES
CARON

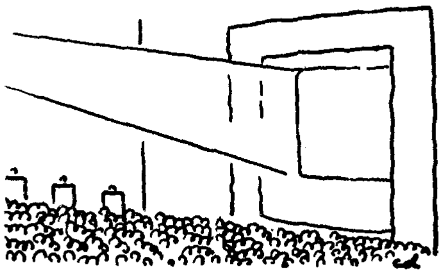
“Give her Nocturnes.
Give her the night.”

Nocturnes. Parfum par Caron : une nouvelle se

Some things endure: the Oxford button down.
Ralph Lauren

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 15: "The Shooting Party" (1977; directed by Emil Loteanu; in Russian). No performances on Monday, Oct. 12.
From Oct. 16: "Crime and Punishment." (†)

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 13: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook.
From Oct. 14: "The Wild Party" (1975; James Ivory), with Raquel Welch, James Coco, David Dukes, and Perry King.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 8: "Blow Out" (†) and "Dressed to Kill." (†)
Oct. 9-15: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 10: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.
From Oct. 11: "Heartland." (†)

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 8: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts.
From Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"So Fine." (†)

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner. From Oct. 9: "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.
Theatre 3: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 8: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
From Oct. 9: "True Confessions" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 8: "The Disappearance" (Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland and Francine Racette; and "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
From Oct. 9: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Confessions" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Southern Comfort" (Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Arthur." (†)

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. From Oct. 11: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James. From Oct. 16: "All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh. From Oct. 11: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Tim" (Michael Pate; an Australian film), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Prince of the City." (†) From Oct. 11: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts. From Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 16: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"So Fine." (†)

LOEWS NEW YORK 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner. From Oct. 9: "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.
Theatre 2: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 8: "New York, New York." (†)
Oct. 9-15: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Arthur." (†)

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Prince of the City." (†) From Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 15: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
From Oct. 16: "All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. 1 AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "So Fine." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Final Exam."
From Oct. 9: "Prince of the City." (†)

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Tiefland" (1954; in German), directed by, and with, Leni Riefenstahl.
Theatre 2: A festival of Rainer Werner Fassbinder films (all in German): Oct. 7: "The Merchant of Four Seasons." (†) Oct. 8-12: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978), with Volker Spengler. Oct. 13-16: "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven." (†) From Oct. 17: "Chinese Roulette" (1977), with Margit Carstensen.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 9: "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). From Oct. 9: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From Oct. 16: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "The Disappearance" (Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland and Francine Racette. From Oct. 9: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort. From Oct. 9: "Prince of the City." (†)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 10: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook.
From Oct. 11: "Heartland." (†)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 15: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
From Oct. 16: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 10: "Heartland." (†)
From Oct. 11: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Prince of the City." (†)

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Cutter's Way." (†) From Oct. 11: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 2: Oct. 7: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini. From Oct. 8: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu. From Oct. 9: "Contract" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).
Theatre 2: "Pixote" (Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 10: "Hound of the Baskervilles" (Paul Morrissey), with Dudley Moore and Peter Cook. From Oct. 11: "The Troupe" (Ari Nesher; an Israeli film, in Hebrew).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 10: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian). From Oct. 11: "Heartland." (†)

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Carbon Copy"

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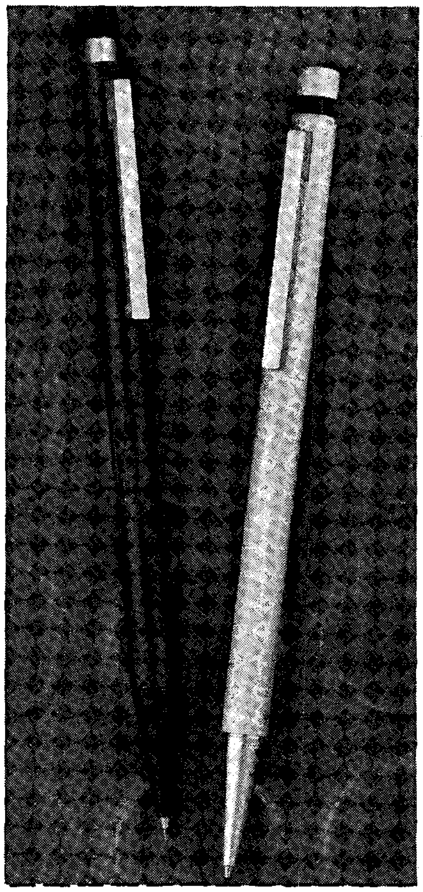

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(Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James. From Oct. 9: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 15: "Arthur." (†) From Oct. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 15: "Continental Divide" (Michael Apted), with John Belushi and Blair Brown. From Oct. 16: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 15: "So Fine." (†) From Oct. 16: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts. From Oct. 9: "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan. From Oct. 9: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 15: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James. From Oct. 16: "Strange Behavior" (Michael Laughlin), with Michael Murphy and Louise Fletcher.
Theatre 4: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Southern Comfort" (directed by Walter Hill), with Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe.
Theatre 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "Raggedy Man" (Jack Fisk), with Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts. From Oct. 9: "So Fine." (†)
Theatre 5: "Body Heat" (Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt and Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 8: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From Oct. 9: "Dead & Buried" (Gary A. Sherman), with James Farentino and Melody Anderson.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Heavy Metal," an animated film. From Oct. 9: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
Theatre 3: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D. From Oct. 9: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
Through Oct. 8: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.
From Oct. 9: "Grim Reaper."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 8: "So Fine." (†)
From Oct. 9: "Tattoo" (Bob Brooks), with Bruce Dern and Maud Adams.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Oct. 15: "Carbon Copy" (Michael Schultz), with George Segal and Susan Saint James.
From Oct. 16: "All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "True Confessions" (Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Slaughter in San Francisco" and "Final Exam." From Oct. 9: "Rich and Famous" (George Cukor), with Jacqueline Bisset and Candice Bergen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 7: "Morocco" (1930; directed by Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.
Oct. 8: "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940; Dorothy Arzner), with Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward; and "Christopher Strong" (1933; Dorothy Arzner), with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, and Ralph Forbes.
Oct. 9-10: "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Oct. 11-12: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanne Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.
Oct. 13: "Kyoshiro Nemuri at Bay" (1968; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "The Adventures of Zatoichi, the Blind Swordsman" (1964; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Oct. 14: "A Generation" (1954; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Triumph of the Will" (1936; Leni Riefenstahl), a documentary about the Sixth Nazi Party Congress in 1934.
Oct. 15: "Nighthawks" (1979; Ron Peck and Paul Hallam), with Ken Robertson.
Oct. 16: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
From Oct. 17: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
A mixed bag of films, shown several times on an erratic schedule. Among them are "Duck Soup," "Children of Paradise," "Breathless," "The Mouse That Roared," "Lilith," "Umberto D.," "Miracle in Milan," and "Black Orpheus." Each film will be shown two or three times over a two- or three-day period. Call theatre for dates, times, and other titles.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 8: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Oct. 9-10: "American Pop" (1981) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), both animated films, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Oct. 11-13: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927), "The General" (1926), and "College" (1927), all silent films, with Buster Keaton.
Oct. 14-15: "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film; and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
Oct. 16-17: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
Oct. 9-10: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Oct. 11-12: "Lola Montès" (†); and "Testament of Orpheus" (1962; Jean Cocteau; in French).
Oct. 13-14: "Ossessione" (1942; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Clara Calamai and Massimo Girotti; and "La Chienne." (†)
Oct. 15: "Diary of a Country Priest" (†); and "Nazarin" (1958; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
From Oct. 16: "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kuro-

sawa; in Japanese); and "Throne of Blood." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 10: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Oct. 11-13: "Coming Home" (†); and "Julia" (1977; Fred Zinnemann), with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards.
Oct. 14-17: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 10: "Deliverance" (1972; John Boorman), with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
Oct. 11-13: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.
Oct. 14-17: To be announced.

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 8: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Oct. 9-10: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "Lumière" (1976; in French), directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau.
Oct. 11-13: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.
Oct. 14-15: "Der Rosenkavalier" (1963), a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger.
Oct. 16-17: "Claire's Knee" (†) and "Chloé in the Afternoon." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 7: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton; and "The Great Race" (1965; Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Natalie Wood, Peter Falk, and Keenan Wynn.
Oct. 8-10: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Betty Garrett.
Oct. 11-12: "Platinum Blonde" (†) and "She Married Her Boss." (†)
Oct. 13-14: "A New Leaf" (†); and "The Odd Couple" (1968; Gene Saks), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Oct. 15-17: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958; Richard Quine), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon, and Ernie Kovacs; and "Born Yesterday." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 7: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Popcorn" (1969; Peter Clifton), a rock film.
Oct. 8: "Pink Floyd" (1974; Adrian Maben); and "Yessongs" (1975), a filmed rock concert.
Oct. 9-10: "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970) and "Blank Generation" (1979), both concert films.
Oct. 11: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a filmed concert; and "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.
Oct. 12: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary by, and about, Neil Young.
Oct. 13: "Sympathy for the Devil" ("One Plus One;" 1968; Jean-Luc Godard), with the Rolling Stones; and "Best of the San Francisco New Wave" (1980).
Oct. 14: "The Ballad of Orin" (1979; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Shima Iwashita; and "Floating Weeds." (†)
Oct. 15: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, and Nina Van Pallandt.
Oct. 16-17: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Conversation" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 7: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.
Oct. 8: "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Betty Field, and Cliff Robertson; and "Craig's Wife" (1936; Dorothy Arzner), with Rosalind Russell and John Boles.
Oct. 9: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
Oct. 10-11: "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.
Oct. 12: "True Confession" (†) and "We're Not Dressing." (†)
Oct. 13: "Street of Women" (1932; Archie Mayo), with Kay Francis, Roland Young, and Gloria Stuart; and "Man Wanted"

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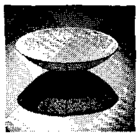

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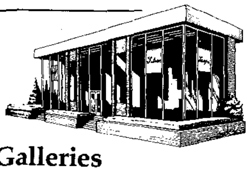

Brielle Galleries

707 Union Avenue
P.O. Box 475-NY
Brielle, New Jersey 08730

(1932; William Dieterle), with Kay Francis, Guy Kibbee, David Manners, and Una Merkel.

Oct. 14: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923; Wallace Worsley; a silent film), with Lon Chaney; and "The Phantom of the Opera." (†)

Oct. 15: "The Secret Bride" (1935; William Dieterle), with Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Glenda Farrell, and Ward Bond; and "Illicit" (1931; Archie Mayo), with Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ricardo Cortez, and Charles Butterworth.

Oct. 16-17: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of recent films from India, all with English subtitles: Oct. 8 at 2:30: "The Whole Sky" (1969; directed by Basu Chatterji; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 8 at 6: "A Folk Tale" (1980; Ketan Mehta; in Gujerati). . . . Oct. 8 at 8:30: "The Omniscient" (1979; Ramdas Phutane; in Marathi). . . . Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Last Rites" (1970; Pattabhi Rama Reddy; in Kannada). . . . Oct. 9 at 6: "Cry of the Wounded" (1980; Govind Nihalani; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 10 at noon: "Rikki Tikki Tavi" (1980; A. Zaguridi; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Cry of the Wounded." . . . Oct. 10 at 5: "Vicious Circle" (1980; Rabindra Dharmaraj; in Hindi). . . . Oct. 11 at noon: "Rikki Tikki Tavi." . . . Oct. 11 at 2:30: "A Folk Tale." . . . Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Golden Sita" (1977; G. Aravindan; in Malayalam). . . . Oct. 12 at 5: "Vicious Circle." . . . ¶ Other, non-Indian, films scheduled during this period: Oct. 11 at 5 and Oct. 13 at 2:30: "The Girl from the Marshes" (1949; Augusto Genina; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ines Orsini. . . . Oct. 12-13 at noon: "From the Ocean to the Sky" (1977; Michael Dillon). . . . Oct. 13 at 6: "The Battle of the Westlands" (1980; Carol Mon Pere and Sandra Nichols), a documentary. . . . Oct. 15 at 2:30: "Cleo from 5 to 7" (1961; Agnès Varda; in French, with English subtitles), with Corinne Marchand. . . . Oct. 15 at 6 and 8: Two different programs of animated films. . . . Oct. 16 at 2:30: "The Cock-Eyed World" (1929; Raoul Walsh), with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and Lily Damita. . . . Oct. 16 at 6: "Saint Joan" (1957; Otto Preminger), with Jean Seberg, Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, and John Gielgud. . . . Oct. 17 at noon: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935; Leo McCarey), with Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, and ZaSu Pitts. . . . Oct. 17 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of animated films. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Oct. 14: "Last Dance" (1981; James Benning), a film installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 17: "Landscape and Desire" (1981; Ken Kobland). Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 7 at 8: "Flesh of Morning" (1956) and "Anticipation of the Night" (1958), both films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8: A program of fifteen films by Robert Breer. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: A program of eight films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: A video program by Dieter Froese, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: "Dog Star Man" (1961-64; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 8: "The Art of Vision" (1965; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2: "Switch! Monitor! Drift!" (1976; Steina). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: A program of five films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2: A program by Steina, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 7:30 and 9:30: "Documentary Profiles" (1980; Ed Howard and Ted Haimes). Mr. Howard and Mr. Haimes will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2: A video program by Mary Ida Bonadio and Shigeko Kubota, who will be present, and by Hiromu Saiki. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8: "Documentary Profiles."

Napoleon—Abel Gance's 1927 four-hour silent film. As an accompaniment to the film, the American Symphony Orchestra, directed by Carmine Coppola, will play apposite music written by Mr. Coppola. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 944-9300. Thursdays through Saturdays, Oct. 15-17 and Oct. 22-24, at 7:30, and Sundays, Oct. 18 and 25, at 2:30.)

New York Film Festival—*The final programs in a series of international films*—At **alice tully hall,** Lincoln Center. Oct. 7 at 6:15: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Le Pont du Nord" (Jacques Rivette; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Vernon, Florida" (Errol Morris; United States) and "Stations of the Elevated" (Manfred Kirchheimer; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:30: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 10 at 12:30: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 3: "Le Pont du Nord." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "My Dinner with Andre." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "Beau Père." . . . **avery fisher hall,** Oct. 11 at 8:30: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; Poland). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Plaza, U. A. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 9.)

Blow Out—It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car into the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday's classic portrait of the dumb blonde—brassy, vacuous Billie Dawn. Broderick Crawford plays the man who "keeps" her—a junkman lately become "a dealer in scrap metal" in the world of cartels. Afraid that Billie will disgrace him in Washington, he hires a newspaperman, William Holden, to make Billie more "couth." Unfortunately, for both the junkman and the picture, the journalist reforms Billie, and as she gains in virtue she diminishes in interest. The second half is pretty dreary: the movie, like the Garson Kanin hit play that it's based on, turns into a civics lesson. Broderick Crawford is too heavy and mean to be funny, and Holden's role is colorless. But you'll remember the early, acquisitive Billie with her truculent voice and glassy eyes, and her gin-rummy game. Directed by George Cukor, who's not in top form; the movie is visually dead. The play was adapted (insufficiently) by Albert Mannheimer. (Judy Holliday had played the role on Broadway; her inflections are so set that there's not much surprise left in her performance.) (Regency; Oct. 15-17.)

La Chienne (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 13-14.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Oct. 16-17.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and a captivatingly gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. With Laurence De Monaghan as Claire, and Aurora Cornu as the novelist. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros. In French. (Olympia Quad 1; Oct. 16-17.)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 9-15.)

Coming Home (1978)—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. Throughout, there's a strong element of self-admiration in the film's anti-Vietnam attitude. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 11-13.)

Crime and Punishment (1970)—A first-rate Rus-

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rates applies to both Alaska and Hawaii. To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city
to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

Rate Chart

	SAN FRANCISCO	PHILADELPHIA	OMAHA	NEW YORK	NEW HAVEN	MILWAUKEE	MEMPHIS	INDIANAPOLIS	DETROIT	DENVER	DALLAS	CLEVELAND	CHICAGO	BOSTON	ATLANTA
BOSTON															3.67
CHICAGO														3.50	3.50
CLEVELAND													3.49	3.50	3.50
DALLAS												3.67	3.50	3.67	3.50
DENVER											3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.67
DETROIT										3.67	3.67	2.92	3.24	3.50	3.50
INDIANAPOLIS									3.24	3.67	3.50	3.24	3.08	3.50	3.49
MEMPHIS								3.49	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.49
MILWAUKEE							3.50	3.24	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.49	2.92	3.50	3.50
NEW HAVEN						3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	2.92	3.50
NEW YORK					2.68	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.08	3.50
OMAHA				3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.67	3.50
PHILADELPHIA			3.67	2.92	3.08	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.24	3.50
SAN FRANCISCO		3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84
SEATTLE	3.50	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84

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			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

sian version of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, and Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Oct. 16.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 10.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. The dialogue and the passages read from the diary are taken directly from the novel, though while you're watching you feel as if you were seeing a silent movie. (It's the effect of the expressive images and the general austerity.) If there is a flaw, it's the deadening rhythm—you feel you're dying with the priest. The film may raise a question in your mind: does Bresson know what a pain this young man is? The priest's chilly spirituality may give the community the same sort of headache that Bresson's later movies give some of us in the audience. With Nicole Maurey and Nicole Ladmiral. The music is by Jean-Jacques Grünenwald; the beautiful bleak cinematography is by L.-H. Burel. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 15.)

Dressed to Kill (1980)—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected as a beautiful, aging golden blonde, married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Thalia; Oct. 14.)

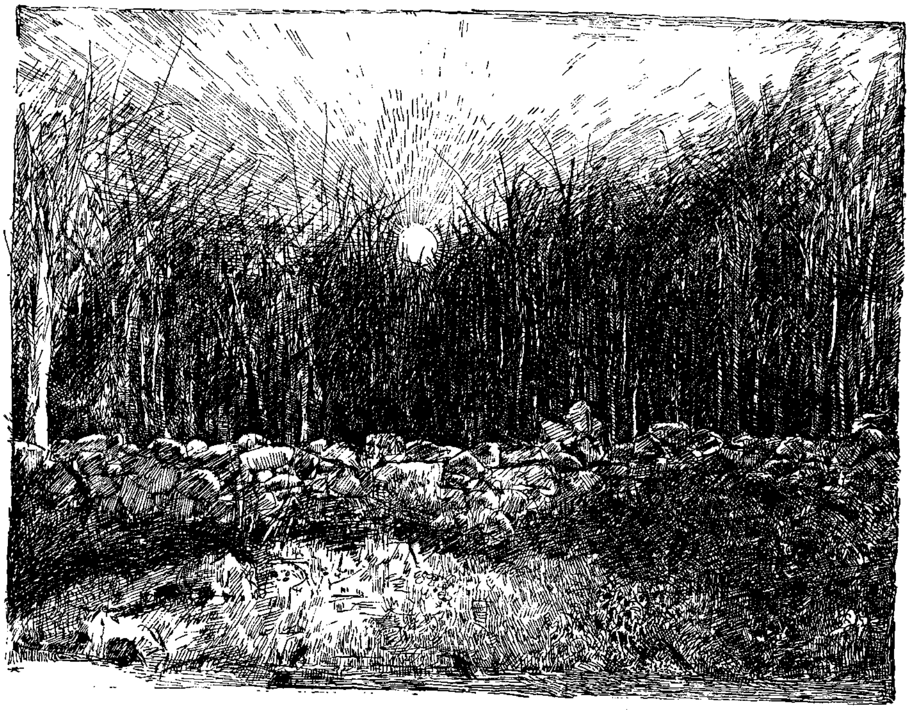
The French Lieutenant's Woman—With Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons, directed by Karel Reisz. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Festival, and Little Carnegie.)

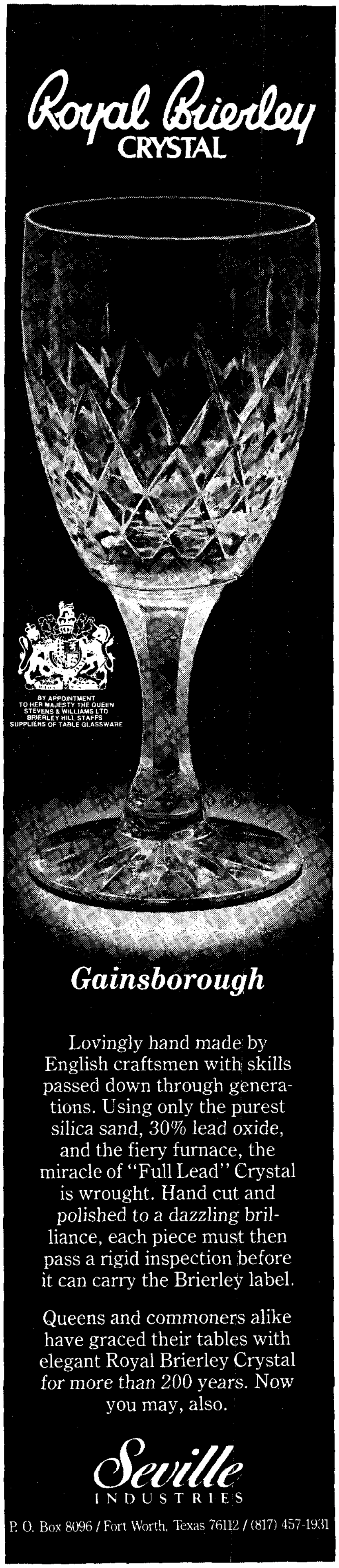
Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 11.)

Kramer vs. Kramer (1979)—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and later the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (12/24/79) (Embassy 1; through Oct. 8.)

Lola Montès (1955)—This ambitious phantasmagorical treatment of the scandalous life of the nineteenth-century courtesan and dancer is a reflection on the ephemeral nature of fame, beauty, and pleasure. It was the last film completed by Max Ophuls; as he lay dying, his producers were shortening and reëditing his version (it was cut from 140 minutes to 110 to 90) in the hope of recouping their *investment, which had been large. (The film* was shot in CinemaScope and color and was made on an opulent scale.) But even in a restored form, it's disappointing—poorly acted and too shallow for its melancholy tone and its rich décor and elaborate structure. Lola (Martine Carol), far past her prime, is seen being exhibited and humiliated in a circus in New Orleans; the ringmaster—Peter Ustinov—tells the audience that it will see Lola's life story, and her early conquests and adventures are shown in flashbacks. Regrettably, Martine Carol, who was herself near the end of her life, couldn't manage to look much younger for Lola's radiant early days, and she was too bad a dancer even to play a bad dancer—she was a non-dancer. There is nothing unusual about her Lola—nothing that would explain why men are going mad over her. The center of the movie seems to be missing, and this isn't just the fault of the actress. The swirling, rococo camera movement at the circus is surpassingly elegant (though presumably the circus is meant to be tawdry). The movement suggests that this rather dumpy little woman has had an extraordinary emotional life, yet nothing seems to happen in those flashbacks—which don't gain in depth from our knowing what Lola has come down to. And she loiters so long with the king in Bavaria that one wants to give her carriage a push. What makes this folly so poignant and so painful to watch is that its virtuoso director didn't allow himself any middle ground: the film had to be his greatest masterpiece to be *any good* at all. According to his script girl, he died knowing he had failed. (The film was also one of the worst box-office disasters of its era.) With Anton Wallbrook as King Ludwig I, Oskar Werner as Ivan Desny, and Will Quadflieg as Liszt. Ophuls and three others worked on the shockingly empty script, adapted from a French best-seller by Cécil Saint Laurent. Sets by Jean d'Eaubonne and Willy Schatz; costumes by Georges Annekov; cinematography by Christian Matras; music by Georges Auric. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 11-12.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when are the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jan-





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. And, most important of all, it isn't likable. With Irm Hermann and Hanna Schygulla. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 7.)

Mommie Dearest—With Faye Dunaway, directed by Frank Perry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—Fassbinder again. In this one, Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 13-16.)

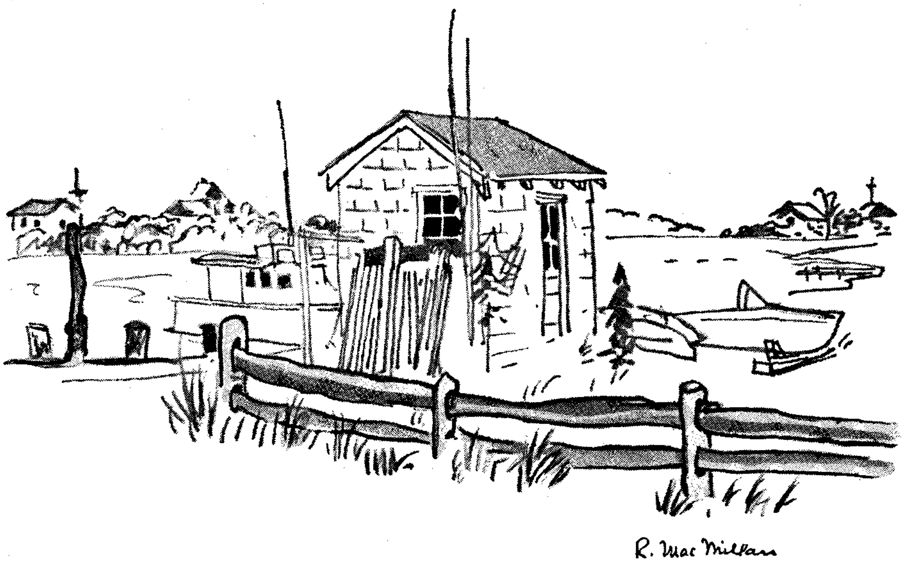
A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter Matthau?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Regency; Oct. 13-14.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 8.)

The Phantom of the Opera (1925)—If you're at the opera and see someone looking up furtively at the chandelier with a faint shudder, you can be fairly sure he has seen this tacky yet unforgettable piece of Guignol claptrap—or, at least, one of the remakes of it. The story is from a French penny dreadful; the first half is a botch and dreary, but then the mixture of the morbid, the gaudy, the ornate, and the rotted becomes scary and, in a way that may be peculiar to movies, thrilling. Lon Chaney is the diabolical genius, Erik, who lives in the dripping cellars of the Paris opera house; hypnotically, he lures the young singer he loves (Mary Philbin) into his bedroom in the sewers and shows her his coffin bed. Norman Kerry is the blundering, deadhead hero, Arthur Edmund Carewe is the Persian, and Snitz Edwards, John Miljan, and Gibson Gowland are in the cast. The director was Rupert Julian, but things were not going well, and Edward Sedgwick was brought in to finish the film; Chaney himself directed some of his own sequences. (He must have cut quite a figure on the set, giving orders to the crew while in his grisly, cadaverous makeup.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 14.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. With Louise Closser Hale, Reginald Owen, and Walter Catlett. From a story by Harry E. Chandlee and Douglas W. Churchill, which had been adapted by Jo Swerling, with continuity by Dorothy Howell; Riskin, a former playwright, livened it all up, and went on to do a series of hits with Capra. (The central performer, Robert Williams, whose style suggests that of Lee Tracy, was on the verge of stardom, but this was his last film; he died of a ruptured appendix.) (Regency; Oct. 11-12.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of



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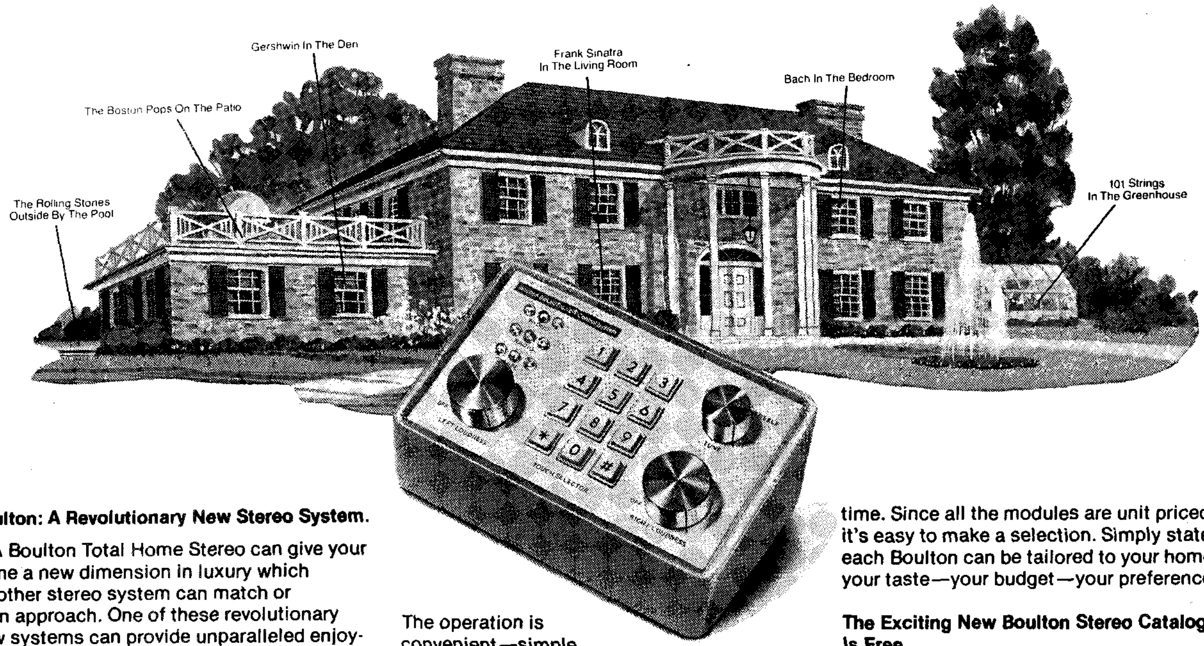

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pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Oct. 11.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyper-efficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable, department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Regency; Oct. 11-12.)

So Fine—With Ryan O'Neal and Jack Warden, directed by Andrew Bergman. (Reviewed in *this issue.*) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Oct. 9.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Embassy.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The soundtrack pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 16.)

True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture. "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but Barrymore and the general giddiness keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr; cinematography by Ted Tetzlaff. With Una Merkel, Edgar Kennedy, Lynne Overman, Porter Hall, and Fritz Feld. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12.)

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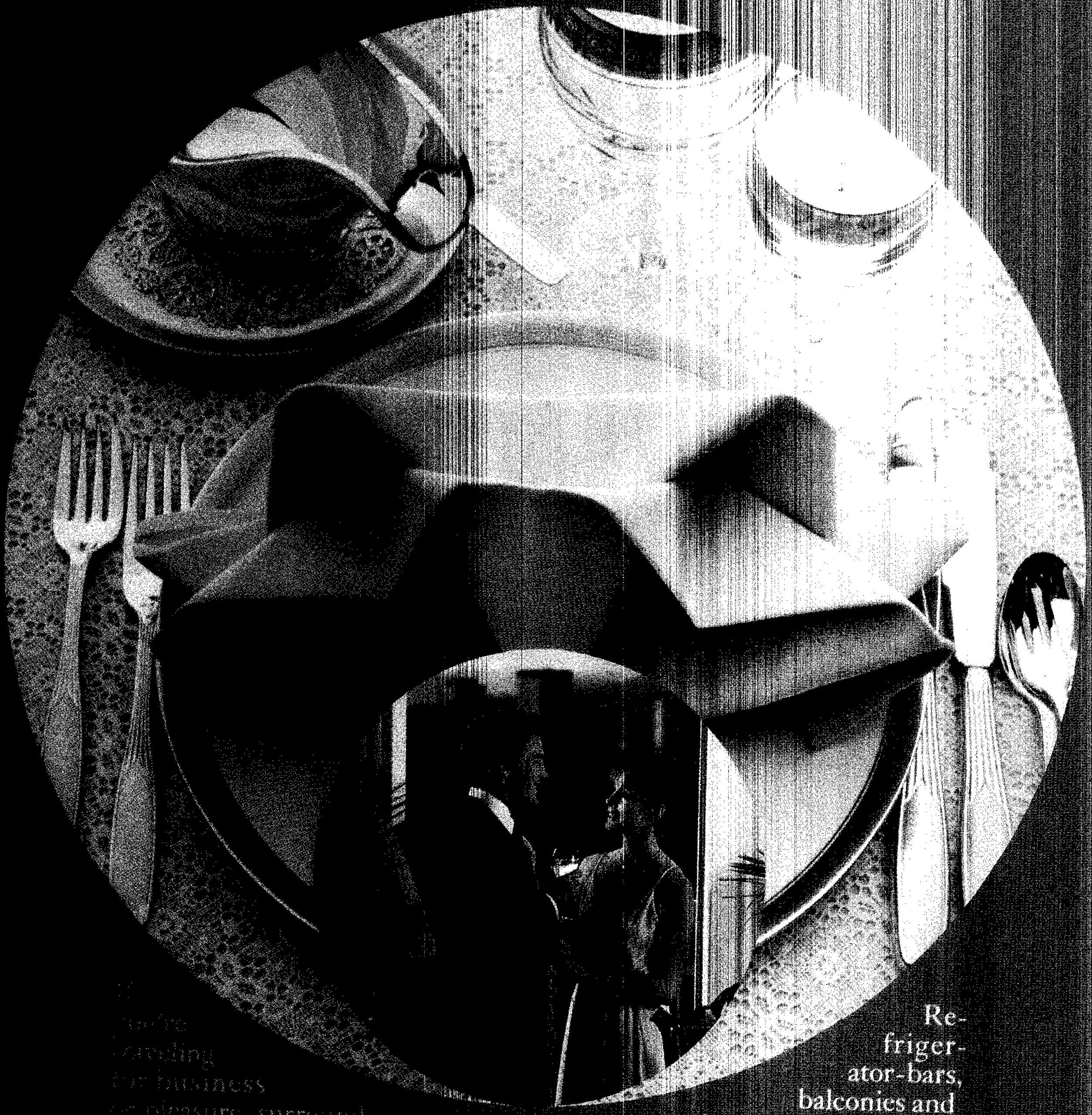

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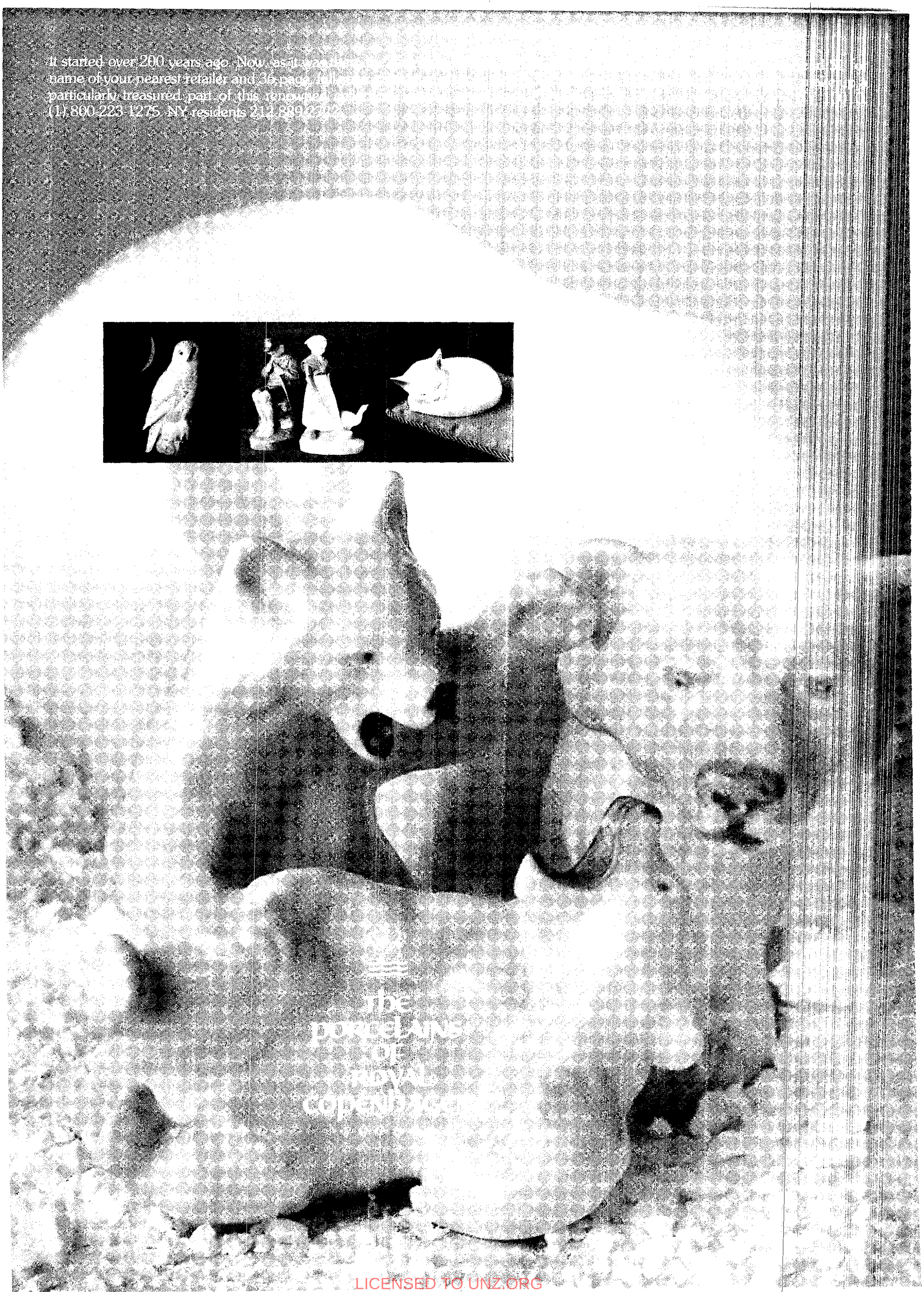
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THE
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

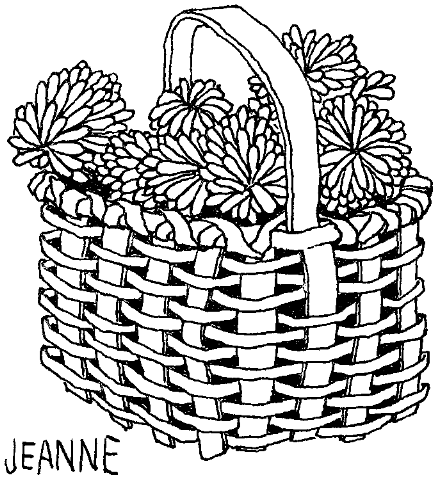
Notes and Comment

WE'VE received the following letter from an ex-New Yorker who has been living on a hilltop in Pacific Palisades, California:

I've been a view addict for the past twenty years, living in high places and looking out at the world through picture windows. It began when I married. My wife had a tenth-floor apartment on Central Park West with a picture window overlooking the reservoir, and I moved in. The view was wonderful. I took nourishment from it, the way some people drink in art: ice on the lake in winter, the sun rising out of Queens, an occasional rainbow over the East Side, the haze of cherry blossoms in front of the Guggenheim each spring. My wife, who had lived alone in the apartment for several years before our marriage, cared little for the view. She said that it could never make up for the darkness of the other rooms. I thought picture windows with wonderful views could redeem anything.

When the building went co-op and we decided that thirty thousand dollars was too steep for a five-room apartment—that's how long ago the view was—we bought a pre-Colonial farmhouse in Ulster County. I hadn't yet recognized myself to be a view addict, so I thought I was in love with the house itself. But it sat perched near the top of a mountain, and the view was—wouldn't you know it?—soul-filling: in the foreground, a village, with its tiny village green and the steeple of the Dutch Reformed church sticking up not so very far into the air; as background, the whole Hudson Valley and, off to the left, a shimmering trace of the Hudson River. As it turned out, this view carried its own steep price. During the summers, we had to keep topping the trees that threatened to obscure the view, and that meant hiring intrepid tree surgeons who could saw while swaying aloft. Each winter, we had to contend with snowstorms that marooned us on the mountain for days at a stretch and, worse still, obscured the view completely.

The snowstorm problem was solved by our move to California. I couldn't believe our good fortune in finding a house at the very top of a make-believe Italian hill town overlooking Santa Monica Bay. From several rooms in the house, but particularly from a glassed-in terrace that could have doubled as an airport control tower, I saw enough water to make me feel I was on a cruise ship. Dead ahead was Catalina Island, its apparent distance varying with the humidity: on a moist day, it looked to be sixty miles away; on a dry day, with the Santa Ana blowing, it floated to within fifteen miles of the house. Far off to the left was the Palos Verdes Peninsula, where houses with their own picture windows came aflame with reflected glory each sunset. On the right was Malibu, that elegant strand stretching all the way up the coast past Point Dume, where the residents of a mobile-home park had upgraded their turf by naming it the Point Dumé Club. When helicopters passed in front of the house, I looked down on them.


JEANNE

I seemed to be looking down on the whole world. By this time, I realized that I liked it that way. Some people try to keep life at a distance. I had always seen myself as being at a distance from life. As a child, I lived in a house on a rise, if not quite a hill, in suburban New Jersey, about five miles from the George Washington Bridge. At night, I could see from my bedroom window the revolving beacon on top of the bridge's west tower. It seemed a hundred miles away. As I watched it, white and red, white and red, I dreamed of the day when I could cross the bridge by myself and wander around Manhattan. The beacon was my train whistle. As a high-school student, I won an essay contest with an essay called "Tower." It was a description of how Manhattan looked from the top of the Empire State Building. The writing was full of precocious but detached phrases like "From the air, Manhattan is a choir of upturned faces." I was a lonely kid. Being high up made me more lonely, I suppose, but it did give me a feeling of power. I wasn't afraid of heights. I never wanted to jump. I only wanted to frame what I saw, first in phrases, later in windows.

The view from the house overlooking Santa Monica Bay was the best one of all, but it carried the steepest price. When the rains came, the hill turned to mud and the road came apart. We had to park our car a half mile from the house for more than three months while construction crews struggled to shore up the hill. Then our marriage came apart. No cause and effect here; I don't plan to hale the Department of Public Works into court as a corespondent. But erosion took its toll on all sides, and a few months ago I moved down from the hill to an apartment of my own on Sunset Boulevard between Jack-in-the-Box and the Self-Realization Shrine—a proper California address. I'm on the third floor. That's as high as the building goes. My only window looks out on a pretty patio with a swimming pool and a Jacuzzi. The wall on the far side of the pool can't be more than a hundred feet away. My visual horizons have shrunk suddenly and dramatically. It's like the opposite of that moment in "Napoleon" when the screen opens up. Yet I like it—more than I would ever have dared to suppose. It's a different kind of view: no lakes, mountains, rivers, or seas; no glittering skylines or choirs of upturned faces. This new view has people in it. I can talk to them from my window.

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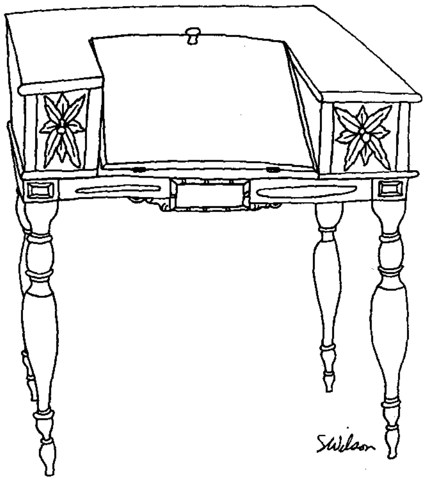
Between Sets

IN the current fuss being made over the fiftieth anniversary of the Waldorf-Astoria and its list of marvels, we start our own list of Waldorf marvels with Jimmy Lyon, who plays the piano in Peacock Alley every Tuesday through Saturday from 6 to 10 P.M. Jimmy Lyon not only plays hundreds and hundreds of songs—practically any song you can come up with—but reharmonizes and arranges them on the spot, making many of them better musically than they were to begin with. In fact, he raises playing the piano in a cocktail lounge to an art. Mr. Lyon is a dapper, distinguished-looking, Cole Porterishly elegant man in his fifties. He has silver hair parted impeccably on the left, boundless good nature, and an attitude of quiet, alert camaraderie toward all who sit and drink in the Alley, or even enter it, immediately making them feel that they're in for a very special treat. His piano is a Steinway grand in a fruit-wood casing. (The piano was owned by Cole Porter, who lived at the Waldorf for the twenty-five years before his death, in 1964.) Behind him is a contemporary chinoiserie screen with representations of pheasants, herons, and white peacocks. Off to his left, on a shelf, is a stuffed peacock in a wooden cage. Around him is a lot more chinoiserie—including mirrors on the walls—along with the softest, coolest leather love seats in town. Also fresh geraniums in vases on the tables and surprisingly nutritious cocktail tidbits, including plantain chips. While Mr. Lyon plays, observing everybody who comes and goes, people tramp past the fruit-wood piano on their way to meals in the adjoining dining room; some stop to ask Mr. Lyon if the piano is really *it;* cocktail drinkers talk, laugh, and call out request numbers to Mr. Lyon; glasses clink; fans sitting near the piano eagerly present Mr. Lyon with lists of song titles they have brought along, and he receives the lists just as eagerly and proceeds to play the songs. With all this going on, usually at once, Mr. Lyon blithely, calmly cuts loose with his music. When we go to hear him, we invariably come out feeling better than we did when we went in.

"When did all this start?" we asked Mr. Lyon the other evening, during one of his take-fives.

"When I was born, in Morgan Village, near Camden, New Jersey," Mr. Lyon replied courteously, and, at our urging, he gave us this biographical rundown:

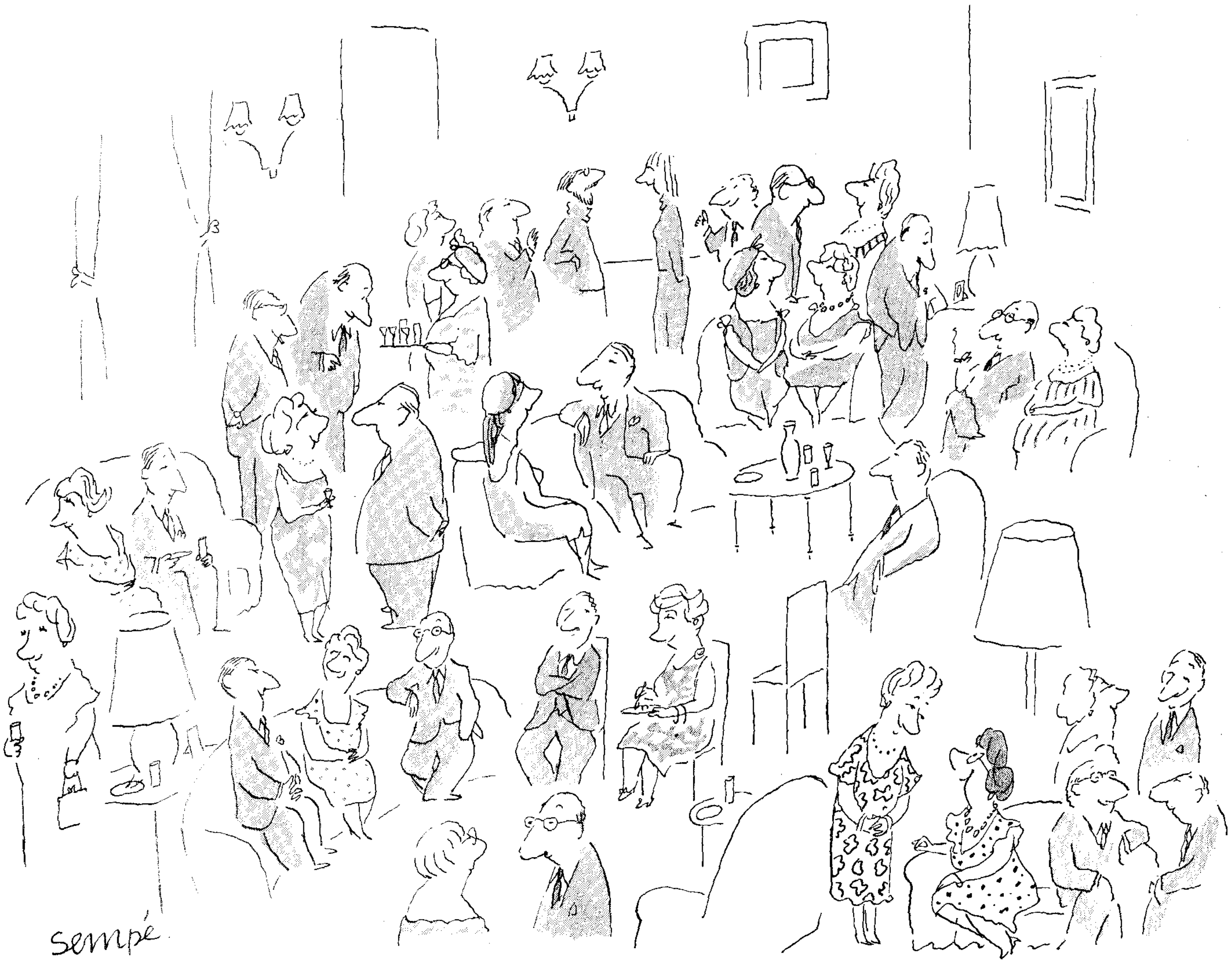
"There was always a piano in our house. My father, a machinist in a shipyard, came from Glasgow, and my mother from Belfast. My father played the piano in the key of F-sharp and never put his thumbs on the keyboard. He was exuberant. Nobody laughed better than he did. He would sit at the piano and play and sing 'There's Somebody Waiting for Me' and other Harry Lauder tunes. My mother liked him to sing 'As the Wig Wig Waggle of His Kilt.' I was an only child, and the piano was all mine whenever I wanted it. I started playing it by ear at four. I had my first lesson at eight, stayed with the lessons for a year, then started playing on my own. We moved to Collingswood, New Jersey, when I was about thirteen, and I went to Collingswood High School. At thirteen, I started taking piano lessons again, this time with J. Blaine Saltzer, who wore spats, but I think I might have taught him more than he taught me. He'd say, 'Play "Embraceable You" the way *you* play it.' And he'd sit there listening carefully. From the time I was thirteen until I was eighteen, I'd practice six hours a day, after school and at night. At Collingswood High, I had a ten-piece jazz band and played during lunch hour and at dances. When I was seventeen, I played piano with a commercial band at the Birdwood Club, near Collingswood, on Tuesday and Saturday nights. We'd play special arrangements for dancing. Gershwin, Rodgers, Porter, Kern—all the giants.



"One day, I came home from school, put the radio on, and heard some jazz being played on the piano that stopped me cold. Harmonically, it sounded unbelievable. It sounded like *two* pianos. It was Art Tatum. That same day, I got into my car, a '32 Plymouth, and drove ten miles to Philadelphia, where I grabbed every Art Tatum record I could find. I took six records home and stayed up all night long listening to them. Art Tatum's harmonic structures were way ahead of everybody else's. I still listen to those records today, and I always learn something new." Mr. Lyon paused, smiled, shook his head as though he were still in a state of disbelief, and said, "Art Tatum became the greatest influence in my life."

"After that?" we asked.

"The Second World War, and I was drafted," he said. "I wanted to be a pilot, but my vision was only twenty-thirty. However, I qualified as an aerial gunner, and I was sent to Atlantic City for basic training. We'd go to Convention Hall to watch training movies. One day, we marched in and saw this guy onstage playing the piano. I thought, 'This guy must know Eisenhower.' Then a staff sergeant got up and said he was looking for show-business talent. I volunteered to play the piano. 'Do you know how to fake?' he asked me. 'Do you know "My Heart Stood Still"?' Well, *I* wound up playing the piano onstage there for a year and a half. Then I was sent to Greensboro, North Carolina, where I got a call one day from the local fire chief, who said the piano



"Your casting is absolutely marvellous."

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player for their Y.W.C.A. dance was sick, and asked me to fill in. For twenty-five dollars. When I got to the hall, I sat down at the piano to practice, and a guy walked in looking like Abraham Lincoln and dragging a guitar. He said, 'Sounds mighty fine. Can I play along?' He had huge hands. 'Gimme an E,' he said. 'What do you want to play?' I asked. 'Whatever you say,' he said. I started playing, reluctantly, but this guy turned out to be *fantastic*. He was a sign painter, and his name was *Tal Farlow*. I made him come up North. He's one of the greatest. At the moment, he's with Red Norvo." Mr. Lyon looked at his wristwatch and said he had to get back to his piano in a few minutes.

"How did it go from then on?" we asked.

Mr. Lyon gave us a quick summary: "Joined the Gene Williams Band. Went on the road with June Christy, who had left the Stan Kenton Band to go out on her own. Did a tour with Stan Kenton's forty-piece orchestra. Did a four-month tour with Benny Goodman's sextet. Got married. My wife, Chris, was a singer with the Gene Williams Band. We have two kids—Jim, Jr., who's getting his doctorate in psychology in Berkeley, and Pamela, who's helping to manage a discothèque in Fort Lauderdale. While my kids were growing up, I was at the Blue Angel for nine years, playing seven nights a week, with my trio. Jimmy Raney on guitar and Beverly Peer on bass. We played for almost everybody who had a show there—Carol Burnett, Dorothy Loudon, Johnny Mathis, the Smothers Brothers, Harry Belafonte, Phyllis Diller. When the show was over, the trio would go into the bar and play jazz. After the Blue Angel folded, in 1964, I signed with MCA and took the trio all over the country playing jazz. Mabel Mercer used to sing at the RSVP, across the street from the Blue Angel, and come over to see the shows. In 1958, she had asked me to do an album with her, and with my trio and a drummer, for Atlantic Records. It was called 'Merely Marvellous,' and it was a great hit. Then, in 1968, I got a call from Mabel. 'Jimmy, will you do me a favor? I've got a concert in six days with Bobby Short at Town Hall, and my accompanist can't get back from Paris in time. Will you do it?' Then she said, 'If you won't do the concert, *I* won't do it.' I said, 'We'll have to rehearse around the clock.' Then I found out the concert was going to be recorded by Atlantic Records. I had to learn twenty new songs. I must have lost a pound for each song. At Town Hall, we were still rehearsing upstairs while Bobby Short was on downstairs. The place was packed. People were sitting on the stage. When Mabel walked out onstage, the whole audience got to its feet. I didn't fill out my clothes for weeks. In 1970, Mabel asked me to be her accompanist on a steady basis. I stayed with Mabel for eight years, until she went on a sabbatical, which she is spending in her house in the country. I was never conscious of a lyric till I met Mabel. She's the greatest storyteller. Nobody sings a lyric the way she does. Nobody."

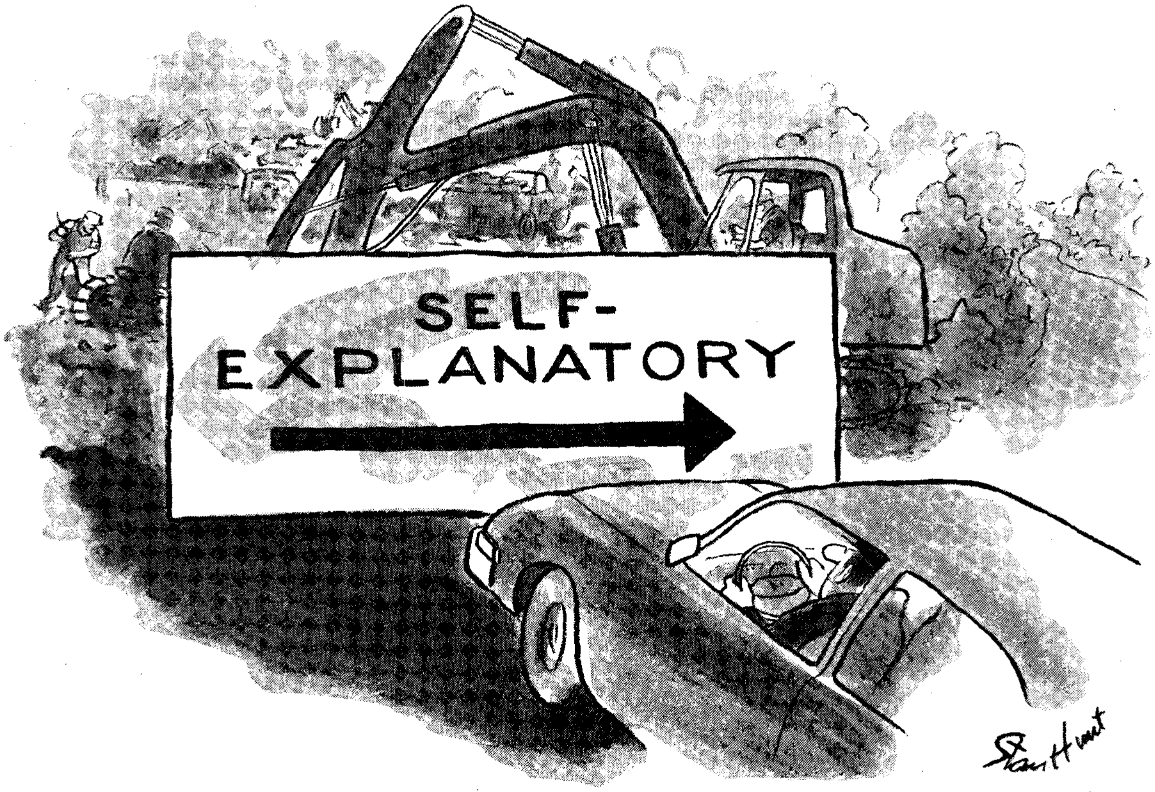
Mr. Lyon got up to go back to his piano. "I have great respect for the melody the composer wrote," he said. "If you don't know the melody of a song, you don't know the song. Harmonically, the songwriters left a lot to be desired, but that is not their fault—they weren't exposed to the harmonies we know today, thanks to the genius of Art Tatum and players such as Cy Walter and George Shearing. It also helps to have some knowledge of the lyrics in the back of your head, to interpret a song correctly. The composer supplied the feeling in the music, the vitality, the spirit, which so often was a spirit of simple cheerfulness."

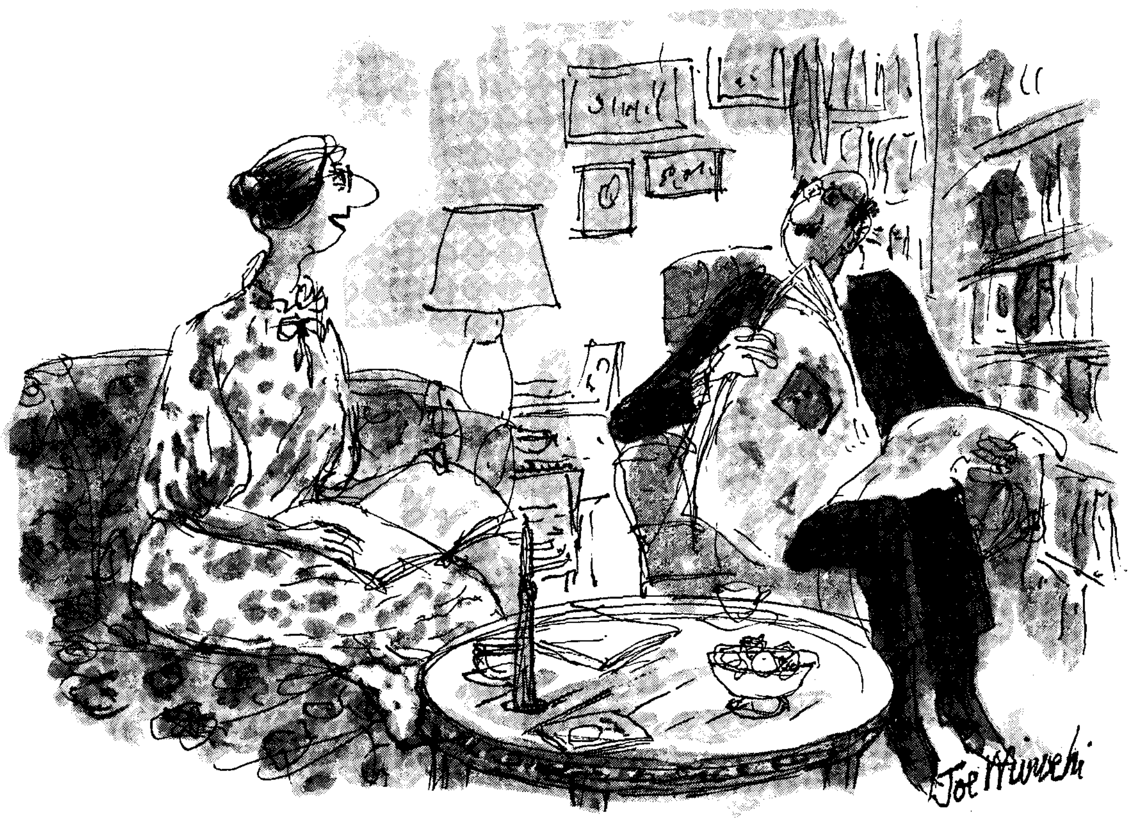
Mr. Lyon went back to the piano and played a set. We listened. Show tunes by Rodgers, Porter, Duke, Youmans, Coward, Arlen, Coleman, Weill, Schwartz, Sondheim, Gershwin, Kern. Music by Duke Ellington (in a class by himself). Standards like "It Had to Be You." Out-of-the-mainstream songs, by composers like Alec Wilder, of the kind that Mabel Mercer sings. When he was asked to play a terrible song, he'd turn it into something else by working up a whole new harmonic structure, by embellishment, by his particular phrasing. He wound up his set with Paul Desmond's "Take Five," played, as it was composed, in five-four time.

"It's not what you play but how you play it," Mr. Lyon told us in *his* next take-five. "I don't have hard and fast arrangements. I never play the same song twice the same way. People sometimes ask me how I arrive at my 'changes.' I just *hear* them. I learned by making mistakes, and if the mistakes sounded good I kept them in. If I don't know a song, I hear it a few times and I can play it. My job is to play what people want. Because I'm playing Cole Porter's piano, I get more requests for 'Night and Day' than for any other song. Talking doesn't bother me in here. People come in here to talk, and I don't demand the attention a singer gets. If I can reach one person, it's a good night. Every now and then, if I feel that nobody at all is listening, and if I start to get bored, I find myself doing things for fun. One night, I played songs with girls' names in the titles for almost an hour. I played 'Laura,' 'Margie,' 'Peg o' My Heart,' 'Emily,' 'Ida,' 'Dinah,' 'Stella by Starlight,' 'Samantha,' 'Rose of Washington Square,' 'Rosalie,' 'Dolores,' 'Fanny,' 'Diane,' 'Lilli Marlene,' 'Mame,' 'Mary,' 'Maria,' 'My Gal Sal.' I just kept playing and playing. Every time I finished a song, I'd think of another one. 'Nancy with the Laughing Face,' 'Louise,' 'Georgy Girl,' 'Sweet Lorraine,' 'Waltzing Matilda,' 'Jennie Rebecca,' 'Bess, You Is My Woman Now.' After about an hour, I heard somebody laughing, long and loud. It was a very affluent-looking Japanese businessman, and he was sitting with about half a dozen other affluent-looking Japanese businessmen. When he caught my eye, he called out ' "Hello, Dolly!" ' and my night was made."

Friendship

JUST hypothetically, let's say that one weekend afternoon you and nineteen of your friends (you're a people person; you enjoy a crowd) are taking a walk along Park Avenue in the Sixties and you happen upon the Seventh Regiment Armory. Someone in the group suggests going inside; maybe you can watch a few military maneuvers or something like that. So you stroll into the lobby, all twenty of you, and a guy there says, "Hold it. That'll be seven-fifty apiece." And let's suppose that your friends say the hell with it and they all decide to leave, but you stay behind and pop for the seven-fifty. So now you're inside the Armory exhibition hall, and you realize that what you have just bought is a ticket to Solo in the City, which is a little money-making venture hatched by Judy Corson and Nancy Sokol, a couple of young non-married ladies who believe that they owe it to themselves and to a lot of non-married men and women whom they have never met to put together this three-day commercial exposition. You, a veteran coper, a survivor of the consequences of countless marginal ideas, press





"Perhaps you should take up horseback riding. President Reagan likes men who ride horses."

on. And as you size up the situation you sense that Solo in the City is exactly what you need right now—that somewhere, either stationed at one of the eighty-six exhibits or strolling along the aisles, is one true, constant friend to replace the nineteen who have just ditched you. The trick is to distinguish between those who want to be your friend solely because of your matchless personal qualities and those who recognize your matchless personal qualities but also have in mind perhaps selling you a little friendship.

For instance, Etta Harmon, of Party Line 1-2-1 Private House Parties with Flair ("A Network of People Who Care About People"), would love to have you come out to Long Island a couple of times each month to meet some new faces and eat some gourmet food. She would also like to have you pay twelve dollars to help defray expenses. Arlene Rosen, the Arlene of Arlene's Singles Connection, has something similar in mind. Just in case you're not certain whether you legally qualify to attend one of Arlene's gourmet houseparties, she has invited Barry Patten, an attorney whose specialty is matrimonial work, to join her at her booth. "In order to get people to Arlene's parties," Barry Patten says, "we have to get them separated first."

So you keep moving. There is a big crowd checking out People Resources ("The First Total Lifestyle Resource Center for Single People"). Your true friend *might* be in that crowd, but it will be hard to find out, because most of your potential friends are busy consulting with the People Resources representatives about the pros and cons of the six-month plan versus the one-year plan, and whether to go video or non-video. And the potential friends who aren't doing that seem quite wrapped up in the People Resources promotional literature. ("What kind of people belong? The kind of people you want to meet. People from 21 to 81. Interesting people. Exceptional people. Discerning people. Intelligent, witty, serious, sensitive, complicated, vulnerable, hardworking, daydreaming people. Real people. Like you.")

But never mind People Resources. It's not people you're after, it's friendship. Norman Feigenbaum, D.D.S., does not necessarily want to be your friend, but he would like to do some dental work for you. Dr. Feigenbaum has perfected a technique whereby "entire smiles can be reconstructed in one day." What Dr. Feigenbaum doesn't understand is that *your* smile is fine—see?—it's someone *else's* smile you're worried about. It could go on and on like this. Barbara Mutnick, of Sabella Salon, could try to sell you precision-built frosted-fuchsia acrylic fingernails—they look more real than real nails, and don't forget that nails are the second thing a person notices about another person, and Barbara does a lot of celebrities' nails, and of course you've noticed how many friends celebrities have—but, naturally, you're not interested. Similarly, you aren't able to take advantage of Harry Mackler, the furrier/sex therapist. Harry Mackler would like to invite you to the Catskills, where he does counselling and moderates panel discussions on the weekends—or, if not to the mountains, then to his fur salon on Seventh Avenue, in case you're seeking the companionship of a mink coat. Wonderful guy though he is, Harry Mackler is not the person you're looking for, and it's only by sheer luck that you happen on Maurice Miller, a martial artist, at Booth No. 11. It is Maurice Miller's opinion that self-defense is "the only thing that you can do alone for your entire life," and when you think about it you realize that he may be right. If Maurice can't persuade you to sign up for a series of self-defense lessons, he is still willing to sell you, at a favorable discount, the latest issue of *Warriors: The Magazine of All the Fighting Arts*. This month's cover story is titled "Learn the Lethal Triple-Kick Attack of Bill 'Superfoot' Wallace." You gladly buy. What Bill "Superfoot" Wallace has to say about friendship isn't entirely clear at the moment, but until something better comes along he'll do.

GETTING USED TO IT

Harry Boyle bumped into Vic Nairn on the corner of Hairst Street. "Harry! Now, you're a sight for sore eyes!" Nairn's cliché greeted Harry with the familiarity of something well known and detested. "Long time no see!"

"I don't go out much these days, Vic."

"It's very sad, Harry. But I understand." Nairn's thin, worn, saddening appearance disguised an iron constitution as ill-health. "Bob MacQueen was round at my house last week," he said in his slow, emphatic pronunciation, which was that of a man with a west-of-Scotland accent trying to speak "properly." "We were talking about you. There I was," he said bitterly, his lips thinning as he drew them against his teeth, "thinking I was in for a quiet night, with a can of beer, and the TV on, and the wife in the kitchen. When what happens? The doorbell rings. Down to the door, then," he said wearily. "And who's there? Bob MacQueen's there. That man depresses me. Oh my God, Harry," said Nairn in a drawled moan that he seemed to drag up from depths of bilious malice, "but that's the most miserable man I've ever met!"

"Bob isn't the most generous man I know." Harry was judicious, for Bob MacQueen was a man he placed in the same category as Vic Nairn. "And how's your health bearing up, Vic?" Nairn was a man who never said he was well.

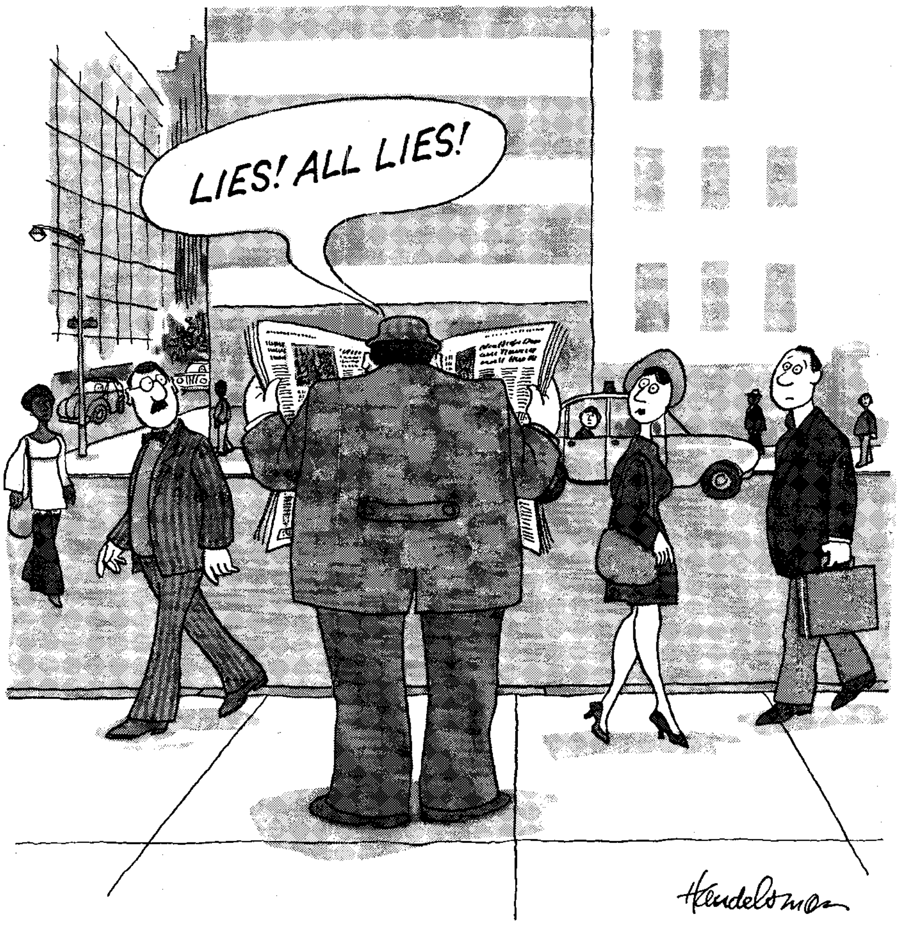
"Not too good," said Nairn. "Worse."

"You look well."

"Do I?" Nairn asked, with the surprise of someone who thinks he knows better. "Maybe I *look* well . . ."

Harry Boyle was unemployed and, as Nairn knew, he had all the time in the world. He passed some of it taking the family dog for its walks. Having managed to get past Vic Nairn, he risked walking the beast off its little legs by carrying on down King's Road, as if walking off a heavy dinner. Entering High Street on his way home, he caught sight of Bob MacQueen approaching on the same pavement. A change in the traffic lights released a stream of cars, which prevented him from slipping unnoticed across the street.

THE INCREDULOUS HULK



Cursing his luck, he decided he would have to go through with it and hope that MacQueen was in a hurry. MacQueen was a plumber with his own business, and although he had known Harry for years, only a promotion to a white-collar job had made Harry a man to be spoken to in the street and fit for MacQueen's friendship. It was about four-thirty on a day in January, and the rain had stayed off, although everyone in the street was dressed as if expecting to be drenched at any minute. In one of the Co-op's display windows, bedside lamps were aglow on bedside tables. Silent TVs were on in the window next door.

"This is quite a coincidence," Harry said, forcing himself to be agreeable, tugging his terrier on its leash. It was sniffing around the shopping bag of a displeased woman at the bus stop. "I've not long been talking to Vic Nairn—"

"I ran into Vic last week," said MacQueen, as Harry hauled on the leash and the hungry dog skidded across the pavement. "He was none too steady on his feet. Drink taken, if you ask me. And it doesn't improve him any. But then again, Harry, I ask you this. Who's the man was ever made any better by a guzzle at the hard stuff? Oh my God, Harry, but Victor's the most melancholy man I've ever met! And mean with it."

"I've certainly seen Vic when he's had things on his mind."

"Did he say anything about me?"

"He thinks very highly of you." Harry wondered why he was lying. He wondered, too, if MacQueen had really met Nairn, drink taken, in the street, or if, as Nairn claimed, MacQueen had rung Nairn's doorbell.

"The man's a liar if he gives you that impression. I've been in Victor's house, and there he was, sipping a glass of decent whiskey"—Harry Boyle smiled, interested—"and in the course of an hour, an hour," he repeated, with disbelief and raising his voice, "not so much as an offer of a drink. Not even a small one from the same bottle as he had by his elbow. It's as if there's but the one glass in the Nairns' house. And I daresay he keeps his teeth in it at night. Mean. *Mean.* A selfish man." He stared at the pavement, shaking his head in anger at Nairn's inadequate hospitality. "But he always pours another one, for himself."

"Drink taken, you say?"

"Drink taken," MacQueen confirmed. "As a matter of fact," he said sadly, "I've an appointment with the doctor in half an hour. Nasal polyps. Or that's my diagnosis." He offered a view of his nostrils in the light of the Co-op's display windows. "And I'm just generally run down. Otherwise I'm O.K. But how are chaps like us to know that? If you ask me, we're very much in the hands of the medical profession, Harry. How about you?" he asked without conviction, looking at his watch.

"Health's fine," said Harry. "Only problem is, I'm broke, as you can well imagine."

"Times are hard." MacQueen looked as if he found other people's problems distasteful. "It's the same all over."

When Harry Boyle got home, he found his wife putting her coat on. She had a cleaning job in the high school and worked from five until seven-thirty. Harry kissed her and pulled her collar up while the dog trotted into the living room, dragging its leash.

"That was some walk," Vera said. "Is anything wrong?"

"Vic Nairn," said Harry, "and then Bob MacQueen. And I had to talk to them. First one," he said, amused at his own anger, "and then the other."

"That'll teach you to walk round the town without looking where you're going."

They could hear their son, Alan, fussing the dog with dog chat in the living room.

"Leave Sadie's dinner in the oven," Vera said. "And this time, remember to turn it down when you've taken yours out."

It registered on Harry that in the time he had been on his walk, Vera had cooked the dinner. "What's Sadie doing this time that she has to be so late?"

"She told you this morning."

"Did she?"

"She's rehearsing in the school play. She'll be in shortly after six," she said, kissing him before she went out.

For the past year, the Boyles' son had been behaving with high-spirited secrecy. He was fifteen and looked twenty. The Boyles expected his adolescence to take disturbing contemporary forms, but they were surprised when these came as a jaunty disregard of what they had brought Alan up to believe were the family's conventions. Harry couldn't make up his mind whether to be amused or concerned, silent or censorious. "You were the same at that age," Vera had told him. "So let him get on with it."

"I was not."

"I remember you," she said, "in winkle-picker shoes and singing a daft song about lollipops on the bus."

"Me?"

For anyone other than a few friends and a handful of sinister heroes and heroines with mauve hair, neon complexions, and black leather waistcoats with silver studs, Alan exercised a ruthless contempt. "Walkies? Walkies?" he chirped at the dog, which replied with small barks.

"Y've no intention of taking it a walk," Harry said.

"Walkies? Walkies?"

"Y' *never* take it a walk!"

"It's my dog." He fondled the dog roughly by its neck. "Who's my dog? You're my dog. Aren't you? Walkies?"

"I take it y' know Vic Nairn's son. Alec. That's right, isn't it? Alec? What's Alec Nairn like at school?"

"Walkies?"

"It's got a screw loose. It's been walked stupid. Alec Nairn," he chivied. "I know he's more Sadie's age, but do y' know him?"

"Walkies? Walkies?"

"I've a problem, son," Harry said. "Whether to throw you across the room, or that mutt. Alec Nairn! What's he like?"

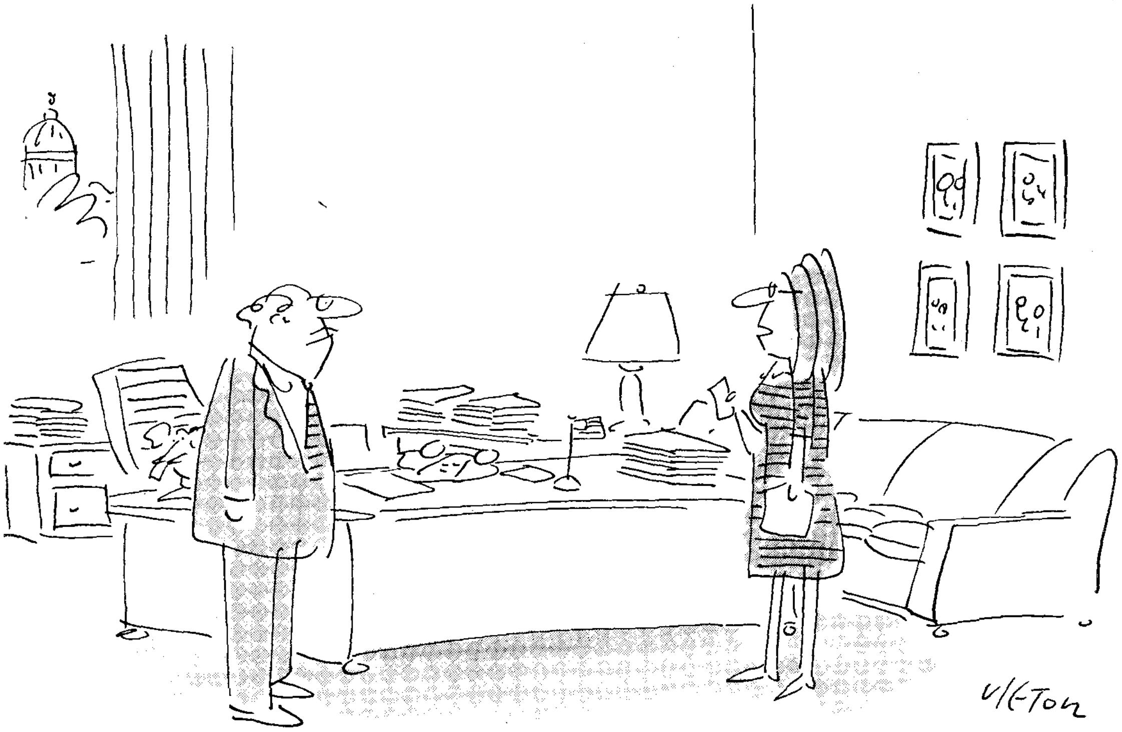
"Alec Nairn's a zombie."

"An' Gerald MacQueen? Do y' know *him*? The plumber's boy—do y' know him?"

"Walkies?" Alan sang, the dog's front paws on his lap, its tail wagging frantically.

His father rose from his chair, lifted the dog, crossed the room, opened the door, and placed the terrier in the hall. He closed the door and sat down again. Alan stared at him with mock admiration for his decisively paternal action. "Gerald MacQueen," Harry reminded him.

"His old man found him down a drain. It's well known. Don't tell me



"H.U.D. called the F.A.A. The F.A.A. called the S.E.C. The S.E.C. called G.S.A. G.S.A. called O.M.B. O.M.B. called Y-O-U."

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they're running after my sister. I couldn't *stand* it!" He shuddered facetiously and clenched his fists. "Eat," he said. "I've got to eat. I've got to take my mind off it." He walked away. "Walkies? Walkies?" Harry heard him say in the hall as the dog barked.

It crossed Harry's mind that the sons of Nairn and MacQueen were probably well-behaved, neat, short-haired, and studious. Alan was short-haired but wore an earring. He gave no impression of being studious, but his marks were a lot higher than his attitude led his parents to expect.

Harry filled his plate and sat at his place at the kitchen table. "What's on tonight?"

"What day is it?"

"Tuesday."

"Tuesday night," said Alan, "is bondage night."

Harry was not entirely sure what the word meant, but he had a good idea. "Whatever bondage is, you eat that up, because this family can't afford to leave food on the plates."

Alan pushed his half-finished dinner across the table.

"God bless us," said Harry, exasperated. "You know more about the world than I do. Don't y'? Watch it, son. You watch your step. That's all I can say."

Alan walked the kitchen with exaggeratedly careful movements, watching his step.

"I'll give y' a month. An' if y' don't show signs of treatin' your mother an' me to a bit of respect, then you're for the high jump."

"The high jump? I'm good at the high jump."

"What I mean, son, is that if I don't see improvements in you along the lines I've mentioned, I'll put your face in." Alan leaned on the sink, watching his father eat. Harry banged the table with his fist. Alan jumped. "Just testin' your nerve, son. Face in. Got that?"

Sadie was later than Vera had said. As she ate her dinner, Harry asked, "Are you sure this playacting isn't keepin' y' off your studies, girl?" He knew in advance that Sadie would treat his concern as that of a man who had left school at fifteen and who had an overstated interest in his daughter's opportunities as a compensation for those he had never had, or had turned down.

"It's Shakespeare. It *is* my studies. 'Twelfth Night,' " she said, "is on the syllabus."

EAST OF EDEN

Drinking I've an unexpected view from our window here
As the water below
In full hard mockery repeats its lip-smacking lesson

Seeming to come in to tap the dock where the flags glisten
Dully as if to throw
The noon's sallow color on its back keeping the rhythm bare . . .

The massive matchwood yachts in these hourglass harbors
Rot in my head yet I
Still wonder not if they'll move but if an emerald breeze

Might bow the giant palms each aloft with giant lemon leaves
Bow them till they die . . .
Nothing (the gulls now scouring the sky) to touch the terrors

The giant-finned cars arouse those arrowheads on the drive . . .
I'll watch them travelling farther away
In serpentine goodbyes to all the problems we'll depend on . . .

A sot's view really   a small battle where nothing's fought or won
No action only behavior   and soon your gray
Survivor's eyes to face mine at evening neither dead nor alive

—Robert Mazzocco

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Harry pointed to the clock on the wall. "Then what about the hour y' spend sittin' in that café?"

"Do you honestly think that I'm the sort of person who'd waste her time failing exams, when I know how much depends on passing them? Give me credit, Dad. A woman has to show a lot more initiative than a man to get on in this country. The cards are loaded against her."

"Dice," said Harry. "Dice can be loaded, but not cards. Cheats *mark* cards. They don't 'load' them."

"A woman has to be more competent, more qualified than a man, just to get the same job. I know how hard I have to work."

"Cards aren't loaded. *Dice.*"

"Thanks for the useful information, Dad, but being a topless croupier just doesn't figure in my plans."

"I don't know what to think. I've a daughter who's into women's rights before she's even left school, and a boy who's into bondage. I'm *mesmerized.*"

"Bondage? Is that what he says?"

"Tuesday night," said Harry, "is your brother's bondage night."

"He doesn't know what it is."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Of course."

"Well, sure, of course. You're seventeen, an' this is 1981, so of course y' know. Mind you, I haven't paid much attention to it myself, an' if your mother's given it a thought, then she's kept it quiet, thank God, but you know, an' Alan knows, or Alan says he knows. . . . That's fine. 'Twelfth Night' 's a Shakespeare? Should I read it before we come and watch you act in it? Assumin', that is, we can afford the tickets. Who do y' play?"

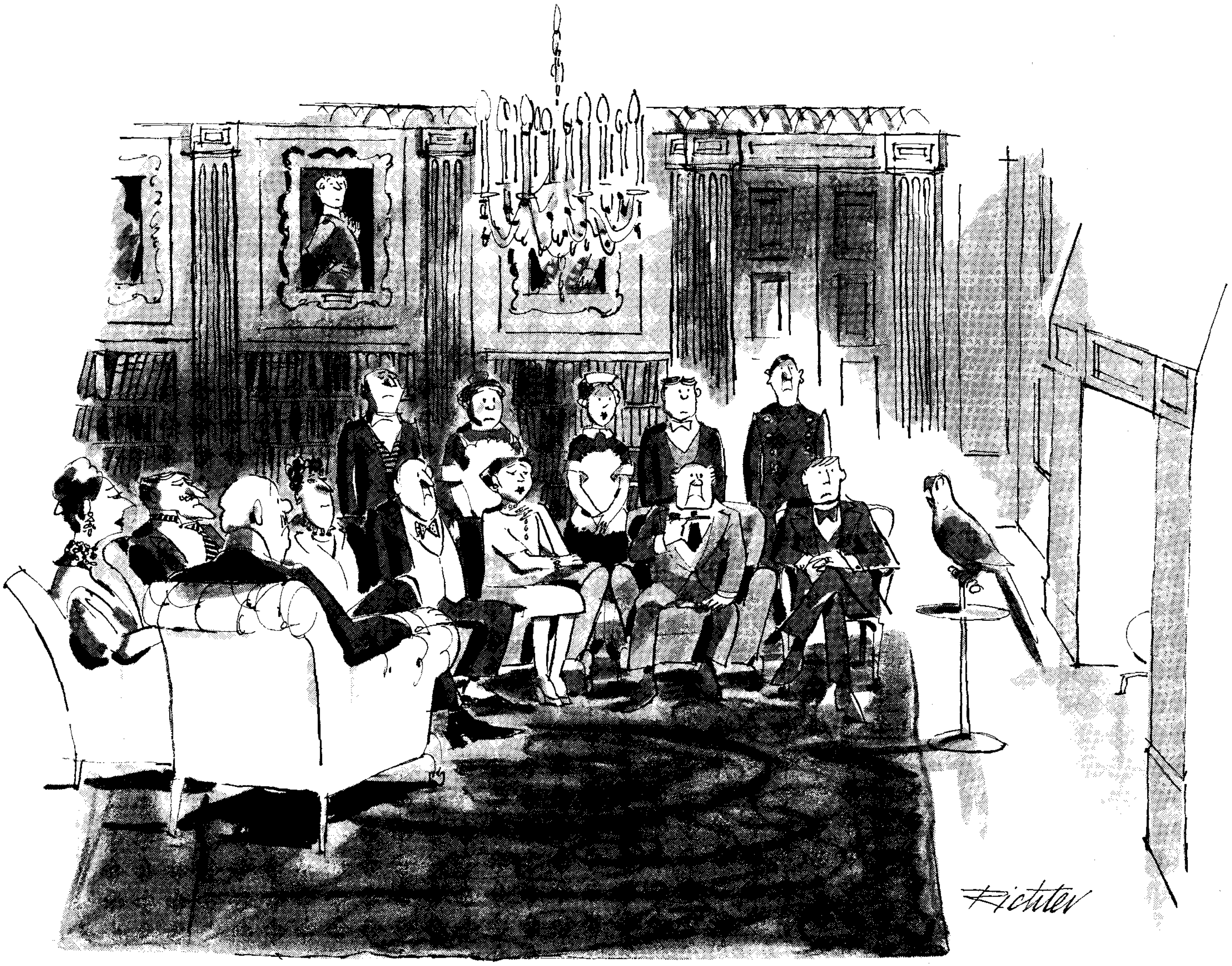
"I play Viola. But most of the time I'm Cesario. And he's a man. If you see what I mean."

"I think I'd better read it."

SEVERAL days a week, after lunch, Harry and Vera Boyle spent an hour in bed. To begin with, it seemed an extraordinary thing to do, as if, were they discovered, it might bring the unemployed into disrepute.

"I suppose," Vera said, "that this is what rich people do in the afternoon. I could get used to it."

"I'm getting used to it already." Harry did more housework than he had been brought up to believe was good for a man's dignity. "How much



"The fact that you, Frothingham, claimed you discovered the body at exactly 12:13 P.M. was what first made me suspicious, of course. And then when Billington claimed that he had heard the clock chime the quarter hour just as he and Miss Arbuthnot met for their little assignation in the study, it was clear that you, Merryweather . . ."

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would it cost," he asked Vera, "to have these curtains dry-cleaned?"

"I don't think I like what's happening to you. Last week you washed the kitchen floor, behind my back. And now you're talking about curtains."

A few days later: "Have we any carpet shampoo in the house, Vera? I don't see it in the cupboard."

"Have you spilled something?"

"No. But look at it. It's a good few shades darker than when we bought it."

Carpet shampoo materialized, as Vera took advantage of Harry's new housewifery, or husbandry.

"I think it's getting to you," Vera said.

"What is?"

"Unemployment is. And time is, too."

"You don't hear me talk about unemployment. I just don't get roused by the subject. I've got plenty of time."

"You were certainly angry enough the night you came home with that redundancy notice."

"Sure, I was livid. But right now I'm into carpets and curtains. I'm a home boy. If they can keep me on the breadline, plus some, I'll be happy enough and so will you."

"Guess who's your 'plus some.' "

"What?"

"Me." Vera smiled.

As Harry came out of the public park, idling while the dog sniffed the length of the open gate, he saw Vic Nairn leave the swimming baths on the other side of the road. An attendant came halfway down the steps with Nairn, in the posture of a man asking a distressed person if he was sure he would be all right. Curious at the sight of Nairn with a rolled towel under his arm, Harry forgot to hide. Nairn saw him and waved with a limp stroke of his arm, waiting on the pavement for Harry to cross the street.

"I'd no idea you were a bathsgoer," Harry said.

"According to the doctor, I ought to take more exercise. I told him I didn't think it would help my condition. I've seen the day, Harry, when I could manage thirty lengths of that pool and then go for a long run. Remember, when we were boys, how I used to be such a good swimmer?"

Harry could not find these recollections in his mental album of disagreeable episodes involving Nairn as man and boy. "A powerful swimmer, if I remember correctly, Vic."

"God, that'll teach me." Nairn sighed, dolefully resigned to his physical deterioration. "A length and a half, Harry, and I sank like the Royal Oak. Oh, it was a near thing, Harry. I've been at death's door before now, as you well know, but that's the first time I've seen the doorman. And I know what you're thinking. Why's a hardworking man like me to be seen coming out the baths on a Friday afternoon? I'm on short time. Me, on short time!"

"I'm very sorry to hear that, Vic." Harry worried at his own sincerity.

"Twenty-four years I've given that company. They'll be closing," said Nairn, sonorous with industrial gloom. "I give them three months at the very most. I don't know what I'll do. And there's the humiliation coming, the affront of it all, of having to sign on for the dole, for the unemployment benefit!"

"You'll get used to it," Harry said encouragingly.

"Do you have to stand in a queue, with other men? What I mean is," he whispered, "is it possible—I mean, is there a time when they're not busy? You'll know this, Harry. Can I pop in," he asked furtively, holding Harry by the elbow, "without having to stand in a queue?"

"They'll give you a time, Vic," Harry said.

"We'll not see the likes of Bob MacQueen in a dole queue," said Nairn, his lips smacking with vindictiveness.

"If he goes bust," said Harry, "it's the end of the world. MacQueen's self-employed. He isn't entitled to unemployment benefit."

"He'll have made provisions," said Nairn. "But even so, here's hoping," he said, his eyes widening, "that the bottom falls out of the plumbing trade."

"I wouldn't go that far," said Harry, jerking the dog on its leash, angry with himself for having given so much as a hint of complicity in Nairn's bad-mindedness. "No, y' wouldn't say a thing like that if you'd been unemployed for as long as I have."

"Oh, don't say that, Harry. I'll find a job. I'll *look* for one."

"I looked as well, y' know."

"I didn't mean it like that, Harry."

"It's new to you, Vic. But you'll find out." He was pleased at having bad tidings of his own to pass on, but checked himself from rubbing them in.

"It's the indignity of it!"

"Forget that," said Harry. "Believe me, it'll pass. Think of all the time you'll have to spend with Mrs. Nairn."

"Oh God, no."

"Must make tracks, Vic. Big night out. Sadie's got the star part in 'Twelfth Night.' "

"My boy Alec's more or less masterminding that!" Nairn's anxious mood changed to one of enthusiastic pride.

"He is?" Pained by this news, Harry persevered in making his escape. "Must go. See y' soon, Vic."

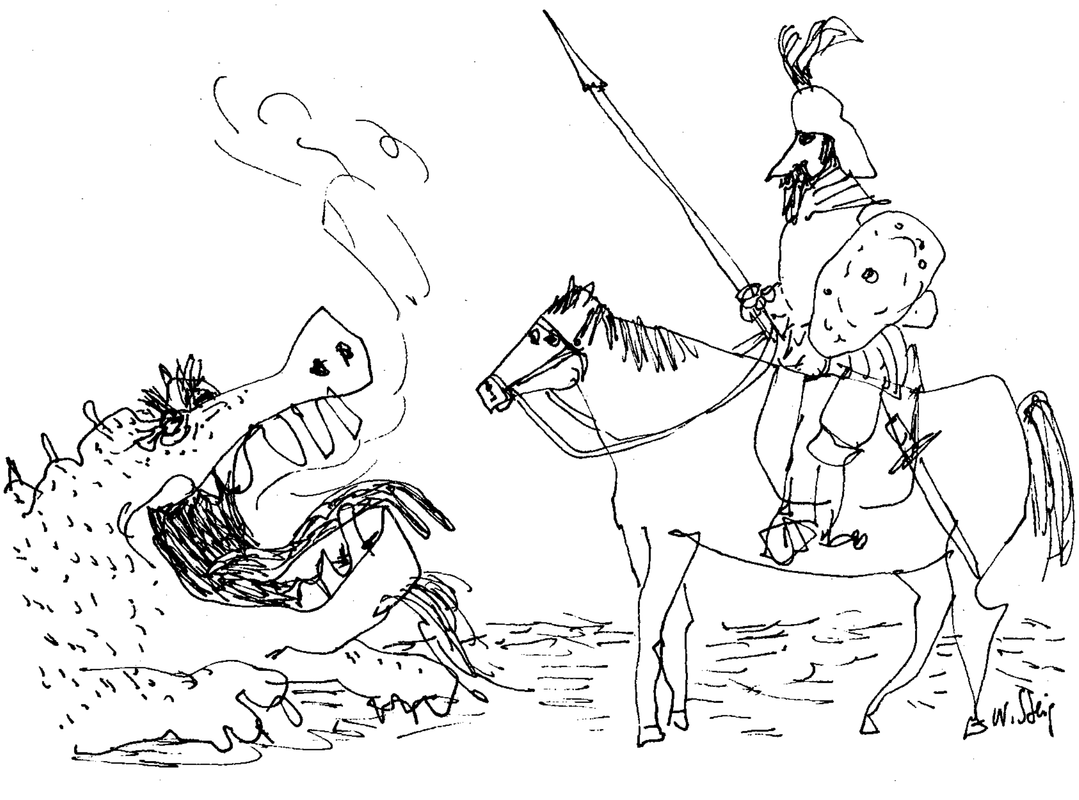
"I'll see you tonight!" Nairn shouted after him, the near-drowning, short time, and threat of no time banished.

IN his suit, his white shirt, his best tie, and his best shoes dotingly polished, Harry joined Alan in the living room. He studied his languorous son. "Shakespeare was never up my street, either. But y' could've made the effort. It's your sister I'm going to see, no' Shakespeare. In fact, she plays a man, Cesario, as well as Viola. Same person, really—Viola pretends, y' see, an' dresses up as a man. I would've thought *that* was right up your street. An' look at the trouble your mother's gone to. She's taken her togs in a bag, and she's changing at the school, after three hours' hard work on her knees scrubbin' floors." Harry started temperately and ended up losing his patience. "What's on tonight, then? An' before y' ask, it's Friday."

"I'm in love," Alan said cynically. "I'm staying in to wash my hair, and pine."

During the first interval, after Act II, Harry and Vera stood together drinking coffee from plastic cups in the corridor outside the school's theatre. They smiled at nearby couples. "Did you scrub this?" Harry asked her.

"We don't scrub it. It's parquet," she said. "We do it with a mechanical polisher."



Knight Assailed with Doubts

"Who taught Sadie to speak like that? She sounded . . . well, she sounded English."

"That's what I've been wondering."

"What did you think?"

"I think she's terrific."

"But dressed up as a man, wearing a man's clothes—it gave me the fright of my life, love."

"Don't drip coffee," Vera chided, "on my parquet."

"We'll have to keep an eye out," said Bob MacQueen, joining them, accompanied by his wife. "I caught a view there of Victor Nairn."

"What did you think of Gerald, Mrs. Boyle?" asked Mrs. MacQueen, overdressed, large, and proud. "Malvolio," she said. "Of course, we won't get the best of Malvolio until a little later. Awfully funny, isn't he?"

"Oh, Malvolio! Harry, Gerald's playing Malvolio," Vera said, with a nudge, as if this were good news.

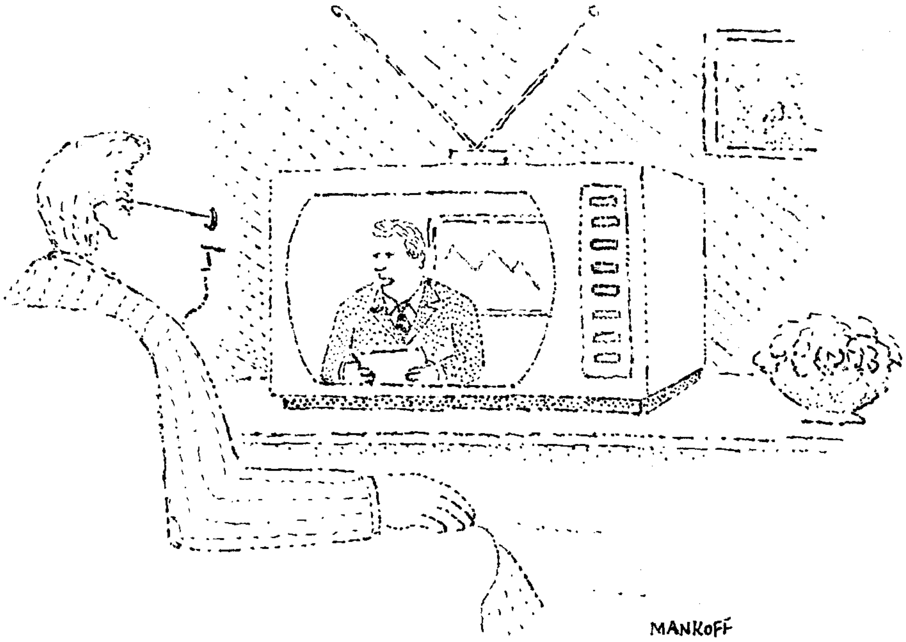
"What's worrying me," said MacQueen, anxiously looking round in case Vic Nairn had spotted them in the crowd, "is that this fairy-tale stuff could go to Gerald's head. Not to mention how much this is costing the ratepayers. Harry, these costumes alone . . . Oh God, the sight of my own son dressed up like an idiot," MacQueen said, in agony, "gives me a *pain*."

"It's a comedy," said Vera.

"I'm not laughing," said MacQueen. "Even if this is Shakespeare, it's just a frill, an extra, and in days like these—well, I don't have to tell you, Harry."

"Business not too good, Bob?" Harry asked, while their wives attempted to submerge their pride in seriousness.

"Business, Harry, is downright awful. I could do with a real cold snap. I need burst pipes. Another mild winter and I don't know what I'll do. And who can afford to install central heating these days? And these nasal polyps? The doctor had the cheek to say I must have broken my nose at some time. Now, if a man had broken his nose, he'd know about it. Wouldn't he? I ask you, Harry . . ." They went into the theatre as the second bell rang and schoolgirls ushered the audience to its seats. "There's something up these nostrils of mine, Harry. I just know it." Harry closed his eyes. He had more than a fair notion of what, or who, was getting up his own nose. "Any pains yourself, Harry?"



"On Wall Street today, news of lower interest rates sent the stock market up, but then the expectation that these rates would be inflationary sent the market down, until the realization that lower rates might stimulate the sluggish economy pushed the market up, before it ultimately went down on fears that an overheated economy would lead to a reimposition of higher interest rates."

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"Not a pain exactly," Harry said. "More a sort of a dull ache, at the back of my neck."

Once seated, Vera said, "Not a word about Sadie. It was Gerald, Gerald, Gerald. And our Sadie has the best part. She's marvellous. But not so much as a mention."

"Oh, no," said Harry, "he's seen us." He returned a wave to Vic Nairn, convinced he would be denied the chance of avoiding him later. "Who's his boy playing? Belch? Aguecheek?"

" 'Assistant Stage Manager,' " Vera read from the program, as the lights were dimmed too quickly and then came up again.

In this fresh burst of light, Harry took the program. "That figures. He's in charge of the lighting." He waved again at the Nairns, this time in a better frame of mind.

Backstage noises were audible, until an urgent voice hushed them. The lights dimmed and then came up again. The curtain rose a few feet—enough to show Viola's legs and the spangled tights of Feste the Clown. Then it dropped like a gesture of irritation. The audience mumbled with polite concern. Older schoolboys stamped their feet. Several hearties let off piercing whistles.

"It's such a pity," said the woman sitting on Harry's left. "They've been doing *awfully* well up to now."

Vera leaned over and said good evening to the couple.

"Our son," said the husband, "is Orsino, the Duke of Illyria."

"Our daughter," said Vera, "is Viola. And Cesario."

"How lovely! They'll be getting married, you know," said the woman they had never seen before.

"Not at this rate they won't be," said Harry.

"What's happening? Have you any idea why it's being delayed like this?" asked the woman.

"I've a strong suspicion," said Harry, "that the assistant stage manager is a bit like his father."

Lights dimmed, the curtain rose. "Save thee, friend, and thy music," Viola greeted the Clown. "Dost thou live by thy tabor?"

"No, sir," said Feste, sitting on his drum, "I live by the church."

"Our daughter," Harry said to Vera, "is an absolute knockout. She's got a future in this racket."

—Douglas Dunn

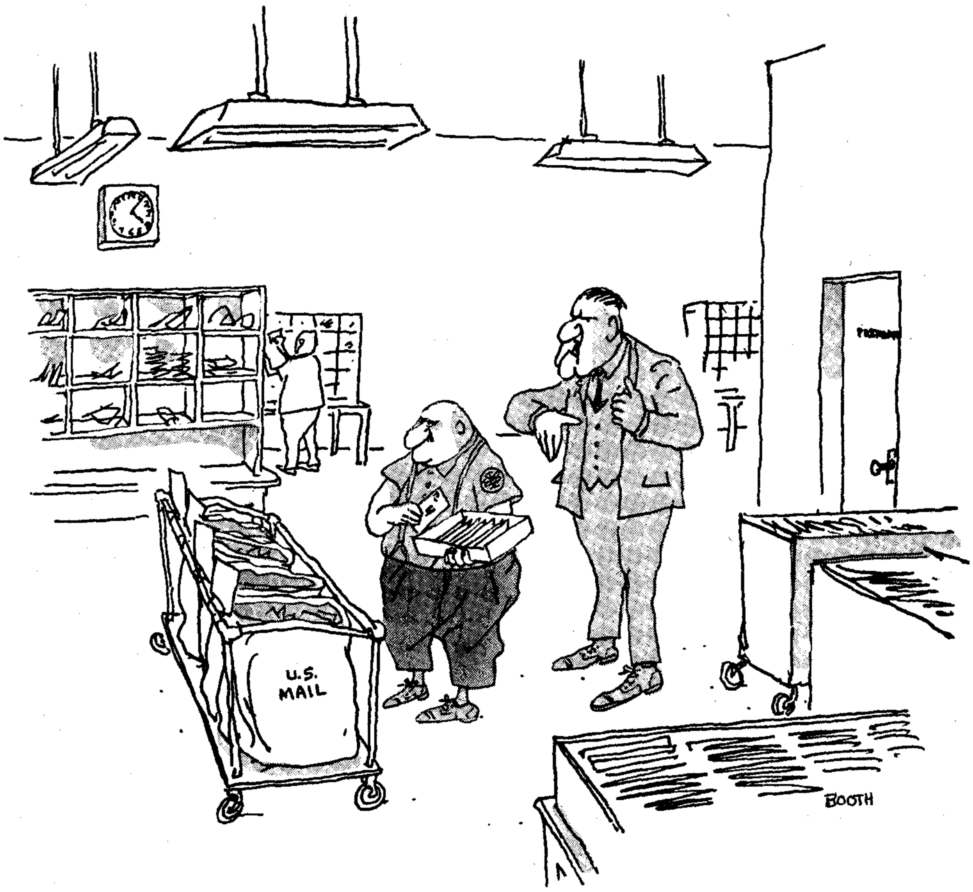
PHOOLS

(FROM THE MEMOIRS OF IJON TICHY, SPACE TRAVELLER)

ON Day 1,006 of my journey, having left the local system of the Nereid Nebula, I noticed a spot on the screen and tried rubbing it off with a chamois cloth. There was nothing else to do, so I spent four hours rubbing before I realized that the spot was a planet, and was growing larger. Circling this heavenly body, I was not a little surprised to find that its vast continents were covered with regular patterns and geometric configurations. I landed with due caution in the middle of an open desert. It was covered with small discs, perhaps half a metre in diameter; hard and shiny, as if turned on a lathe, they ran in long rows in various directions, forming the designs I had noticed from a high altitude. After making a few tests, I went cruising just above the ground, seeking an answer to the riddle of the discs, which fascinated me enormously. During a two-hour flight I discovered, one after the other, three immense and beautiful cities; I touched down in a square in one of them. But the city was completely deserted; houses, towers, squares, everything was dead—no sign of life anywhere, nor any trace of violence or natural disaster. More amazed and bewildered than ever, I flew on. Around noon I found myself above a vast plateau. Catching sight of a shiny building near which there was some sort of movement, I immediately landed. A palace rose from the rocky plain, sparkling as though cut from a single diamond. A wide marble staircase led up to its gilded portal. At the foot of the staircase several unfamiliar beings were milling about. If my eyes did not deceive me, they were alive and, moreover, resembled humans so much (especially from a distance) that I dubbed them "hominiformicans." I was prepared with this name because I had spent time during my voyage thinking up nomenclature, in order to have terms handy for such occasions. "Hominiformicans" fit the bill, for these beings walked upon two legs and had hands, heads, eyes, ears, and lips. True, the lips were in the middle of the forehead, the ears hanging under the chin (a pair on each side), and the eyes—ten in all—were arranged like rosary beads across their cheeks. But to a traveller like me, who has encountered the most bizarre creatures in the course of his expeditions, they were the spit and image of humans.

I approached them, keeping a safe distance, and asked what they were doing. They made no reply but continued peering into the diamond mirrors that rose from the lowest step of the staircase. I tried to interrupt them once, twice, three times, but, seeing that this had not the slightest effect, in my impatience I went up to one and shook him vigorously by the shoulder. Then they all turned in my direction and seemed to notice me for the first time. After regarding me and my rocket with some astonishment, they asked me several questions, to which I willingly replied. But because they kept breaking off the conversation to gaze into the diamond mirrors, I was afraid I would not be able to question them properly. Finally, however, I managed to persuade one to satisfy my curiosity. This Phool (for, as he told me, they are called Phools) sat down with me on a rock not far from the stairs. My interlocutor fortunately possessed considerable intelligence, which showed in the gleam of the ten eyes on his cheeks. He threw his ears over his shoulders and described the history of the Phools, as follows:

"Alien voyager! You must know that we are a people with a long and splendid past. The population of this planet has been divided from time immemorial into Spiritors, Eminents, and Drudgelings. The Spiritors were absorbed in the contemplation of the nature of the Great Phoo, who in a deliberate creative act brought the Phools into being, settled them on this globe, and in His inscrutable mercy surrounded it with stars to illumine the night and also fashioned the Solar Fire to light our days and send us beneficent warmth. The Eminents levied taxes, interpreted the meaning of state laws, and supervised the factories, in which the Drudgelings modestly toiled. Thus everyone worked together for the public good. We dwelt in peace and harmony; our civilization



"We in the Postal Service move a hundred and six billion pieces of mail every year, and the volume is increasing. Ernie, what we are asking is: Could you move your pieces of mail a little faster than you've been moving them in the past?"

reached great heights. Through the ages inventors built machines that simplified work, and where in ancient times a hundred Drudgelings had bent their sweating backs, centuries later a few stood by a machine. Our scientists improved the machines and the people rejoiced at this, but subsequent events showed how cruelly premature was that rejoicing. A certain learned constructor built the New Machines—devices so excellent that they could work quite independently, without supervision. And that was the beginning of the catastrophe. When the New Machines appeared in the factories, hordes of Drudgelings lost their jobs, and, receiving no wages, they faced starvation."

"Excuse me, Phool," I asked, "but what became of the profits the factories made?"

"The profits," he replied, "went to the rightful owners, of course. Now, then, as I was saying, the threat of annihilation hung—"

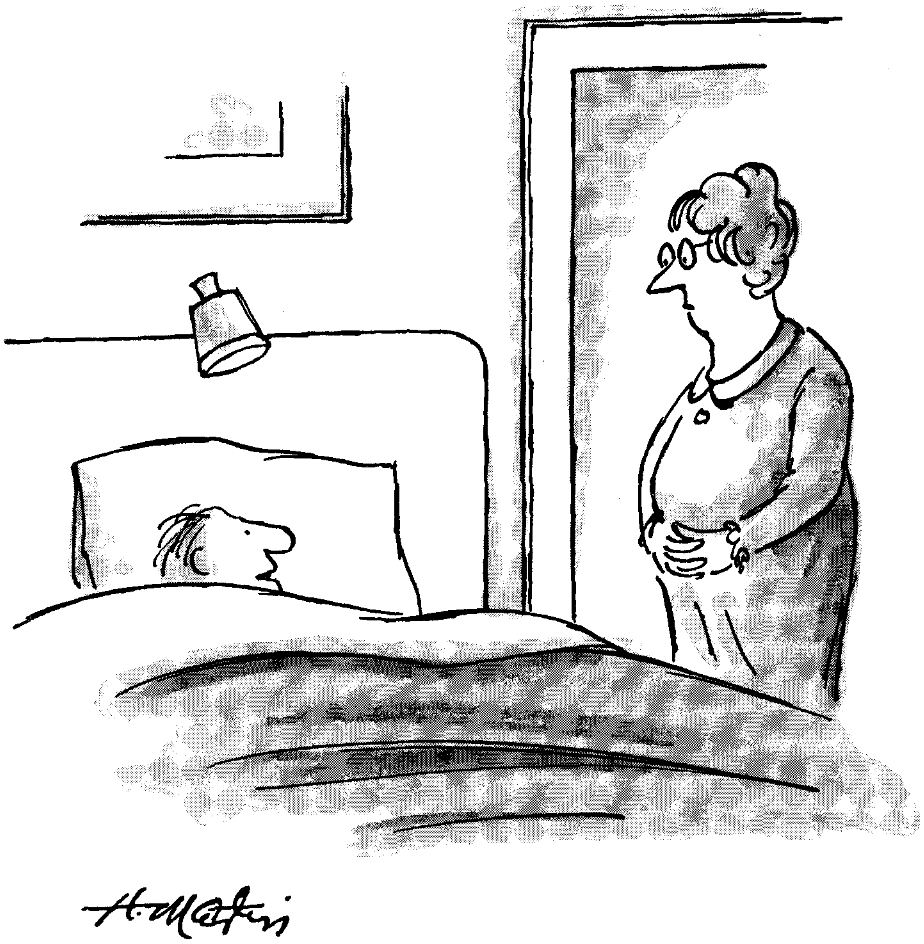
"But what are you saying, worthy Phool!" I cried. "All that had to be done was to make the factories common property, and the New Machines would have become a blessing to you!"

The minute I said this the Phool trembled, blinked his ten eyes nervously, and cupped his ears to ascertain whether any of his companions milling about the stairs had overheard my remark. He then said, "By the Ten Noses of the Phoo, I implore you, O stranger, do not utter such vile heresy, which attacks the very foundation of our freedom! Our supreme law, the Principle of Civic Initiative, states that no one can be compelled, constrained, or even coaxed to do what he does not wish. Who, then, would dare expropriate the Eminents' factories, it being their will to enjoy possession of same? That would be the most horrible violation of liberty imaginable. Now, then, to continue, the New Machines produced an abundance of extremely cheap goods and excellent food, but the Drudgelings bought nothing, for they had not the wherewithal—"

"But, my dear Phool!" I cried. "Surely you do not claim that the Drudgelings did this voluntarily? Where was your liberty, your civic freedom?"

"Ah, worthy stranger," sighed the Phool, "the laws were still observed, but they say only that the citizen is free to do whatever he wants with his property and money; they do not say where he is to obtain them. No one oppressed the Drudgelings, no one forced them to do anything; they were completely free and could do what they pleased, yet instead of rejoicing at such freedom they died off like flies. The situation worsened; in the factory warehouses, mountains of unpurchased goods rose skyward, while swarms of wraithlike, emaciated Drudgelings roamed the streets. The Plenum Moronicum, the venerable assembly of Spiritors and Eminents that governed the state, conferred all year round on ways to remedy the evil. Its members gave long speeches and frantically sought a way out of the predicament, but to no avail. At the very beginning of the deliberations, one member of the Plenum, the author of a famous work on the nature of Phoolian freedoms, demanded that the constructor of the New Machines be stripped of his golden laurel wreath and that his ten eyes be plucked out. This was opposed by the Spiritors, who begged mercy for the inventor in the name of the Great Phoo. The Plenum Moronicum spent four months determining whether or not the constructor had violated the laws of the realm by inventing the New Machines. The assembly split into two camps. The dispute was finally ended by a fire in the archives that destroyed the minutes of the proceedings; since none of the august members of the Plenum could recall what position they had taken on the issue, the whole matter was dropped.

"It was then proposed that the Eminents, who owned the factories, be requested to cease building the New Machines; the Plenum appointed a committee for this purpose, but the committee's entreaties had not the slightest effect. The Eminents declared that it was their fondest wish to continue to produce in this way, for the New Machines worked more



"I'll have the Number Five, the Slugabed Breakfast—orange juice, scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee."

• •

"Fifty-six years with the wrong woman."

cheaply and more swiftly than did the Drudgelings. The Plenum Moronicum resumed deliberations. A law was drawn up stipulating that the factory owners give a fixed percentage of their profits to the Drudgelings, but that proposal fell through, too, for, as Archspiritor Nolab rightly pointed out, such handouts would have corrupted and degraded the Drudgelings' souls. Meanwhile, the mountains of manufactured goods kept rising, until finally they began to spill out over the walls of the factories, whereupon mobs of starving Drudgelings rushed up with threatening cries. In vain did the Spiritors attempt to explain to them, with the greatest kindness, that they were defying sovereign laws and daring to oppose the Phoo's inscrutable decrees, and that they should endure their lot meekly, for through mortification of the flesh the soul is elevated and gains the certainty of Heavenly reward. The Drudgelings, however, turned a deaf ear to this wisdom, and armed guards were needed to curb their seditious activity.

"Then the Plenum Moronicum summoned the constructor of the New Machines before its august presence and addressed him as follows:

" 'Learned man! Great danger threatens our state, for rebellious, criminal ideas are arising among the masses of Drudgelings. They strive to abolish our splendid freedoms and the law of Civic Initiative! We must make every effort to defend our liberty. After careful consideration of the whole problem, we have reached the conclusion that we are unequal to the task. Even the most virtuous, capable, and model Phool can be swayed by feelings, and is often vacillating, biassed, and fallible, and thus unfit to reach a decision in so complicated and important a matter. Therefore, within six months you are to build us a purely rational, strictly logical, and completely objective Governing Machine that does not know the hesitation, emotion, and fear that befuddle living minds. Let this machine be as impartial as the light of the sun and stars. When you have built and activated it, we shall hand over to it the burden of power, which grows too heavy for our weary shoulders.'

" 'So be it,' said the constructor. 'But what is to be the machine's basic motivation?'

" 'Obviously, the freedom of Civic Initiative. The machine must not command or forbid the citizens to do anything; it may, of course, change the conditions of our existence, but it must do so always in the form of a proposal, leaving us alternatives among which we can freely choose.'

" 'So be it,' replied the constructor. 'But this injunction concerns mainly the mode of operation. What of the ultimate goal? What is this machine's purpose?'

" 'Our state is threatened by chaos; disorder and disregard for the law are spreading. Let the machine bring supreme harmony to the planet; let it institute, consolidate, and establish perfect and absolute order.'

" 'Let it be as you have said!' replied the constructor. 'Within six months, I shall build the Voluntary Universalizer of Absolute Order. With this task ahead of me, I bid you farewell.'

" 'Wait!' said one of the Eminents. 'The machine you create should operate not only in a perfect but also in a pleasant manner; that is, its activity should produce an agreeable impression—one that would satisfy the most refined aesthetic sensibility.'

"The constructor bowed and left in silence. Working arduously and aided by a troop of nimble assistants, he erected the Governing Machine—the very one you see on the horizon as a small dark spot, alien traveller. It is a conglomeration of iron cylinders in which something constantly shakes and burns. The day it was switched on was a great state holiday; the eldest Archspiritor blessed it solemnly, and the Plenum Moronicum gave it complete power over the country. Then the Voluntary Universalizer of Absolute Order emitted a long whistle and set to work.

"FOR six days the Machine labored around the clock; in the daytime clouds of smoke hung over it, and at night it was surrounded by a bright glow. The ground shook for a radius of one hundred and sixty miles. Then the double doors of its cylinders opened and out spilled hosts of small black robots, which, waddling like ducks, scattered over the whole planet, even to its remotest corners. Wherever they went, they assembled by the factory warehouses and, speaking in a charming and lucid manner, requested various items, for which they paid at once. Within a week the warehouses were empty, and the Eminent factory owners sighed with relief. 'Truly the constructor has built us a splendid machine!' they said. Indeed, it was marvellous to see the robots use the objects they had purchased: they dressed in brocades and satins, oiled their axles with cosmetics, smoked tobacco, read books, shedding synthetic tears over the sad ones; they even managed to consume the most varied delicacies (with no benefit to themselves, of course, since they ran on electricity, but to the great benefit of the manufacturers). It was only the masses who were not satisfied; on the contrary, they murmured more and more among themselves. The Eminents, however, hopefully awaited the Machine's next move, which was not long in coming.

"It assembled large quantities of marble, alabaster, granite, rock crystal, and copper, sacks of gold and silver, and slabs of jasper, after which, making a terrible din, it raised an edifice no Phoolian eye had ever before beheld—this Rainbow Palace, traveller, which stands before you!"

I looked. The sun had just emerged from behind a cloud, and its beams played on the polished walls, splitting into flames of sapphire and ruby red; rainbow stripes shimmered around the angled towers and bastions; the roof, adorned with slender turrets and covered with gold leaf, was all aglow. I feasted my eyes on this magnificence while the Phool went on:

"News of the wondrous building spread over the whole planet. Veritable pilgrimages began arriving here from the most distant lands. When crowds had filled the common, the Machine parted its metal lips and spoke thus:

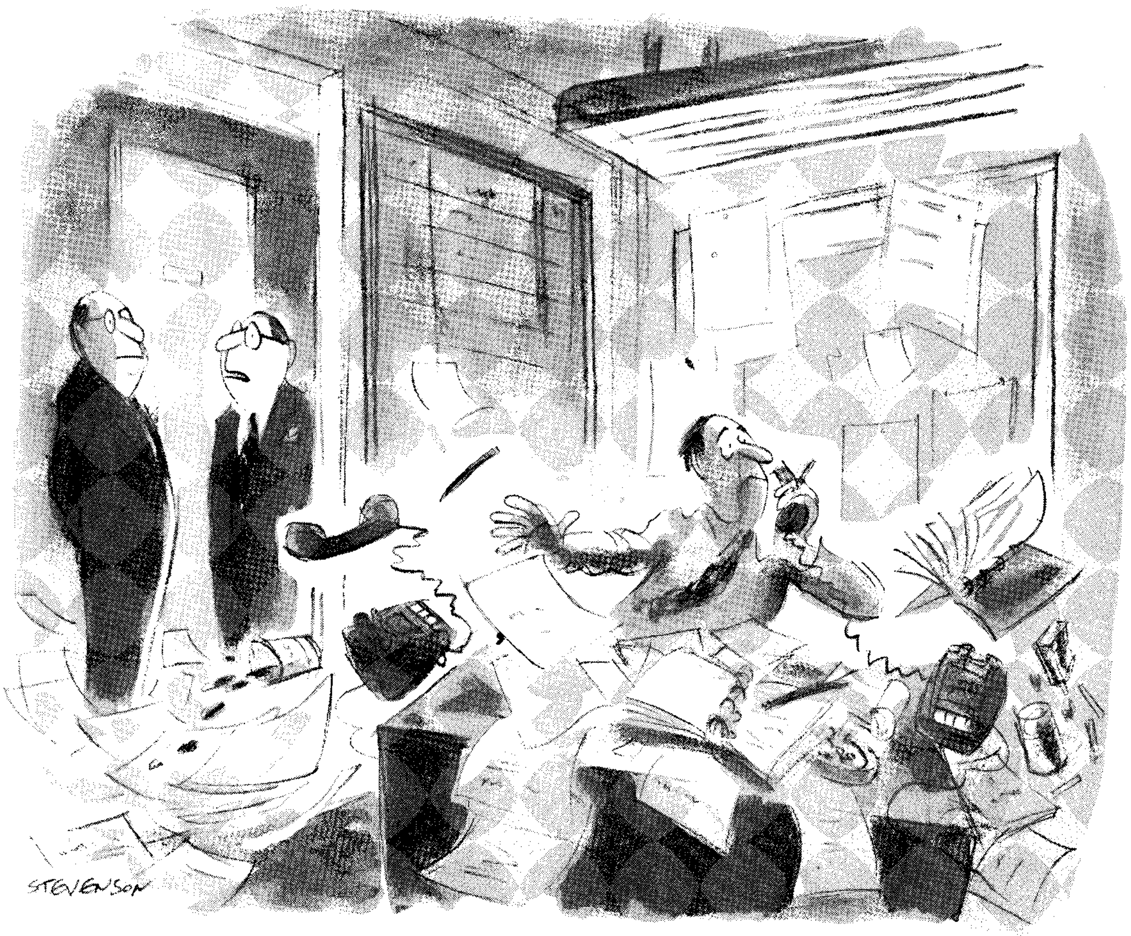
" 'On the first day of the month of Huskings I shall throw open the jasper portal of the Rainbow Palace, and then any Phool, be he famous or obscure, will be able to go inside and enjoy what awaits him there. Until then, restrain your curiosity, for you will satisfy it amply later on.'

"And, verily, on the morning of the first day of Huskings there was a sounding of silver trumpets, and the palace portal opened with a dull groan. The crowds began to pour inside in a torrent three times wider than the highway that connects our two capitals, Debilia and Cretinia. All day long, masses of Phools streamed in, but their numbers on the common did not diminish, for new ones arrived continually from the interior of the country. The Machine extended hospitality to all: the black robots distributed refreshing beverages and hearty food. This went on for a fortnight. Thousands, tens of thousands, finally millions of Phools had thronged into the Rainbow Palace, but of those who entered not one returned.

"Some wondered about this and asked where such great numbers of people were disappearing, but these solitary voices were drowned out by the blaring rhythm of marching bands. Robots scurried here and there, feeding the hungry and thirsty; the silver clocks on the palace towers chimed; and when night fell the crystal windows shone with many lights. Finally, as several hundred persons were patiently waiting their turn on the marble staircase, a shrill cry rang out over the lively beat of the drums: 'Treachery! Listen! The palace is a diabolical trap! Run for your lives! All is lost!'

" 'All is lost!' the crowd on the staircase cried back, then turned and scattered. No one tried to stop them.

"The following night, several bold Drudgelings stole up to the palace. When they returned, they said that the



"We ought to consider taking Freedley off crisis management."

back wall of the palace had opened slowly and innumerable piles of shiny discs had tumbled out. Black robots had carried the discs into the fields and arranged them in various designs.

"Upon hearing this, the Spiritors and Eminents, who had been meeting in the Plenum (they had not gone to the palace, as it would have been awkward for them to mingle with the crowd), convened immediately and, wishing to solve the enigma, summoned the learned constructor. Instead his son appeared, downcast, and rolling a large, transparent disc.

"The Eminents, beside themselves with impatience and indignation, reviled the absent scientist and called down curses on his head. They questioned the youth, ordering him to explain the mystery of the Rainbow Palace and tell them what the Machine had done with the Phools who entered it.

" 'Besmirch not my father's memory!' the youth exclaimed. 'In building the Machine he faithfully abided by your requirements; once he put it into operation, however, he knew no more than any of us how it would act—the best proof of which is the fact that he himself was among the first to enter the Rainbow Palace.'

" 'And where is he now?' the Plenum cried with one voice.

" 'Here,' the youth replied sorrowfully, pointing to the shiny disc. He glared at the elders, and thus, stopped by no one, went his way, rolling his metamorphosed father before him.

"The members of the Plenum trembled with both rage and fear; later, however, they came to the conclusion that the Machine would surely not harm *them*, so they sang the Phoolian anthem and, thus fortified in spirit, set out together from the city. Presently, they found themselves before the iron monster.

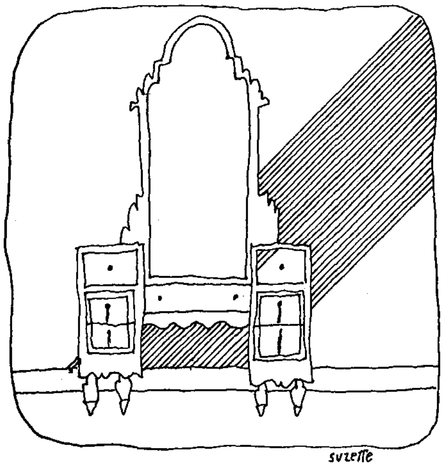
" 'Scoundrel!' cried the eldest of the Eminents. 'You have deceived us and violated our laws! Cease operating at once! What have you done with the Phoolian people entrusted to you? Speak!'

"No sooner had he finished than the Machine stopped its gears. The smoke cleared in the sky and complete silence followed. Then the metal lips parted and a thunderous voice boomed out:

" 'O Eminents and Spiritors! You who brought me into being to rule the Phools! I am distressed by the mental confusion and senselessness of your reproaches! First you demand that I establish order; then, when I set to work, you hinder my efforts! The palace has been empty for three days now; everything is at a standstill, and none of you have yet approached the jasper portal, thereby preventing the completion of my task. I assure you, however, that I shall not rest until it is completed!'

"At these words the entire Plenum shuddered, and one Eminent cried:

" 'What order do you speak of, villain? What have you done with our kith and kin in violation of national laws?'



" 'What an unintelligent question!' answered the Machine. 'What order do I speak of? Look at yourselves, how ill-constructed your bodies are: various limbs protrude from them; some of you are tall, others short, some fat, others thin. You move chaotically, you stop and gape at flowers, at clouds, you wander aimlessly in the woods—there is not the least harmony in that! I, the Voluntary Universalizer of Absolute Order, am transforming your frail, weak bodies into solid, beautiful, durable forms, from which I then arrange pleasing, symmetrical designs, and patterns of incomparable regularity, thereby bringing perfect order to the planet.'

" 'Monster!' cried the Spiritors and Eminents. 'How dare you destroy us? You trample on our laws, you murder us!'

"In reply the Machine rasped scornfully and said:

" 'Did I not tell you that you cannot reason logically? Of course I respect your laws and freedoms. I am establishing order without coercion, without resorting to violence or constraint. No one entered the Rainbow Palace

TO A YOUNG WOMAN DYING AT WEIR

She hears a hermit laughing
Like a great scapegrace of waxwings and crows;
He is laughing about the burdock seed

That is in the horse manure
That is in the Sheriff's compost.
Last night, unable to sleep,
She recalled the catbird
Wheezing out in the chinaberry tree.
Soon frost would splatter
Iodine all over the hydrangeas
And the deer would no longer graze
Under the blood maples along the hill.

Sometimes her spirit grows and she remembers
A mountain dulcimer being played
While a woman sews. When the fear is largest
She remembers the old hermit poling his boat
Back along the cooling pond—he's taken burlap bags
Of the whitest sand from the cove
For plastering the walls of his autumn shack.
This comforts her,
errand and prospect,
A freshened sense of snow
Feathering over the frozen pond. She says,
in a hush,
That she loves something she has not found.

—Norman Dubie

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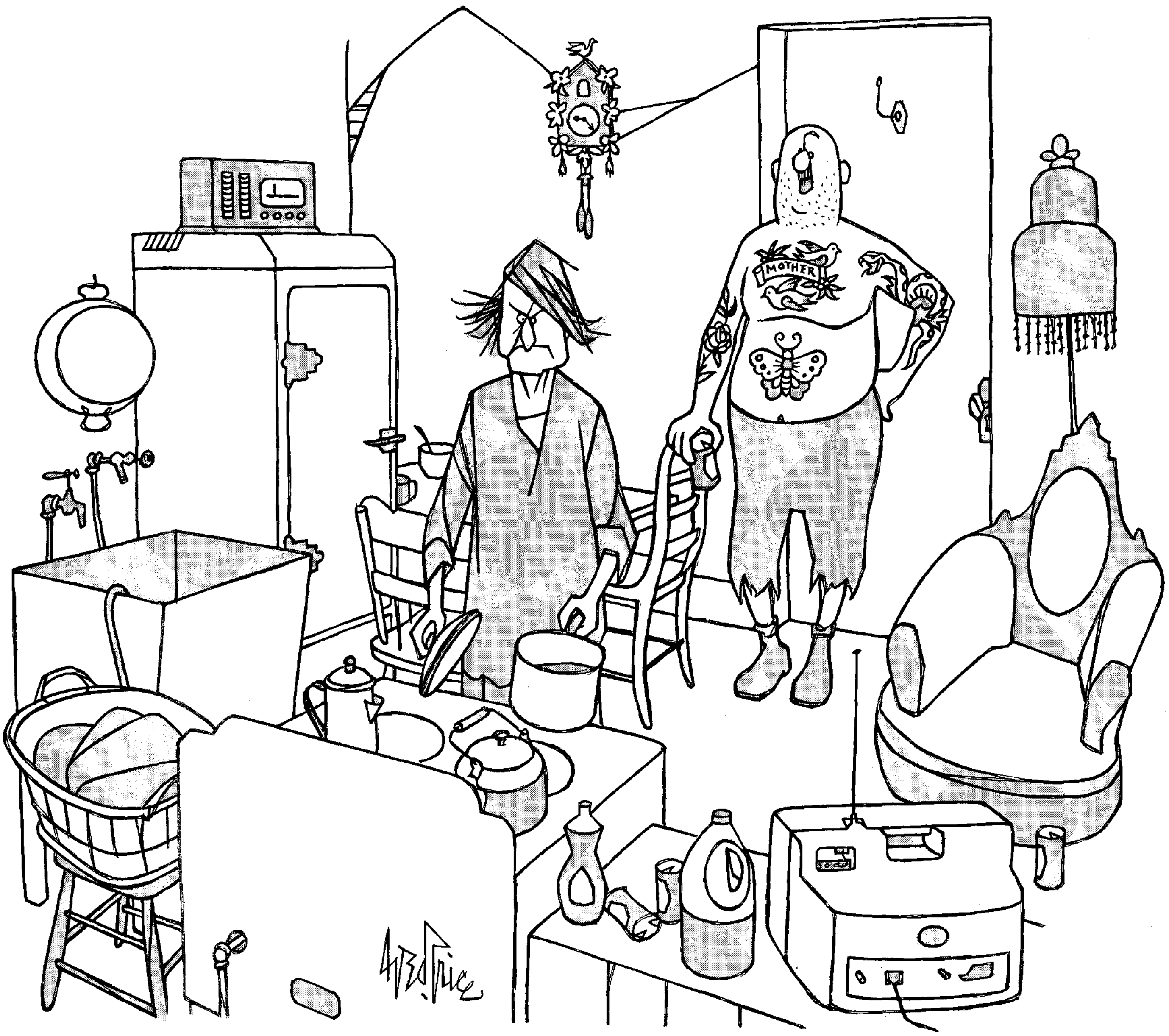


"I'll be in the back yard, writing love letters in the sand."

• •

who did not wish to, but everyone who did enter I transformed—acting on my own initiative, let me repeat—reshaping the material of his body so that in its new form it will endure for ages. I guarantee it.'

"For some time there was silence. Then, whispering among themselves, the members of the Plenum concluded that the law really had not been broken and that things were not as bad as they had at first seemed. 'We would never have committed such a crime,' the Eminents said. 'The Machine is to blame; it swallowed up multitudes of desperate Drudgelings. But now the surviving Eminents will be able to enjoy temporal peace together with the Spiritors, praising the inscrutable decrees of the Great Phoo. We shall keep far away from the Rainbow Palace,' they told themselves, 'and no harm will befall us.'

"They were about to disperse when the Machine addressed them again:

" 'Pay careful attention now to what I say. I must finish what I have begun. I will not compel, persuade, or urge you to do anything; I still leave you complete freedom of initiative. But if anyone wishes to see his neighbor, brother, friend, or other close associate achieve the level of Circular Harmony, let him summon the black robots; they will appear immediately and at his behest escort the designated individual to the Rainbow Palace. That is all.'

"In the silence that followed, the Eminents looked at one another with sudden suspicion and fear. Archspiritor Nolab, in a wavering voice, explained to the Machine that it was gravely in error to wish to remake them all into shiny discs; this would come to pass if it were the Great Phoo's will, but in order to know His will much time was needed. He proposed to the Machine, therefore, that it put off its decision for seventy years.

" 'I cannot,' replied the Machine, 'for I have already worked out a precise plan of action for the period that follows the transformation of the last

Phool; I assure you that I am preparing for the planet the most glorious fate—existence in harmony. This, I believe, would also befit the Phoo whom you mentioned but with whom I am otherwise unacquainted; could you not bring him also to the Rainbow Palace?'

"It stopped, for the square was now deserted. The Eminents and Spiritors had run off to their homes, where each gave himself up to solitary reflection on his future. The more they reflected, the more apprehensive they grew, for each feared that some neighbor or acquaintance who nursed a grudge against him might summon the black robots. There was no recourse but to act first. Soon the quiet of the night was shattered by cries. Sticking their fear-contorted faces out of windows, the Eminents shouted desperately into the darkness, and the streets resounded with the many-footed tread of iron robots. Sons betrayed fathers; grandfathers grandsons; brother sent brother to the palace. Thus, in a single night, thousands of Eminents and Spiritors melted away to the handful you see before you, alien traveller. The dawn revealed fields strewn with myriad shiny discs arranged in harmoniously geometric designs. The last trace, this, of our friends and relatives. At midday the Machine announced in a thunderous voice:

" 'Enough. Be so good as to curb your eagerness, O Eminents and remaining Spiritors. I am closing the portal of the Rainbow Palace—but not, I promise you, for long. I have exhausted the designs prepared for the Universalization of Absolute Order, and must think awhile so that I may create new ones. Then you will be able to continue acting of your own volition.' "

With these words the Phool looked at me wide-eyed and finished more quietly:

"That was two days ago. Gathered here, we wait."

"O worthy Phool!" I cried, smoothing down my hair, which had stood on end. "Yours is a terrible and incredible story. But, pray, tell me, why did you not rise up against the mechanical monster that annihilated you, why did you let yourselves be forced—"

The Phool jumped up. His whole figure expressed great rage.

"Insult us not, traveller!" he exclaimed. "You speak hastily, so I forgive you. Ponder what I have told you, and you must reach the conclusion that the Machine is abiding by the Principle of Civic Initiative, and, though this may seem a little strange, it has done the Phoolian people a valuable service, for there can be no injustice where the law upholds liberty. And what man would prefer the diminution of his freedom to—"

He did not finish, for there was an ear-piercing screech, and the jasper portal opened majestically. At this sight all the Phools sprang to their feet and ran up the stairs.

"O Phool, Phool!" I cried, but my companion merely waved his hand at me and said, "I have no time," and bounded up behind the others to disappear inside the palace.

I stood for a long while, and then I saw a column of black robots; they marched to the palace wall, opened a hatch, and rolled out a long row of discs that gleamed beautifully in the sun. They rolled the discs to an open field and there completed an unfinished design. The palace portal was still wide open; I took a few steps to look inside, but a shiver went down my spine.

The Machine parted its metal lips and invited me in.

"What do you take me for—a Phool?" I replied.

I turned sharply and headed for the rocket, and in a minute was behind the controls, taking off at top speed.

—Stanislaw Lem

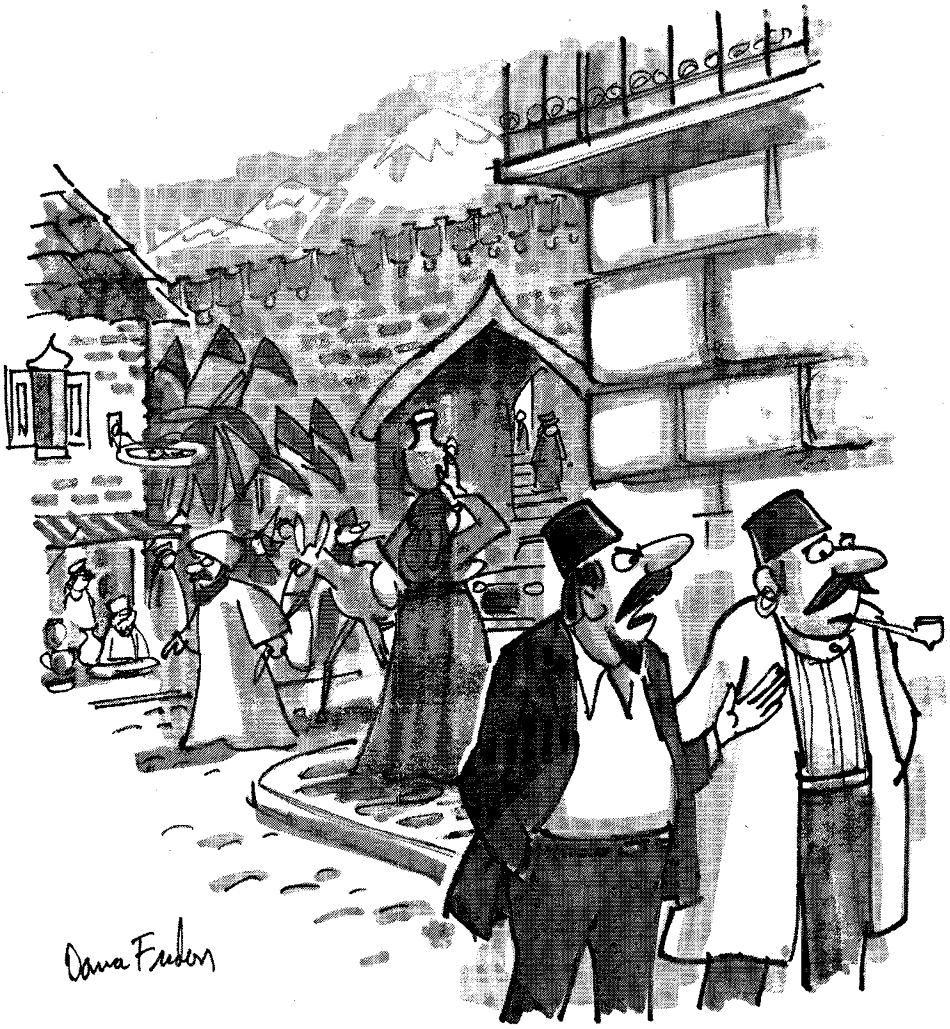
(*Translated, from the Polish, by Joel Stern and Maria Swiecicka-Ziemianek.*)

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "Straus," by Anders Bodelsen*]

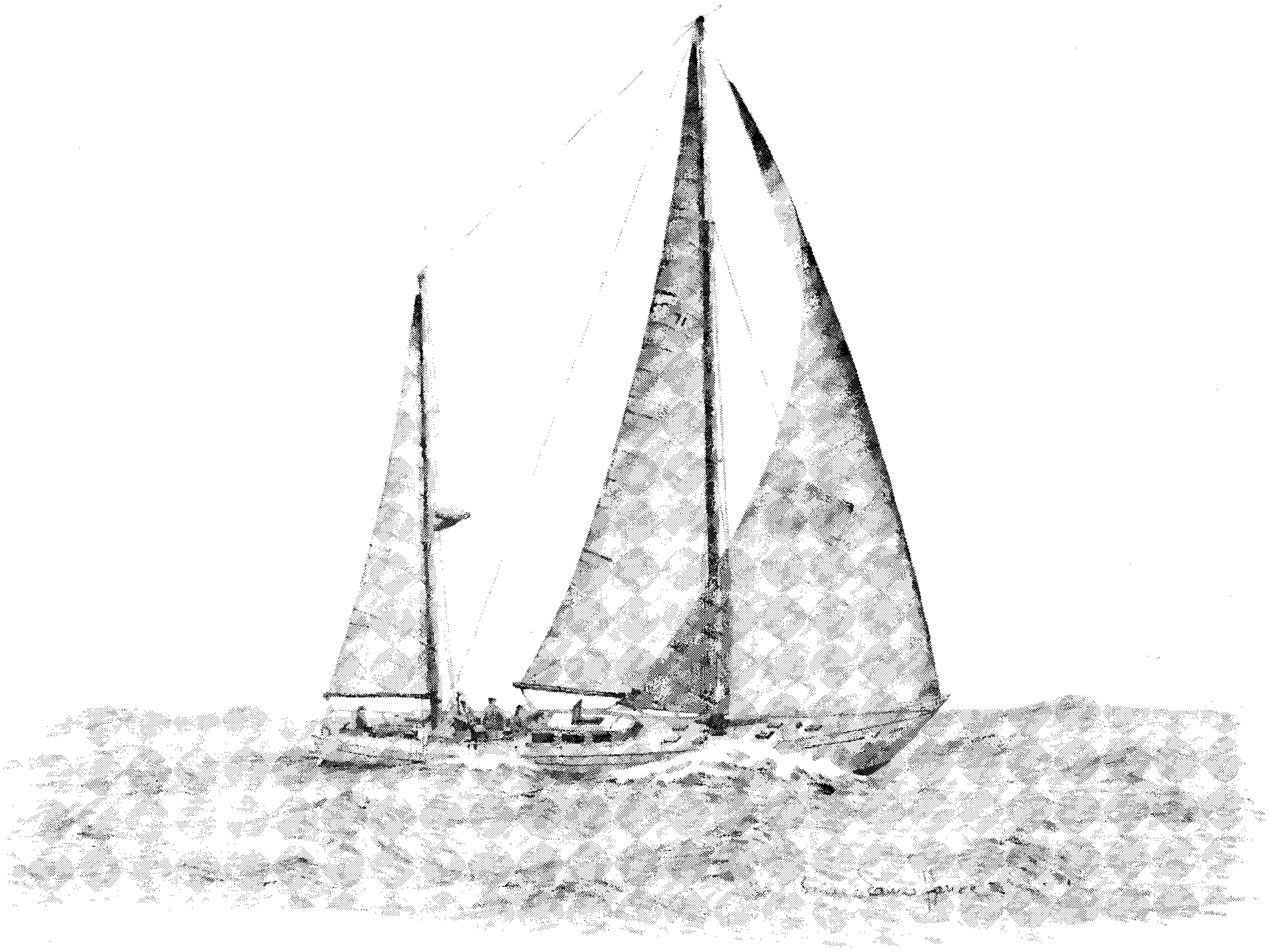
Of course, nobody but myself has thought about it, and there will hardly ever be others who will think about it, but with a single exception I've written my eight books alternating between summer novels and winter novels; and since I started with a summer novel (oh, lost innocence, my first novel), it works out that all my odd-numbered novels (with the exception of one that stretched out over several years) are winter novels. Variety is the spice of life, if not for others, then for the author.



"It's no fun being a two-bit country if you can't push America around anymore."

THE SPORTING SCENE

ATLANTIC HIGH



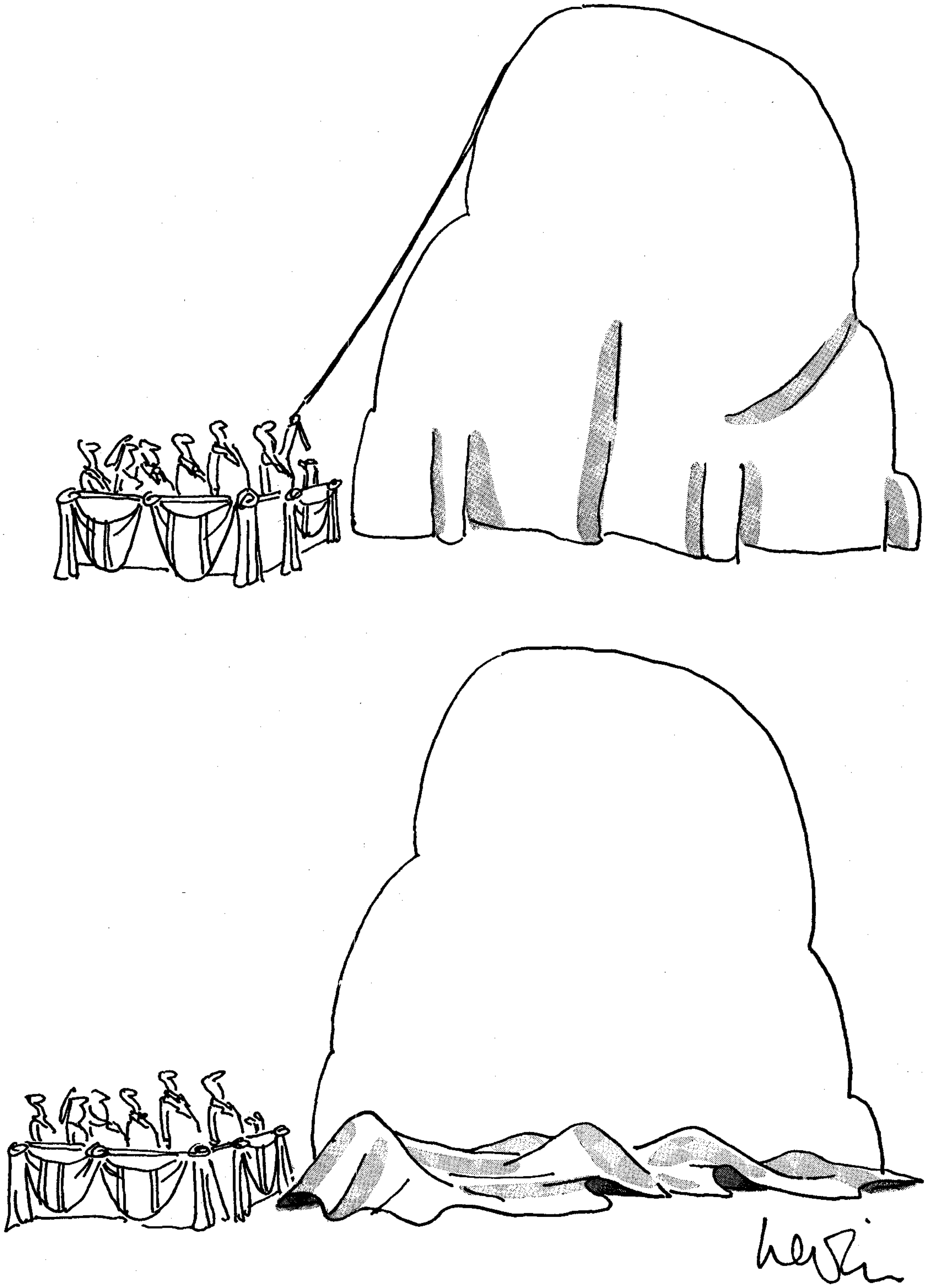
OWNING boats is costly, in at least two senses. You can't rusticate them, as you might, say, an atelier. I have an atelier in Switzerland, and when I reach it I am just fifteen minutes separated from cruising r.p.m. The paints are all there, and the dust on the canvases disappears in seconds. The brushes, cleaned, will be good next year, or a dozen years down the line. (My painting companion in Switzerland is David Niven, and he uses brushes that he bought in Hollywood before the war.) Everything is simply sitting there—canvases, bottled turpentine, linseed oil, easels, you name it.

I speak now of wooden boats and steel boats, not having experienced the others. (I flatly doubt the presumption of the "maintenance-free boat," though, even if it is one kept in hermetically sealed glass.) Boats require constant tending. Foremost to worry about when you own a boat ready to go to sea is, of course, the expense. But if you are also chartering out your boat administrative burdens are added to economic burdens. A week seldom goes by without a problem of personnel, or one requiring a decision whether to replace this piece of equipment, alter that insurance policy, accept a charter that wishes to leave the boat in Haiti . . . Was it worth it all?

I resolved, the summer after sailing my Cyrano from Miami to Spain on an unforgettable cruise in 1975, to experiment with a crewless boat. I would cut expenses by paying a splendid Cuban-American carpenter who had done work on the boat in preparation for its transatlantic adventure: pay him to spend half a day a week aboard, running the motor, turning on the lights, doing a little varnishing—that sort of thing. I would no longer offer the boat for charter on a daily, weekend, or weekly basis, as I had done for nine years. To do this had required maintaining full time a captain, a cook, a mate, and a steward. I would offer it fully staffed only for charters of ninety days or longer.

To put my plan into effect, widely did I advertise my beautiful schooner's availability for ninety-day charters. To this day, I am stumped as to why I was unsuccessful. In Florida, in the wealthier ports of the inland waterway—primarily those that stretch north from Fort Lauderdale to Palm Beach—there must be a hundred thousand waterfront homes occupied by people who could have handled the tariff, and would have got in return a perfect inland pleasure boat, for retired Grandfather and Grandmother to cruise (an experience unduplicable, as far as I know) in the late afternoon and early evening during the Christmas season, at r.p.m. about 1,000: you cannot hear the motor, and you are sitting in your wide, open, covered, tranquil cockpit, parading like an electric canoe past forty miles of Macy's windows. The gentry in those parts have an unadvertised convention of celebrating the spirit of Christmas with competitively ingenious lighting on their lawns, porches, chimneys. A million colored lights, in ten thousand configurations. It is enough to make children, and non-children, wild with delight. And then—my brochures advertised—when the gamy generations came to visit, sons and grandchildren on vacation, the boat was ready to go. Go where? Well, actually, go anywhere. Certainly fifty miles across the Gulf Stream to Bimini, or to the enchanting Cat Cay. And east from there, a day and a half, to Nassau, and down the Exuma chain; then back, returning the vessel to the old folks until they migrated in April, or whenever, back to Long Island or Lake Forest and returned the boat to the owner.

Nobody, but nobody at all, elected to hire himself these delights; so my wife and I and friends did, half a dozen times during the ensuing two seasons. But then the day arrived when my bookkeeper asked me for yet more money. There was nothing coming in, she reminded me. By chance, I had just finished commissioning a major overhaul, directed primarily at getting Cyrano's eccentric electrical system into absolutely reliable order and endowing her with cold plates that permit you, *after only one or two hours'* service of the generator, to keep things ice-cold all day long. Supervising the operation was a young man of great experience, who had served as a professional boat captain. It was while he had the boat in Savannah, where the work was being done under his supervision, that I made the decision that has been made by thousands of grown-up men backed into stoicism. The only way to go was fast, and so I called a broker. In two weeks, he had a likely buyer—a gentleman from El Paso, Texas, and San Diego, California.



Permit me the suggestion that when you sell your boat, if you are especially attached to it, you make it a rule to establish no social contact whatever with the buyer. In this case, the buyer was instantly recognizable as the self-made man, because he so proclaimed himself. You ask for x. The broker says that he has a buyer who is extremely interested, but is willing to pay only x minus y. You think awhile, measure pride and obstinacy against prudence and convenience, and, depending on your mood, tilt one way or the other. On this occasion, I was taken up with so many preoccupations extrinsic to sailing or haggling that I said, O.K., I'll go with x minus y, but I get to keep the radiotelephone (*value five thousand dollars*).

A few days later, the purchaser is at the boatyard in Savannah, his surveyor poking his icepick into my Cyrano's bottom to confirm what I have always known—that no sounder ship was ever fashioned—and the broker advises me over the telephone to Connecticut that the purchaser wishes to talk to me. Against my better judgment, I agree to talk. He is the preternatural bargainer, who cannot sleep at night unless during the day he has shaken someone's resolution to the commercial advantage of himself. He *had* to have the

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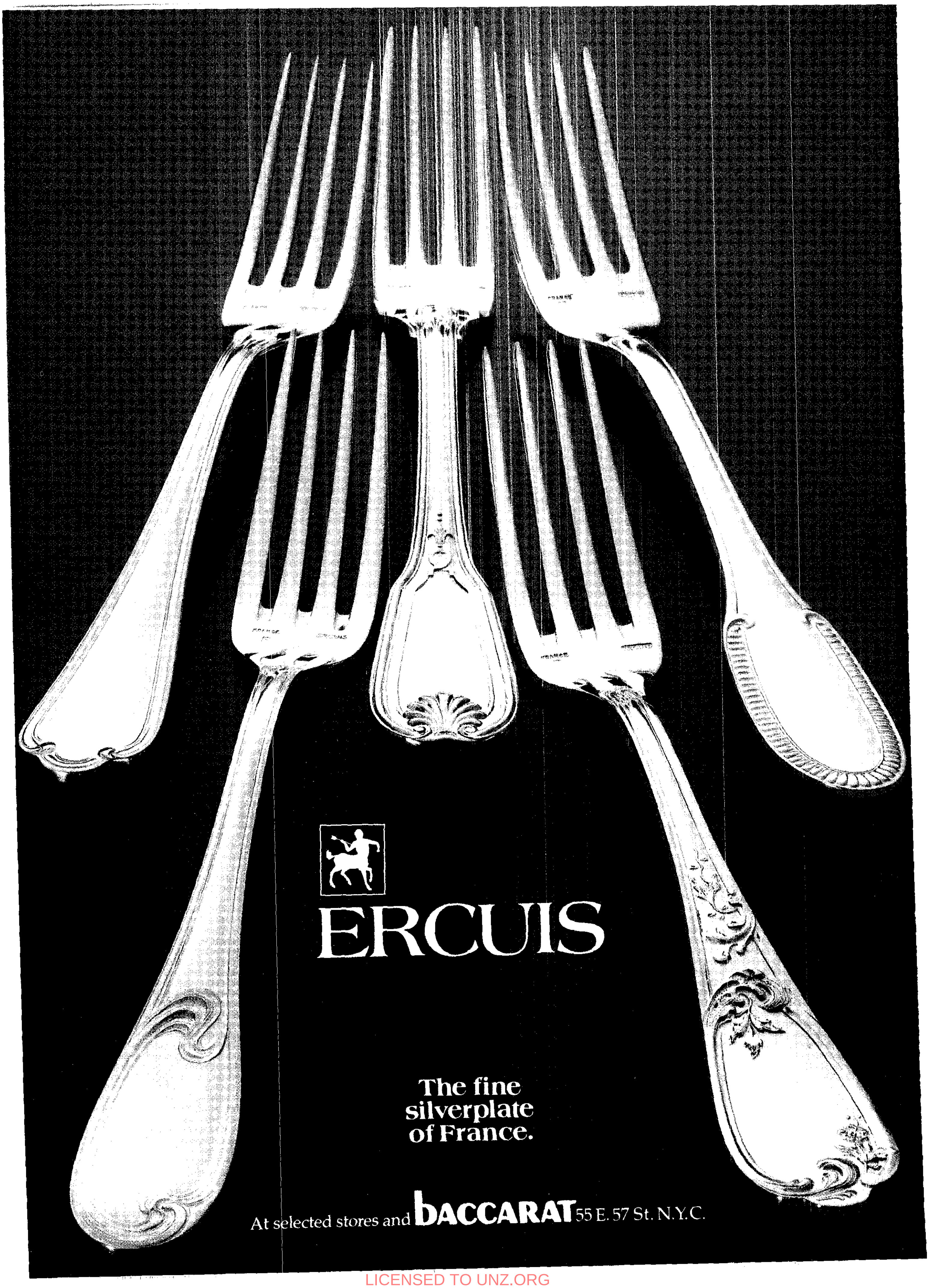
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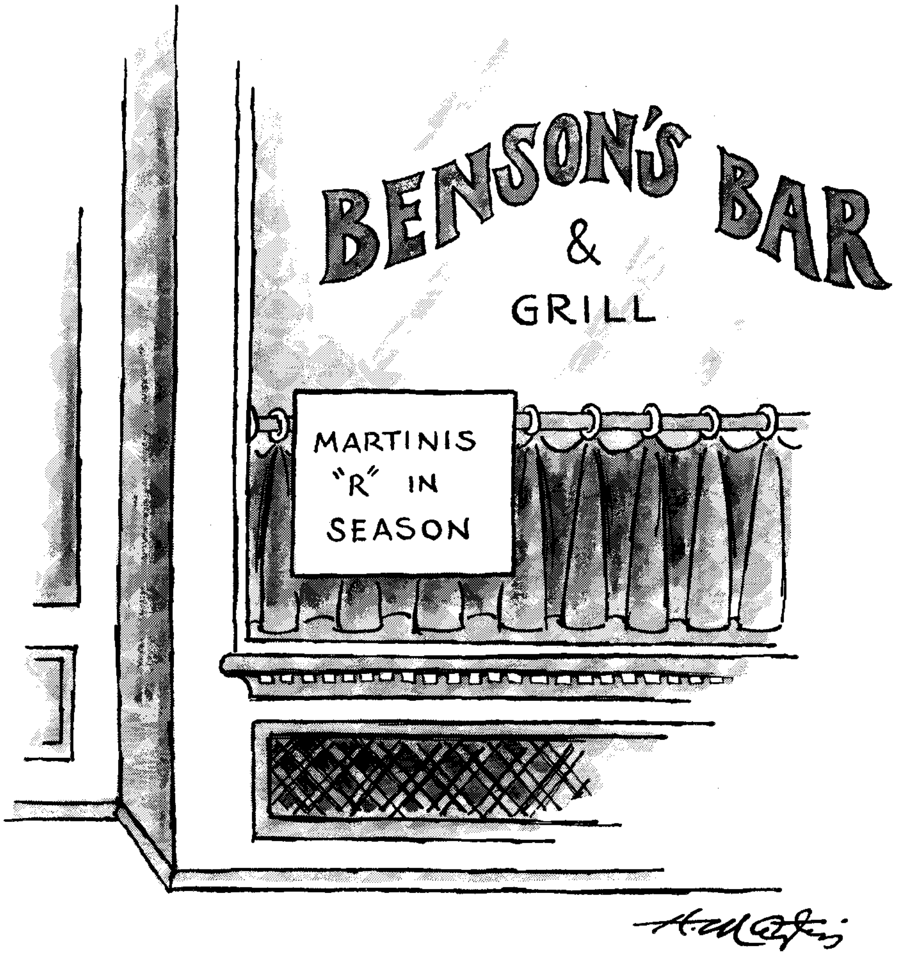
radio, he argued, affecting bonhomie, and adducing coy reasons that the radio was of little use to me without a boat to put it in. I told him I retained a perfectly satisfactory yawl. The broker came back on the telephone. I came close to calling the whole thing off but decided instead to do a little bargaining of my own, so I fired my aesthetic Big Bertha. You see, the saloon of Cyrano was lit by a soft shower of multicolored lights that refracted off three original oil paintings by Richard Grosvenor, from whose fingertips the roiling seas come as water from a faucet. The effect of the lighting was spectacular and had moved a thousand people, over the years, to near-speechlessness with pleasure. O.K., I said to the broker, tell him he can have the radio, but I get to keep the oil paintings. I felt as though I were offering him the Sistine Chapel without the ceiling. The broker warned me that the buyer was a man of mercurial temper and mountain-hard resolution. I replied that he could have God or Mammon but not both. Fifteen minutes later, the telephone rang, and I cannot remember a moment of greater dismay. "He says sure you can have the paintings. He was going to take 'em out anyway, give them away, and put up some nice brass lamps."

That was not quite the end of the transaction. When the boatyard gave the bill to my young captain, he was appalled. He figured it to be about three times the justified amount. "They know you have to turn over the boat unencumbered to the new buyer by the first of August, so they're just holding you up." For instance, he said, there was an item—eight hundred dollars to varnish and paint the whaler. "It couldn't have come to more than two hundred in time and materials." What to do?

I called my young friend back at 8 P.M. and, fortunately, found him in a plucky mood. Would he arrange, with two or three companions, to slip aboard sometime between midnight and dawn and sail the boat out of Savannah Harbor and northeast thirty miles to Hilton Head, in South Carolina, removed from Georgia jurisdiction? "Then we can quarrel over the bill at our leisure, without jeopardizing the deal." My friend was indignant enough to take to the idea ("even though I've got to live here after Cyrano is gone"). He rounded up three spirited friends, and, armed with a few rifles ("We didn't want somebody in a speedboat trying to intimidate us with a shotgun") and a bottle or two of liquor to guard against the terrible early-morning cold of Georgia in midsummer, they tiptoed on board, loosed the lines, and floated out with the tide before turning the engine on. By dawn, they were ten miles from the most irate boatyard owner on the East Coast. I worried when I hadn't heard from them by noon. I called the Coast Guard, and learned they were safe—they had simply run aground coming in to Hilton Head. I served notice on the boatyard owner that I was willing to go to arbitration but that I would subtract from any final figure the cost of my legal defense. We settled, for about one-half. At that, he took me for two or three thousand.

That wasn't the very first time I had had to deal stealthily with boatyards. Three summers earlier, the Westerbeke engine in my yawl, Suzy Wong, committed its ritual annual suicide. (I had had six new or totally rebuilt Westerbekes in fourteen years.) The local yard quoted a figure to rebuild her, and my old friend Reggie Stoops suggested that we get a competitive bid from a yard in Long Island, just by LaGuardia Airport. My friend Danny Merritt got someone to tow the boat over, and exactly one week later I was advised by my bookkeeper that the engine had been rebuilt, that the bill was for twenty-one hundred dollars (approximately the price quoted by my home yard, to which I would have preferred to give the business), and that the money would have to be paid in cash before I could reclaim the boat.

I react adversely to ultimatums. The boatyard owner, without any commission whatever (he had been asked, merely, for an estimate), had undertaken to do the work, setting his own price. That was on Friday. On Sunday morning, Danny and I drove to the yard, parked at a safe distance, and, having established that there was no watchman on duty, vaulted the fence and approached Suzy Wong. My boat was secured to two huge eyebolts on the slip by a chain led around the mainmast and the aftermast and padlocked in place. We went to City Island and there made arrangements to charter a whaler that would take us over water to the boatyard at three that afternoon. We arrived with a basket of tools, and instructed the skipper in which direction to head. We tried



to look innocent, but we correctly surmised, later, that it was he who, on getting back, called the yard and then the police. Bounding on to the slip, my son Christopher unsheathed a hacksaw, and I was astonished at the ease with which it sawed through the heavy steel links, understanding finally the old business about the hacksaw in the cake being the key to instant manumission for the prisoner. I dived down to start the engine, only to find it cleverly immobilized. One or two vital parts were missing. I asked, "So who needs an engine?" And Danny and Christopher, thoroughly in the spirit of the heist, repeated, "Who needs an engine?" We raised the mizzen sail, slid the boat out into Flushing Bay, headed her into the wind, raised the main, then the genoa, and three hours later, the two forward sails down, we coasted into the slip at Stamford for a perfect landing.

I wrote the script out for Rose Flynn, my bookkeeper, because, after all, when you go to that much trouble you should get some amusement from it. Anticipating what the boatyard owner would say turned out to be as easy as expected, and Mrs. Flynn later reported that the script had proceeded as perfectly as if rehearsed.

"Mrs. Flynn? This is John, at John's Yard. Suzy Wong has been stolen."

"No, Mr. John, she wasn't stolen. Mr. Buckley went and took her away yesterday."

"That's stealing."

"No, Mr. John. There's no such thing as stealing your own property."

"But he owes me my bill!"

"Who commissioned the work?"

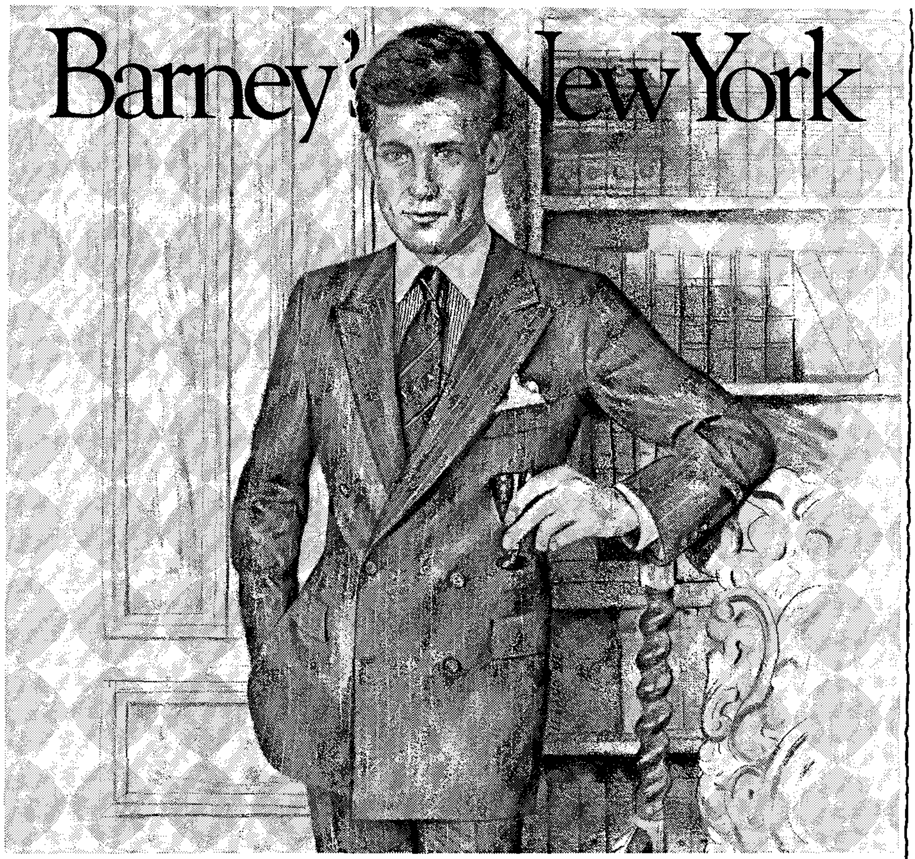
Splutter at the other end. Followed by "I'm going to call the police."

"You do that, Mr. John. You tell the police Mr. Buckley stole his own boat."

Further splutter.

I offered arbitration, but Mr. John said he would prefer eleven hundred dollars. With arbitration, there is always the risk that you will be paid what you deserve to be paid.

SIX months after I had parted with Cyrano came Christmas-cruise time. Richard Clurman informed me, over the phone, in those clipped accents, which go well with a sometime chief of correspondents for Time-Life, that he and his wife, Shirley, would meet us at J.F.K. rather than attempt the trip to the airport in a motor vehi-



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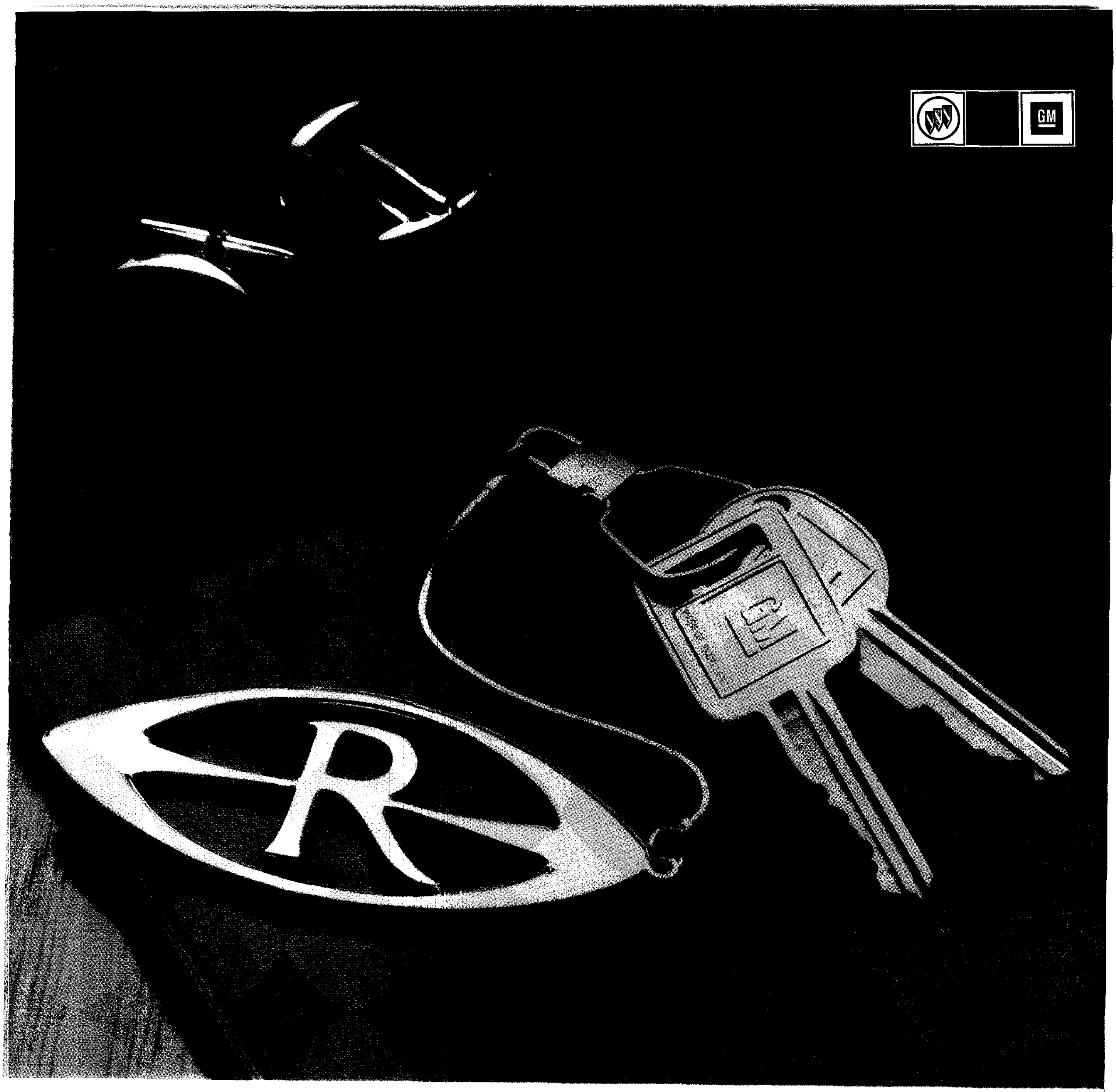

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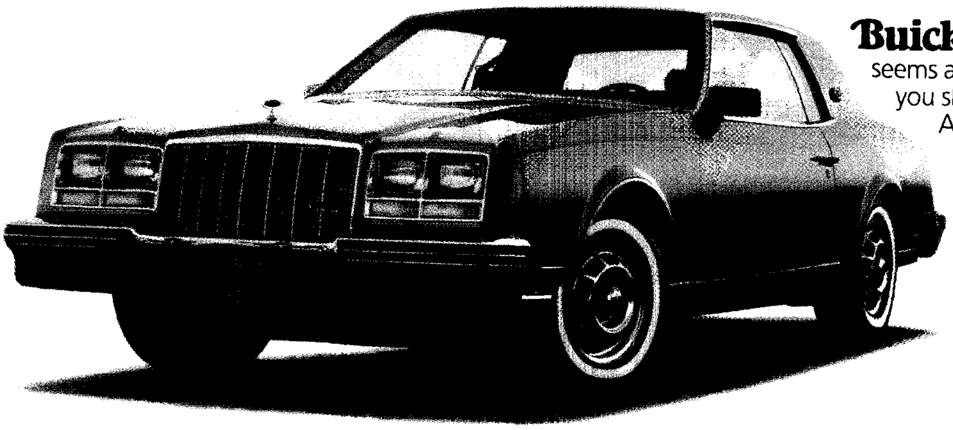

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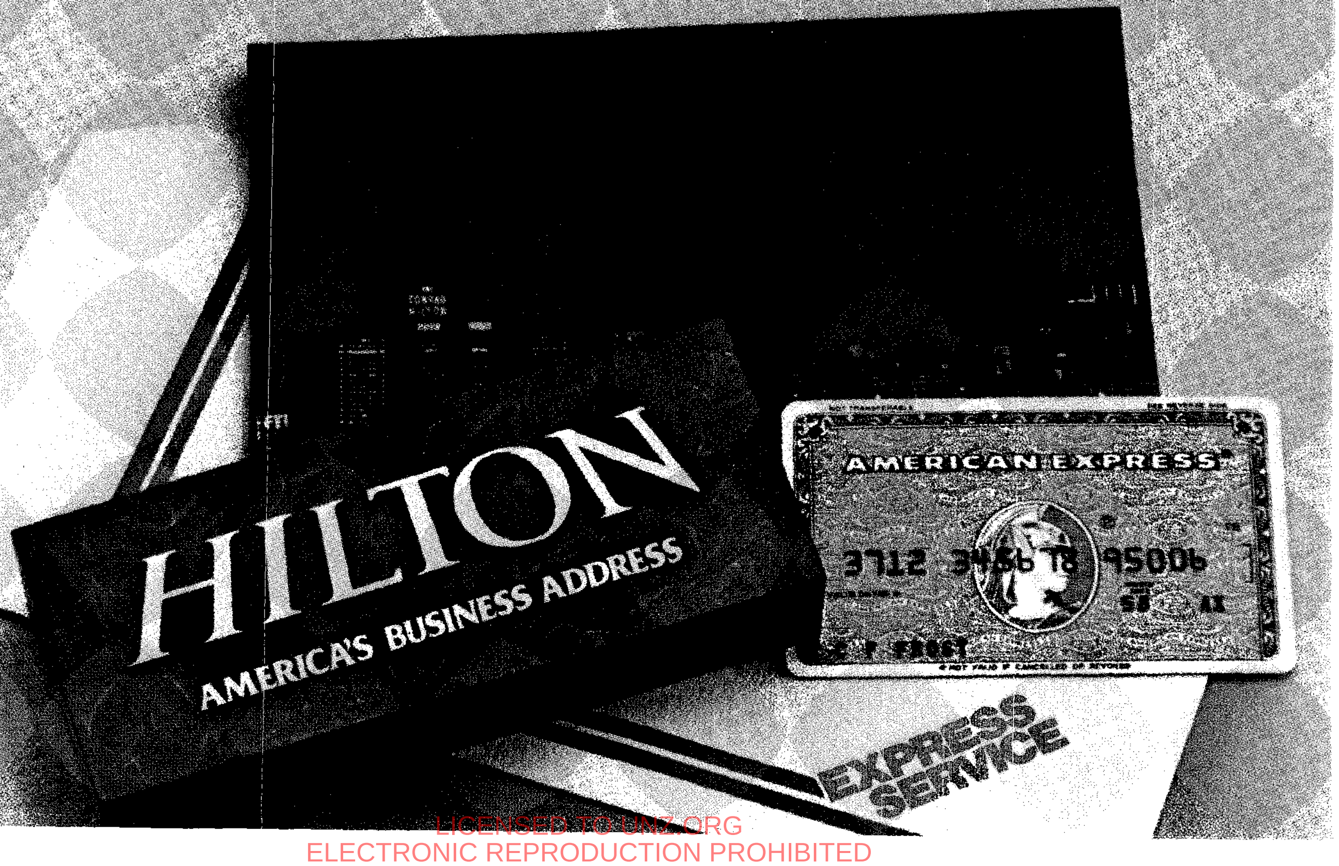

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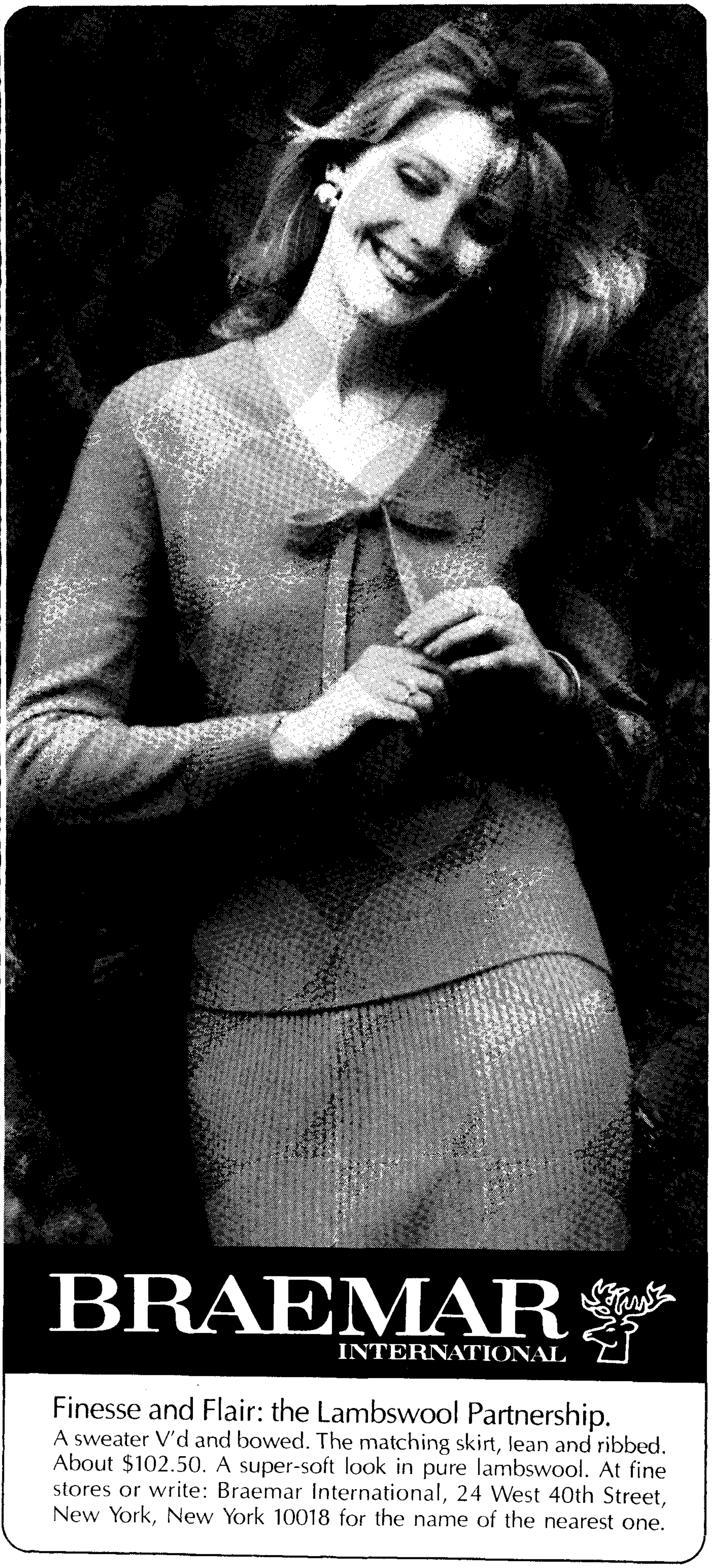
cle with us and our twenty-six pieces of luggage.

Clurman and I are both gadget-minded. He brings along his own voltmeter, for instance. He has, usually, three radios and the paraphernalia that go with them. Then, there is the fishing equipment. If he could catch one fish with every snare or hook he brings aboard, he would empty the Caribbean of underwater life. And now that we are on to scuba diving, there is an armoire for that. He reads at the rate of a book a day. (I saw him begin Herman Wouk's "Winds of War" one morning and finish it the next evening.) And, mind you, he does not do all this in Carthusian circumstances. He talks at least three times as much as the rest of the crew combined, and is always available to undertake any chore; he receives and transcribes the news for us, explores the lives and problems of the crew, expresses his preferences on where we should sail, when we should eat, and what we should eat. And there are the magazines to catch up on—about forty, ranging from *Playboy* to *American Scholar*. He is possibly happiest on the radiotelephone, ticking off his endless list of friends, discharging his responsibilities as a counsellor to them all. No doubt he came to the habit of being constantly in touch with all points of the globe during his long tenure as chief of correspondents. The world is dotted with former employees, associates, and acquaintances whom Dick has helped.

I go in for navigational gear. Nowadays, I regularly bring aboard the navigational tables, an annual almanac, my own set of dividers and parallel rules, paper clips and rubber bands, plotting sheets, notebooks and logbooks, three computers, and two, sometimes three, sextants. Also books and unrequited correspondence. I leave the packing of my clothes to my wife, Pat, and she regularly sends me off with three sets of foul-weather gear and approximately four times as many shirts, sports shirts, sweaters, blazers, and pairs of pants, undershorts, and shoes as I will need. Then, of course, I must have my peanut butter and my Swiss cyclamate. My happiest superstition is that if I don't take sugar in my coffee I can have hot-fudge sundaes for dessert.

Some women associate cruising with fashion, and aboard, for them, every night is Easter Sunday. On one jaunt, an eight-day sail in May of 1979, we had on board Jeff Hammond, then



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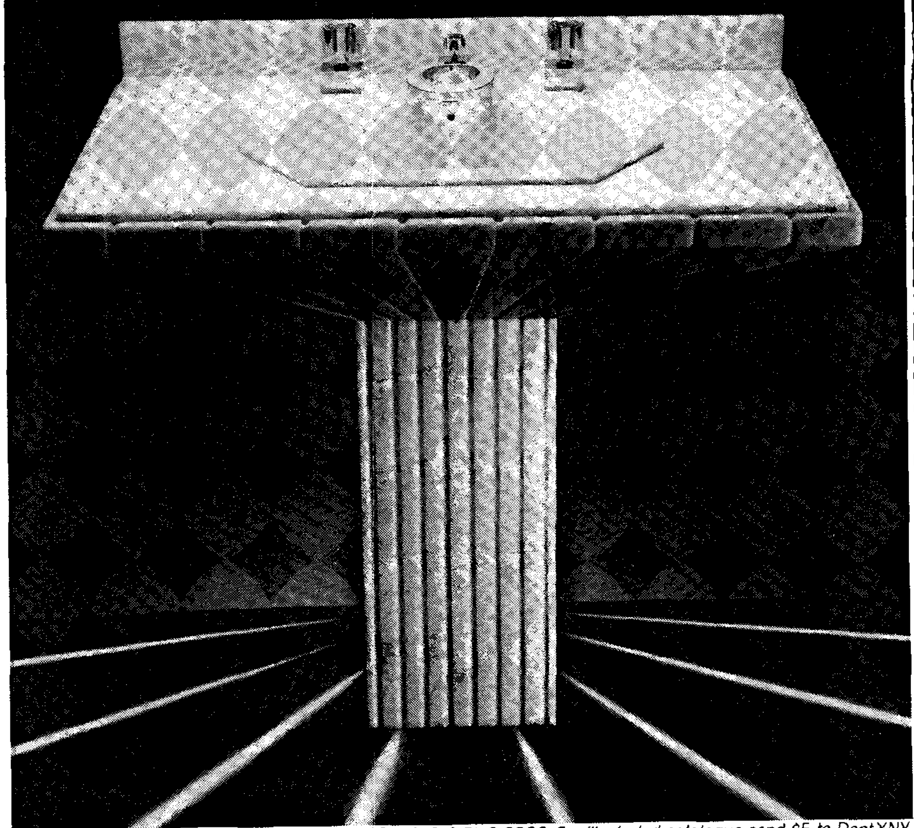

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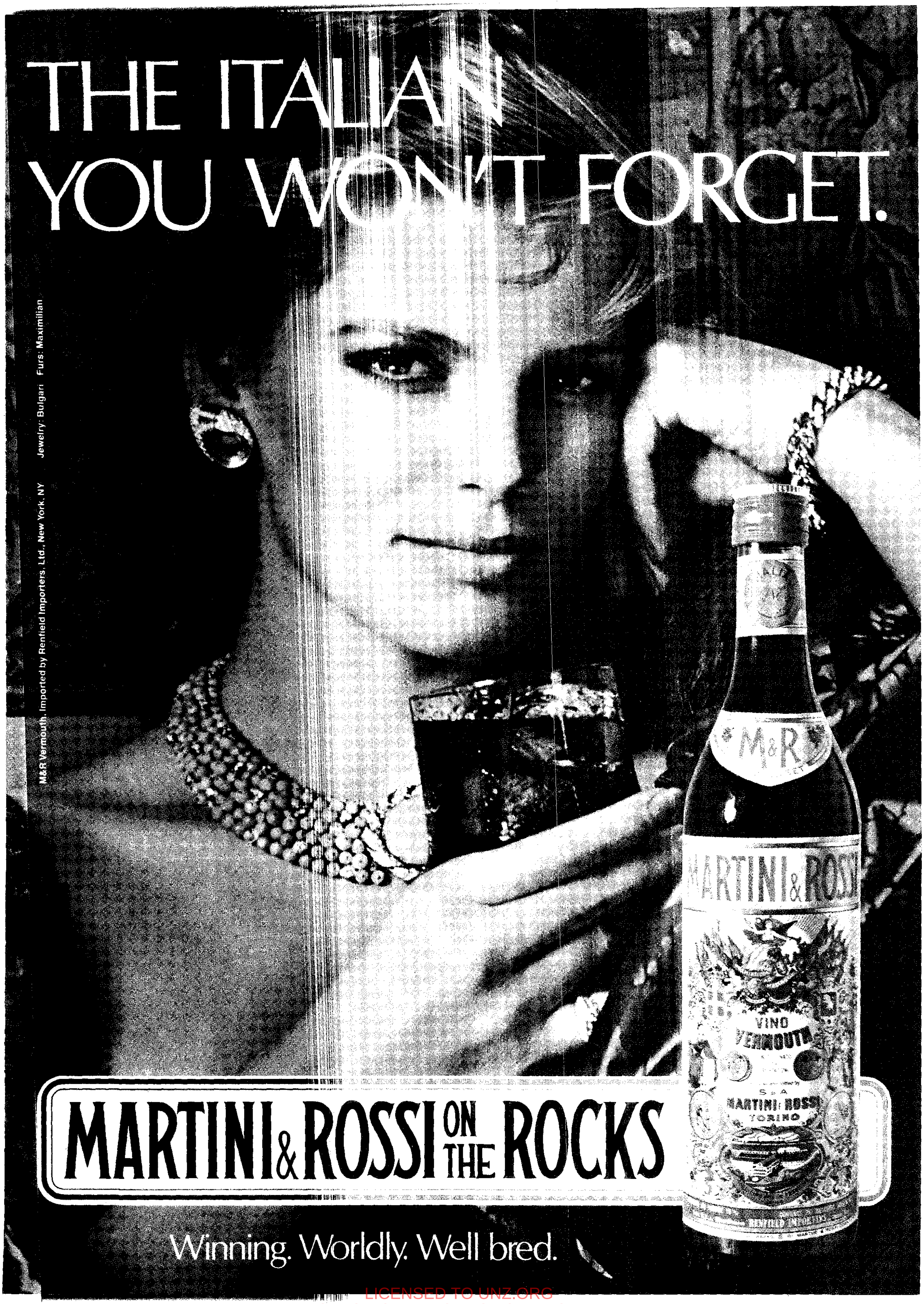
the editor of *Motor Boating & Sailing*, whose dress was generally ascetic, his interest being in photographs (add one aluminum bag for photographic equipment). But we also had Aileen Mehle, best known to a vast public as Suzy—the name under which she reports, in her distinctive style, the affairs of society. I had that spring written a novel and was depressed, on going over it, that my women were inevitably dressed in “a white pleated skirt”. or “a blue cotton shirt,” or “a long, strapless red velvet gown.” To my dismay, I discovered that my vocabulary for describing clothes is positively primitive. Since Aileen is required by her profession to describe in detail the dress of the ladies she mingles with night after night, I thought I would take some instruction. I required her to describe what Pat and Shirley and she wore every night, and sought ambitiously to expand my sartorial vocabulary.

At the end of that sail, I resolved to impose on myself a written examination. I set out to write a newspaper column after the fashion of the famous syndicated Suzy in order to exhibit my newfound knowledge. So at cocktail time I typed out and handed around a piece that the beautiful and amusing Aileen has never seen fit to publish as a guest column. Accordingly, I immodestly present it here:

> St. Martin. You know the famous line about the greatest concentration of brains that ever sat in the White House since Jefferson ate there alone? That was the charming toast by Jackie O’s First, when he gave that unforgettable dinner for all the Nobel Prize winners. Well, I thought of that the other day. Where have the beautiful people gone, in the great May diaspora? The heaviest concentration of them is on a boat. A big boat? No, dear, a little eensy-weensy boat, which is what makes it all so, well, you know—unique?
>
> It’s a dear little boat, though. It would have to be, to attract the people on it. You’re getting impatient? Wait, just wait. It’s worth waiting for. The boat is the kind of thing you put in little Johnny’s bathtub and blow, and he giggles and giggles. Anyway, take that boat, and magnify it twenty or thirty times, and what you have is . . . the yacht Sea-lestial. Clever? There’s no stopping American ingenuity, and I hope some Russians are listening (I know there are. Don’t ask me how I found out. Do you think they would send me to jail? I know my friends would let me pick out the jail, and Françoise de la Renta said she and Mica Ertegun and Chessy Rayner would stop everything and decorate it for me. I think it would be fun to have pictures of all the famous killers, don’t you? Caligula, Genghis Khan, Jack the Ripper, Three Mile Island . . .).
>
> You thought I had forgotten about Sealestial? I’m just increasing the sus-



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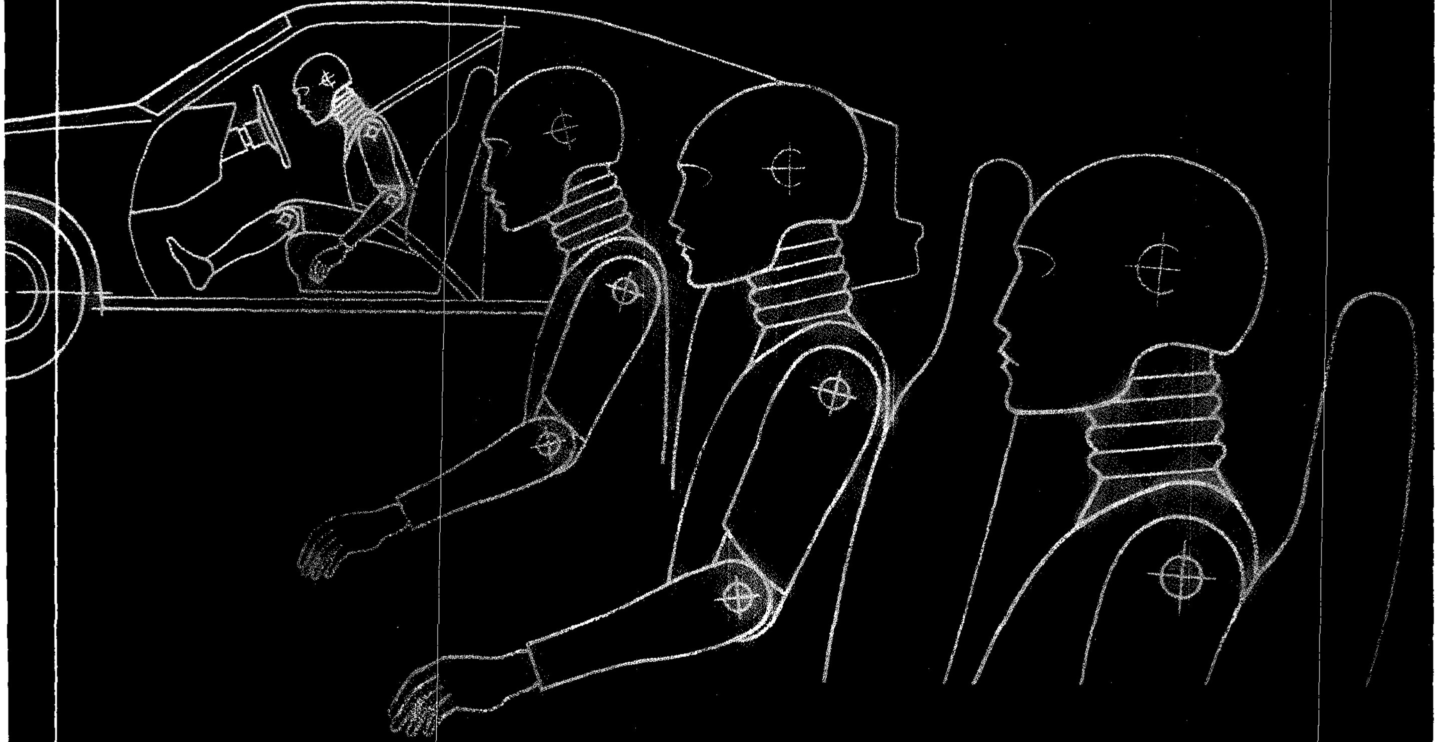

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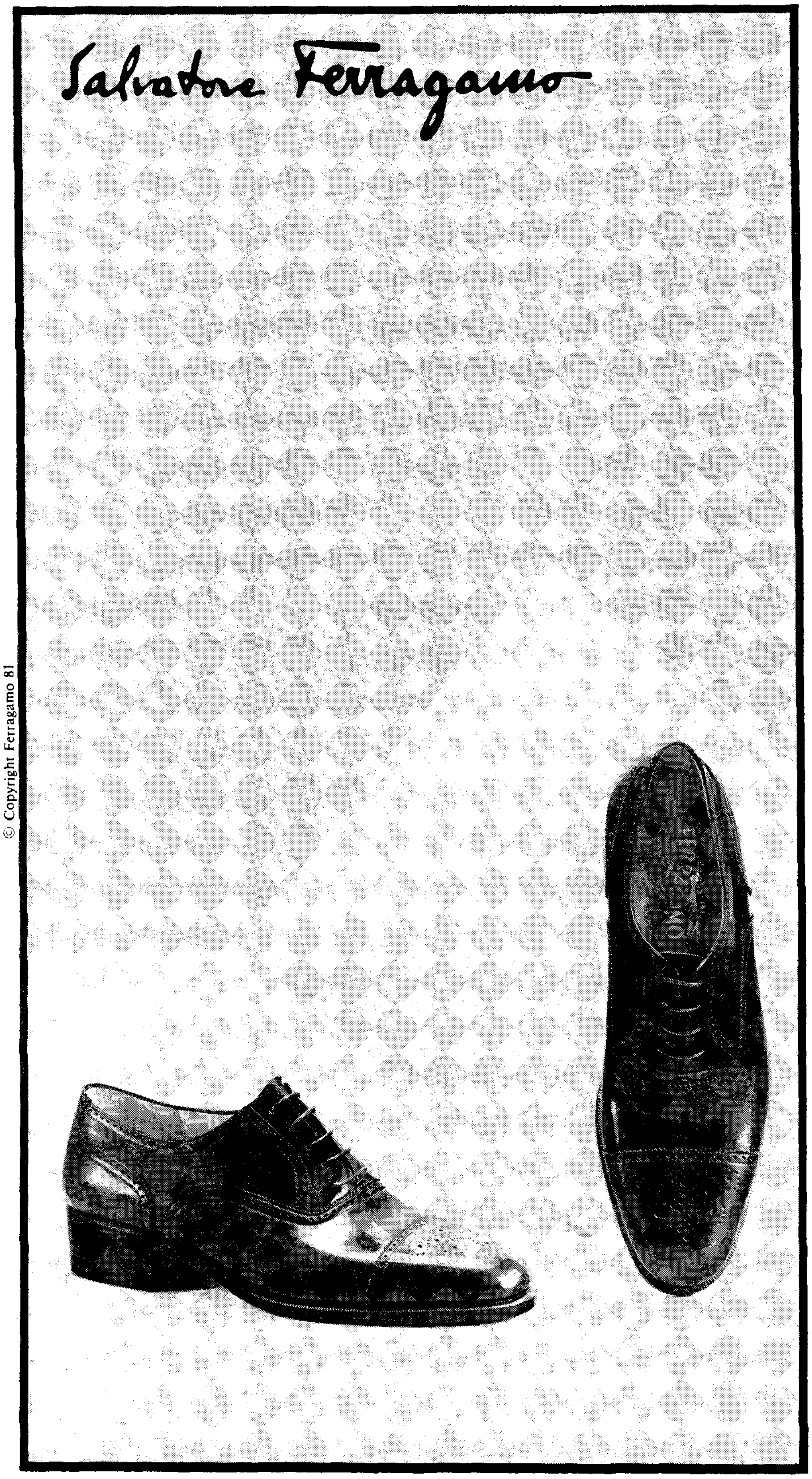
pense. All aboard one boat. It has, for the nautical buffs out there who are interested in particulars, two masts and an engine and the most *divine* steering wheel, with four sterling-silver spokes, positively fit for framing.

Who do you suppose is on board this unobtrusive, inconspicuous, anonymous little sailboat? To begin with, *Aileen Mehle.* I know, I know, all you Mehle experts will write to me (sorry, darlings, I just can't answer my mail; not even presidents get acknowledgments) that Aileen—known to a few dozen million people, plus the few hundred who really count, as *Suzy*—doesn't travel on eensy-weensy sailboats. What you *don't* know is that Aileen comes from pioneer stock. Her great-grandfather discovered El Paso. His great-grandfather discovered Mexico City. (She speaks Spanish like a native: Aileen, *¿tú sabes cómo te quiero?*—that's a private message, and you naughty voyeurs—wonderful word, but be sure, darlings, to pronounce it correctly—it's *vwa*-yers—are invited to glide right by that little—shall I throw you off the track by calling it a *graffito*?) And *his* great-grandfather discovered the Inquisition. *His* great-grandfather (no slouch) converted the Khazar Jews; *his* great-grandfather—but you have the idea, anyway; so are you surprised now that Aileen Mehle was spending a week in an eensy-weensy boat with sails?

Every night, she would appear at dinner with something—special. Even the blasé guests on board (just wait, just wait) couldn't suppress that little gasp of true astonishment. I can't begin to give you an inventory. But let me tell you about last night, when Sealestial was moored at a remote little harbor in St. Kitts, known for the savagery of its native population, surrounded by a stretch of brown-white sand, well over a hundred yards from David Rockefeller's little beach house. Well, she wore tulle dungarees, with a voile blouse, positively streaming with scarlet ribands that rustled with the wind in the cockpit over dyed Chinese characters that everybody on board spent hours trying to decipher, everybody agreeing that the key to the Chinese Puzzle (Aileen just smiled and smiled when asked directly what it was) lay somewhere south of her nose (I'm using navigational language, darlings, but so would you if you had been where I have been this last week), north of her feet, southwest of her chin, and northwest of her navel. She looked ravishing with her swishy blond hair held down by a babushka, but complained (it was her only complaint, all week long) that her hair wouldn't stand up under the typhoon for more than one hour. (The captain didn't think it was a typhoon, he thought it was a *hurricane*, but then he doesn't come from adventurist stock. All *his* great-grandfather discovered was his great-grandmother.) . . . Next? Would you believe, Dick and Shirley Clurman? They decided—they are so wonderfully sentimental—to celebrate the third week following the 22nd anniversary of their marriage, and *they* were the people who put together this whole marvellous experience. Dick was chief of correspondents for Time-Life. But, as we all know, he was just warming up. He's been all kinds of things since, and if you wake up one day and find out he's President of the *United States*—just don't



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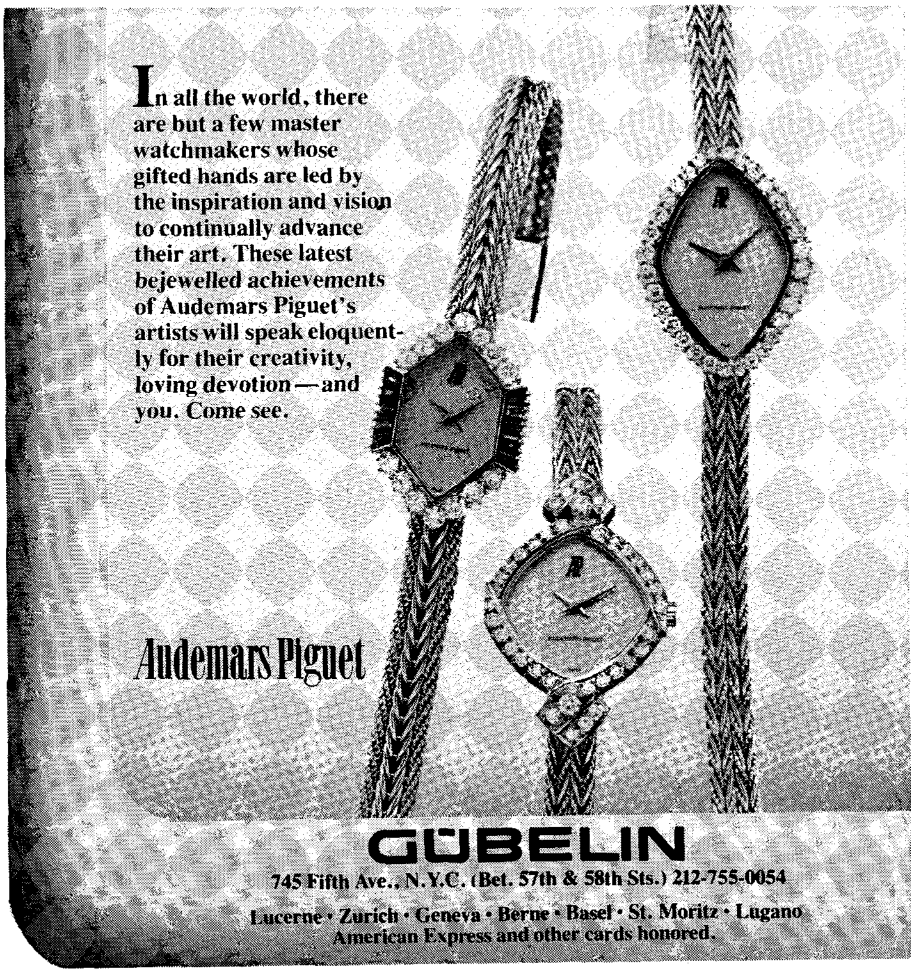

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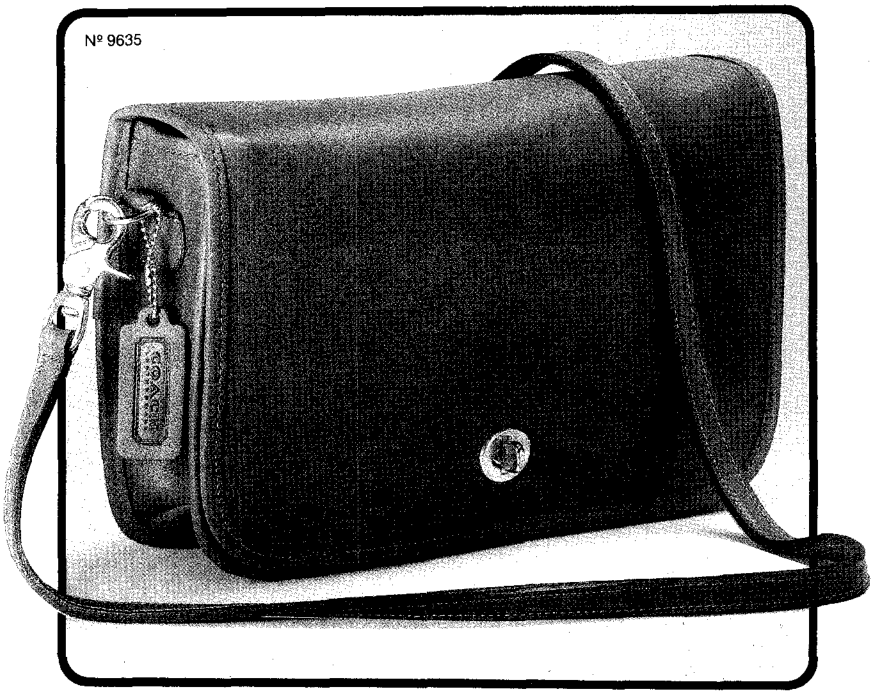
forget, you had a vaticinator (????—see below, and you won't be surprised) aboard Sealestial. And Shirley—her best friends call her Shirleykins, and she roars with laughter every time—is as smart as her husband, and as accomplished. Beautiful Shirley was dressed last night in tapered white suède pants with a mauve shirt with pouch pockets studded with mother-of-pearl. Why? Because—*only Shirley Clurman would think of this!* No wonder she has served as adviser to the high and mighty. If Dick goes All The Way, Shirley will be the very best FL since JO, though of course we've had some darlings in between, haven't we, darlings?

Then to cap it off, Pat and Bill Buckley. Pat is as much at home on the water as she is on her beautiful estate in Connecticut and apartment in New York. She is famous as one of the best cooks in the world—but, darlings, you should see her shinny up the mast to turn the boat around, or whatever it is they do up there. You're sitting there, talking to her about "The World According to Garp"—a trashy little novel we all decided to read, just to keep in touch with the people we all love—and suddenly she's gone—right to the top of the mast. You will ask, what is she wearing? You are right to ask: The last time she went up, she was wearing a hoopskirt (only Pat, who has an incomparable sense of humor, would do that, you know) of green chiffon, laced with a gold trim that would have knocked out the Incas themselves—but Pat Buckley didn't even seem to notice, though she wasn't in a position to talk about it, what with that nasty old big black wrench in her mouth.

And dear Bill. Yes, you guessed, *he* was *the one who came in* with "vaticinator," which is someone who predicts who will be President: the roots of the word are Persian, like the Shah. Well, Bill was busy with Jeff, all day long, doing celestial navigation. I'm telling you, Bill can do *anything*. Yesterday, while we were at St. Bart's harbor, he proved to us—I mean, he is so *persuasive*, you wouldn't begin to *dare* to disagree with him—that we were really in Antigua. As he put it, a computer *cannot* lie. Dick Clurman, who is so clever, said something about what do you do when liars program a computer? But Big Bill disdained that comment, because, you know, he rises above everything. Well, tra-la. We'll be back soon, and if you feel New York is jumping again you'll know that Sealestial's loss was the Big Apple's gain!

Arriving in Antigua ten days before Christmas, we were introduced to Sealestial. Notwithstanding my misgivings about large charter vessels and their capacity for sailing, I had a feeling, on approaching her in the crowded dock at English Harbour, that this was a boat created to sail. And, indeed, we discovered that the beautiful white ketch had been designed as a racing boat: built in 1973 at the Southern Ocean Shipyard, in England; designed by E. G. van de Stadt. The prototype was Stormvogel, against which we had once raced to Bermuda. Sealestial, her mast cut

A few of the things you should know about Coach® Bags



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down by eight feet, was now a cruising-charter version of Stormvogel, forty-one net tons, forty-seven gross, with seventy-one feet of length over all, seventeen feet five inches of beam, drawing eight and a half feet (disqualifying her for Bahamian waters, significant areas of which accommodate a maximum of five and a half feet—Cyrano's draw).

The owner of Sealestial is Dr. Michael Papo, a Yugoslav-American physician who practices in Detroit. The dominant figure in Sealestial is her captain, Allan Jouning. We stowed rapidly, eager to test the boat. I took the helm with no objection from Captain Jouning, eased the vessel back, and headed out for a short afternoon sail to the northwest, anchoring off a small, secluded beach. I felt an instant bounciness to the vessel, which responded joyfully to wheel and wind. I could see that she pointed well—came up close to the wind without losing speed. She had on less than a full-cut genoa, but we did eight and a half knots in moderate airs, and that's not only good but very nearly unheard of in heavy, large charter sailboats. We were all very happy, and vaguely resolved that Sealestial would figure in our future.

Provided, it is always safest to add, that Allan Jouning was aboard. I noticed first about him that he was quiet, emitting as few instructions to the paid crew as necessary, in comfortable contrast to the raucous types who make a drill out of every maneuver. I noticed next that he raised no objection not only to my acting as master of the vessel but also to my maneuvering the boat into and out of tight corners. He knew that I had sailed, but it is nevertheless the practice of most captains to edge themselves gently back to the wheel at just those critical moments when you wish to exercise your own skills. On most charter boats, you are made to feel like the assistant pilot who is welcome to take the wheel after reaching cruising altitude, always on the understanding that he will give it back to the professional for landing and takeoff. Since age thirteen, I have owned the boats I have sailed, with fewer than half a dozen exceptions. I find it easy to play a purely passive role on a boat and easy to act as the boat's master; anything in between, I fidget.

Captain Jouning sensed this, as he seemed, with uncanny intuition, to sense other human idiosyncrasies, all of which he handled with humor, thoughtfulness, and dignity. He had

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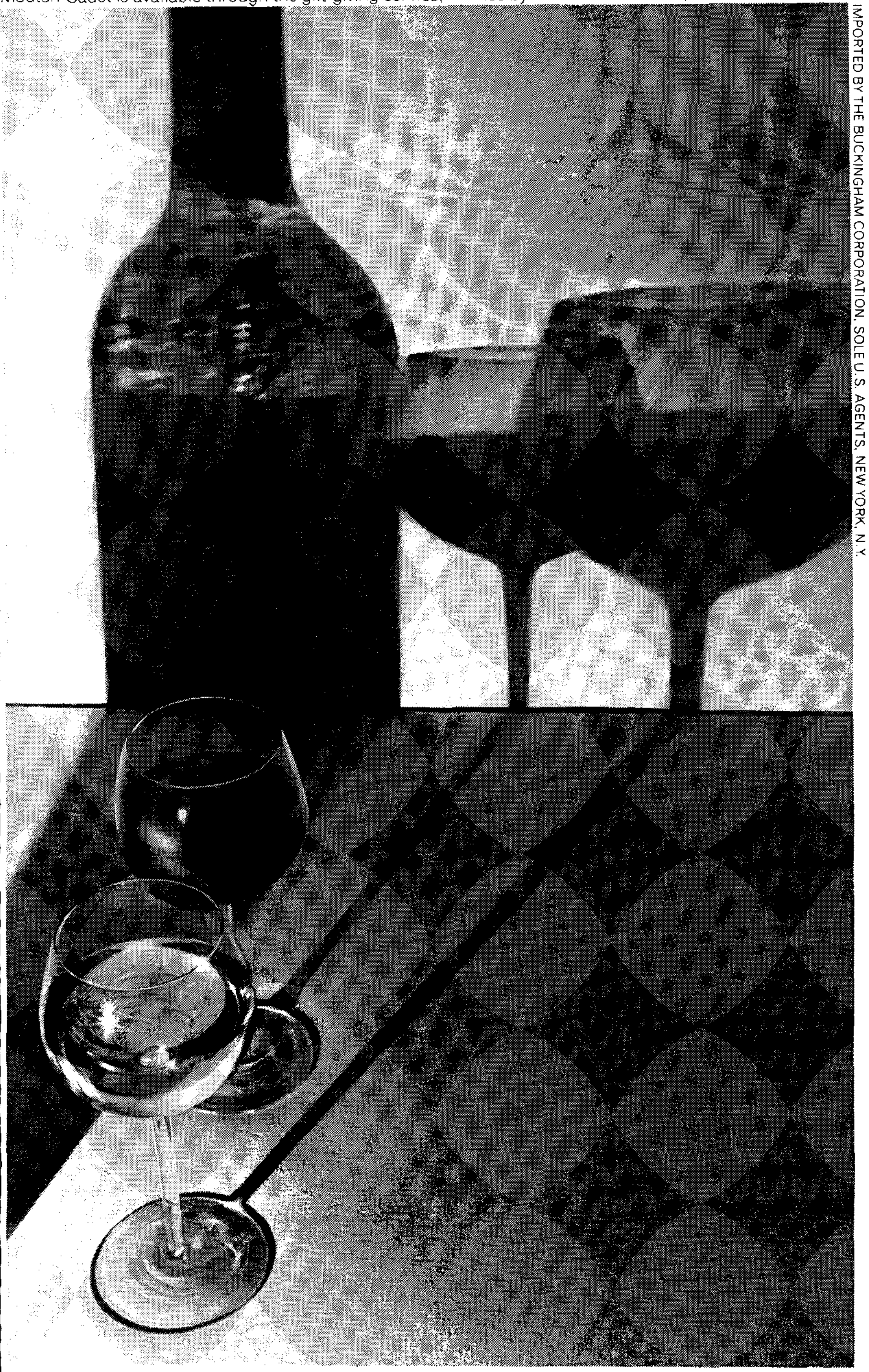

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been in command of Sealestial since November of 1978. He was born in Auckland in 1946, and was schooled there. In 1969, having sailed eight years, he went to Fiji and did charter work for two years. From there, he delivered a boat to Los Angeles in a harrowing forty-two-day passage, non-stop, beating all the way, running out of everything save the barest supplies. He was determined to race, and found himself serving as first mate in the Onion Patch series aboard Bermuda's Peanut Brittle, and then on an Ericson 46, Alita, on which he did the Bermuda Race. Just before coming to Sealestial, he was master of Benceremos, a Swan 65—a "gold-plater," as boats are denominated on which no expense is spared, that they may bring home the silver. Captain Jouning wears a red walrus mustache and is partly bald, and his humor comes in brief, nonabrasive flashes. In the four passages I have had with him, I have heard him complain only once—about the defective workmanship of sailmakers who failed to secure with strong enough material the genoa clew, the result being one of those noisily chaotic (and dangerous) sequences at night in uproarious seas when suddenly the sail lets go, the entire vessel vibrates with the whipping canvas, one man starts letting down the fugitive sail halyard while two other men try, without being knocked out by the flying steel clew, to get hold of the sail and drag it down. "That's bad work," Jouning said, examining the sail at the post mortem with a flashlight. From him, such words had the sound of fire and brimstone.

On our second outing on Sealestial that Christmas, we learned that in the summer of 1980 the owner desired to have the boat in the Mediterranean, for his own use and to pick up Mediterranean charters. I looked up suddenly at Dick—we were seated in the cockpit, during the cocktail hour. Allan was standing, leaning against the doghouse. I moved my head up, down, in a slow-motion gesture. He understood instantly. I put my index finger to my lips—meaning "Don't mention this to the wives." (My wife is always certain that any ocean trip by me will be my last, and is mildly resentful when her apocalyptic predictions don't eventuate.) That night, taking a nightcap at the beach bar on Bitter End, in the Virgins, Dick and I plotted. The Doc wants the boat in the Mediterranean. . . . So, somebody has

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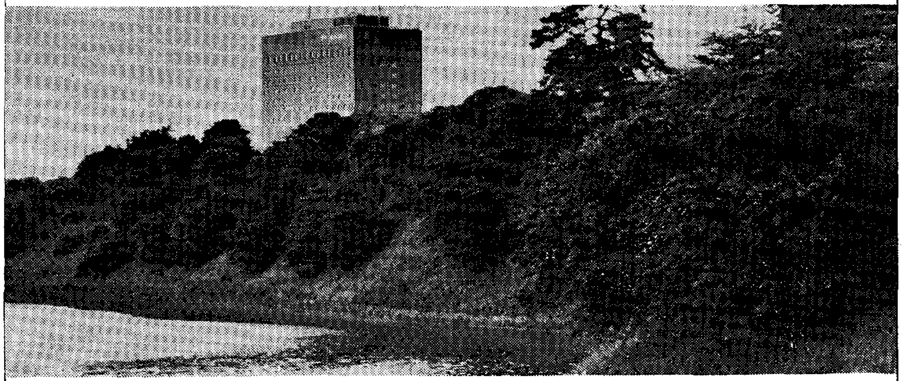

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to get it there, right? . . . A nice route, one that would accommodate to prevailing winds, would be to head north from St. Thomas (that is where Sealestial would end her chartering season, Allan had said) to Bermuda, then across to the Azores, and then Gibraltar-Marbella. The day after returning to New York, I called Dr. Papo.

The negotiations lasted several months. And then:

November 7, 1979
MEMO TO: Dick Clurman, Van Galbraith,
Tony Leggett, Chris Little,
Danny Merritt, Reggie Stoops
FROM: W.F.B.

The purpose of this note is primarily to say that I will be writing at much greater length in the very near future. Our splendid venture is definitely, unmistakably on—departure date is May 30 (by coincidence, five years to the day after the beginning of the B.O.). [We had informally designated our transatlantic crossing in 1975 as the B.O., for "the Big One."] . . . In due course, we'll organize a couple of those areas of responsibility that worked so well on the B.O.—e.g., an assignment to individuals of primary responsibility for our safety schedules, provisioning, that kind of thing. Reggie may have in his files some of the work we did in connection with the B.O. Whether Reggie can find that which is in his files is, of course, another question, concerning which I shall be diplomatic. . . . I shall after discussing a number of matters with the captain in December, and looking at the weather charts, make estimates as accurately as possible of when we can expect landfalls along the way so as to make it possible to coördinate our other arrangements—e.g., the Azores leg. So, as I say, the primary purpose of this memorandum is to advise you that the captain is alive, well, exacting, and solicitous.

The arrangements with Dr. Papo were, on the larger matters, entirely amicable. We approached a little snag or two over minor questions that we both had the good sense eventually to circumnavigate. On the matter of who would be in charge of the vessel, I devised a formula satisfactory to Dr. Papo, which in due course we reduced to writing. I would be in charge of Sealestial during the passage, save that in any circumstance in which it could reasonably be held that the safety of the vessel was hostage, and Captain Jouning disagreed, Captain Jouning's word would prevail. (After all, it was Dr. Papo's boat.) A hypothetical situation would be a bad storm in which I elected to heave to but the captain believed the wind so strong as to require running. Or—a less melodramatic occasion—I might reason that I could wend my way between two shoals approaching, say, Bermuda;

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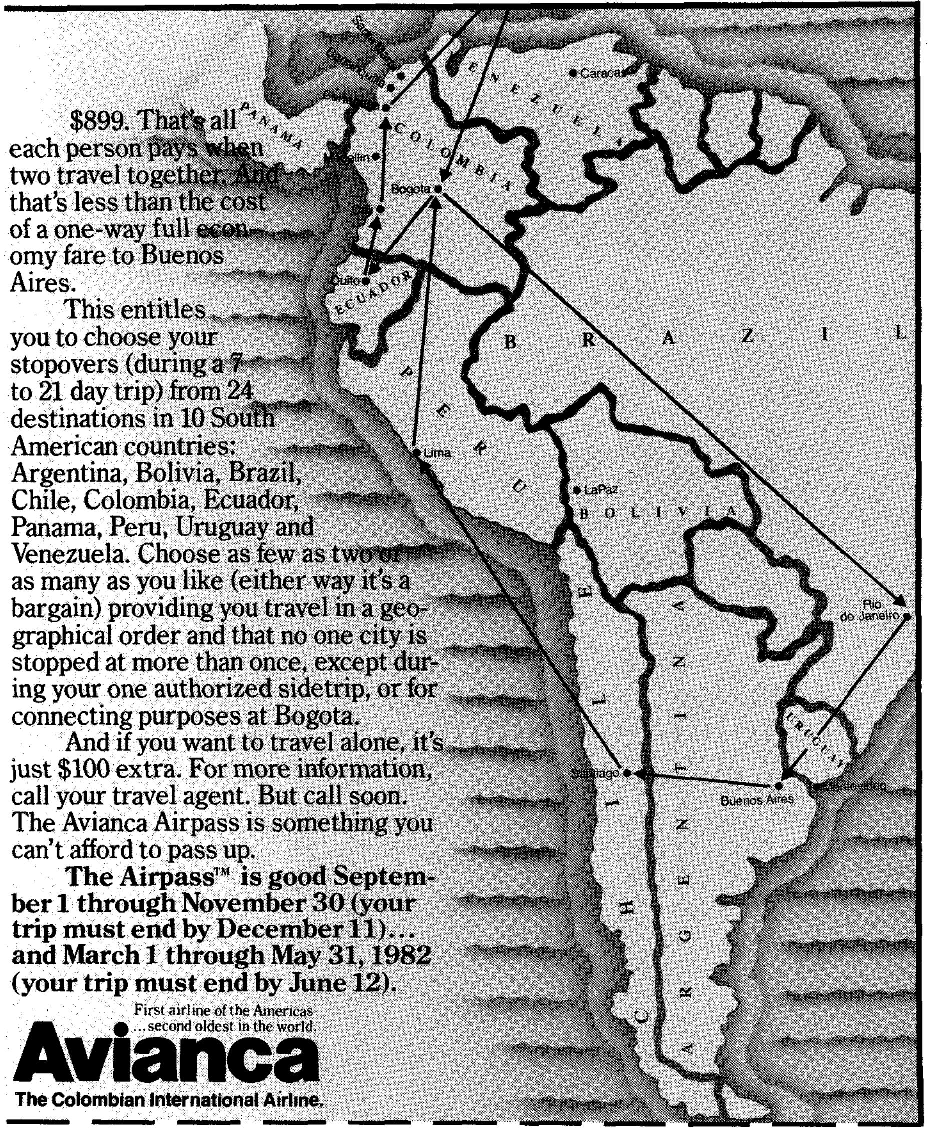

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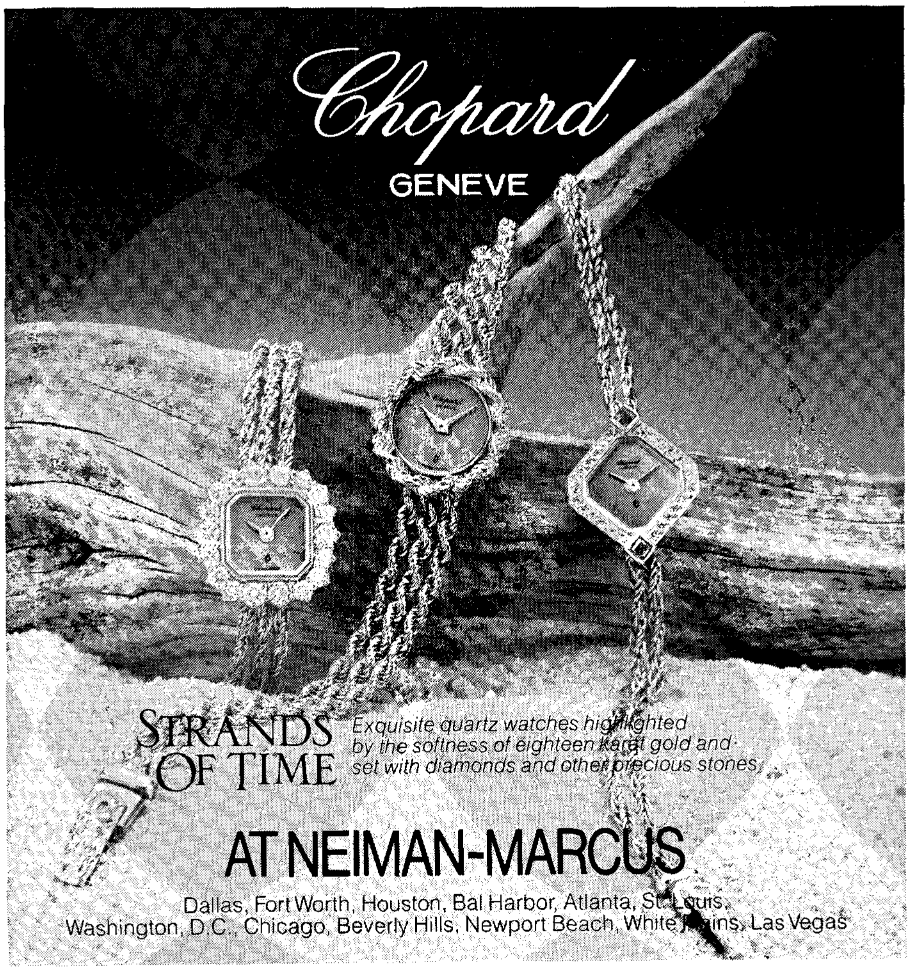
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Jouning, if he disagreed, would have the authority to dictate the roundabout course. The contingency never arose.

The only crisis was personal, though to say that is to overfreight what happened. The 1975 crossing Reggie had nicknamed the Big One, and we had found ourselves very quickly, and ever after, referring to it routinely, without self-consciousness, as the B.O. Dick felt we needed a theme for the forthcoming passage—one that would stress less the adventure inherent in a virginal experience, no longer possible, than the exploitation of all the passage's possibilities. He came up with the name the Ultimate Charter. Then, while I got on with the planning, Clurman began to reconsider. He ended by electing to undertake only the first leg.

And then Van gave me *his* disappointing news. He had been living in London with his wife and three children for ten years, and was repatriating to the United States. He had to undertake a mission to Tokyo before the whole family got into the QE 2 for the return voyage. So he would have to leave the ship at the Azores. The thought was very nearly unbearable, for Van is the source of unparalleled gaiety. In any event, on April 21, 1980, another memorandum went out:

MEMO TO: Reggie Stoops, Danny Merritt, Tony Leggett, Christopher Little, Van Galbraith, Dick Clurman
FROM: W.F.B.

Random notes re The Crossing. . . . I have listed you beginning with those who are going all the way, ending with those who leave us first. To demystify the above, Clurman leaves us on reaching Bermuda, Van on reaching the Azores.

Sealestial (iron rule: pronounced Celestial by anybody who intends to board and stay aboard) will be docked at Yacht Haven, to which we should repair by cab.

We will set out for Bermuda . . . on Friday, May 30. It is not known whether we shall have to sail for an hour or two for the benefit of helicopter photography. If so, we shall be returning to St. Thomas to pick up Christopher Little, the cinematographer, and the sound man. The

latter two will be sailing with us as far as Bermuda, disembarking there. We plan a documentary one-hour television program based on the first leg of the trip, supplemented, if necessary, by home-movie shots of especially exciting events from Legs Two, Three, and Four.

Leg One: St. Thomas to Bermuda
Leg Two: Bermuda to Horta
Leg Three: Horta to São Miguel
Leg Four: São Miguel to Marbella

ON May 30th, we took off from St. Thomas. I had all along scheduled a 3 P.M. departure, and there were reasons for this beyond the obvious one that there are always things left over to do in the morning, so it is better to plan to leave after noon. During the preceding months, I had decided to attempt the documentary. Ever since, years ago, I saw the surfing film "The Endless Summer," I have wished that something of the sort might be done for ocean cruising. "The Endless Summer" had one irreplaceable quality, and one quality that could conceivably be imitated. The first was the advantage of showing the viewer what it is like to visit the surfing beaches of the world. Each is, in its way, different. The beaches in Oahu are visibly different from those in southwest Australia. But the oceans of the world, after you have left land, although they are capable of greater volatility than anything in biology—greater, even, than the caterpillar-turning-butterfly—are indistinguishable as to location, so that a scene of a sailboat between the Azores and Gibraltar would be identical with a scene of a sailboat in Block Island Sound or between Tasmania and New Zealand. The second quality of "The Endless Summer" is the breathless excitement of the narrator. He had a kind of husky, romantic, understated exuberance that made the viewer—in my case, someone indifferent to surfing—suddenly care intensely about the sport, appreciate it hugely. But in surfing the virtuosity is most obviously that. Virtuosity in a successful cruise comprises the interaction of a few dozen elements not one of which is in itself photogenic or discretely romantic.

Still, I thought it worth attempting. My first, naïve notion was that Christopher Little, who is by profession a photographer, should also take movies. I learned, rather abruptly, that I might as well have suggested to Isaac Stern that he also play the French horn. Photographers do one thing, cinematographers do something else, and the generic statement that both use film is as helpful as observing that

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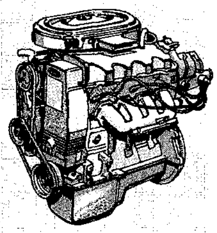

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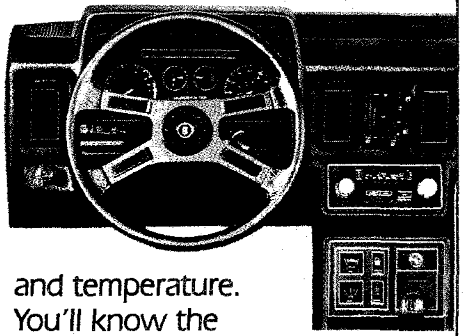

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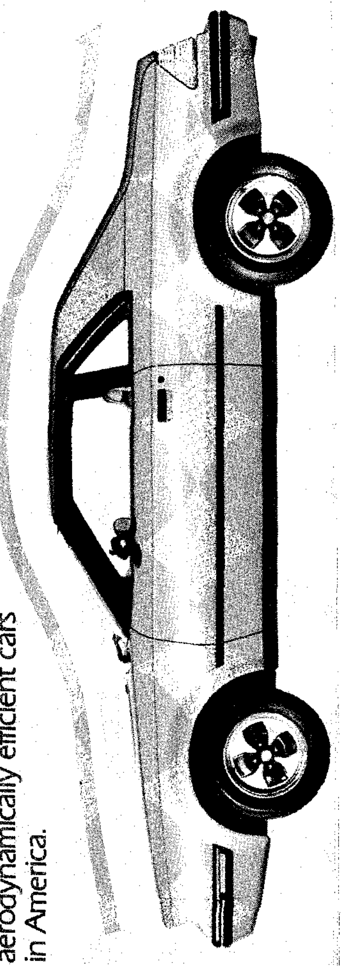

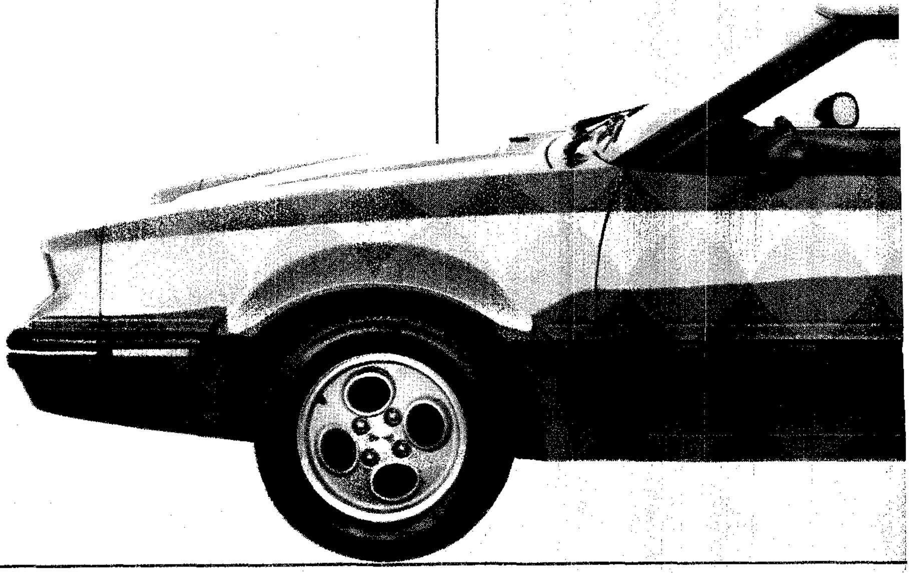

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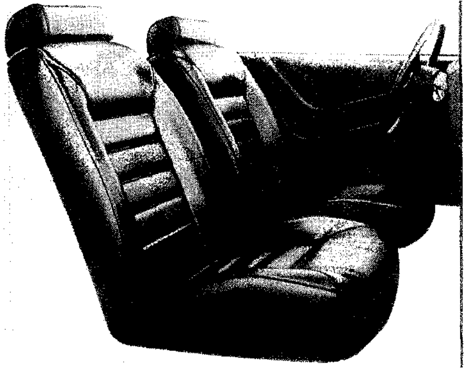

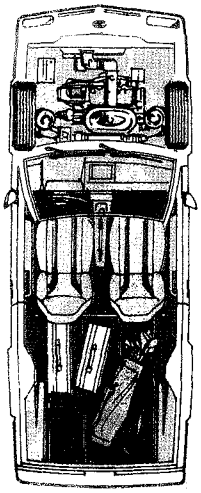

Two plus groceries, or two plus a great weekend, EXP's 29 cubic feet of cargo room can hold it all. And EXP options like flip-up open air roof can make it all the more exciting.

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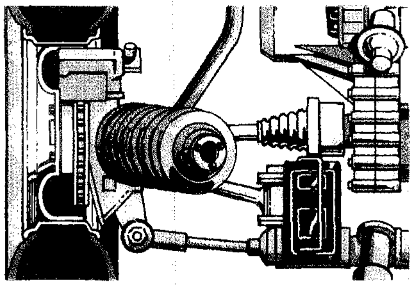

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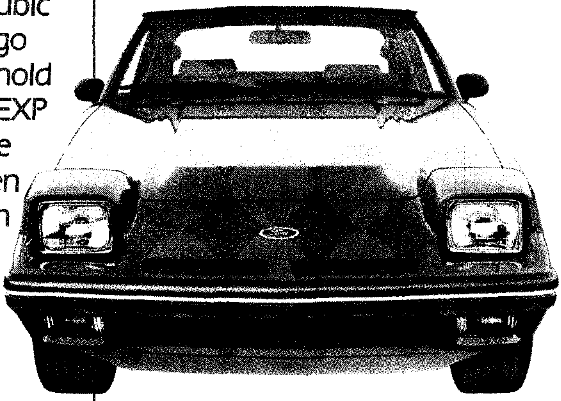

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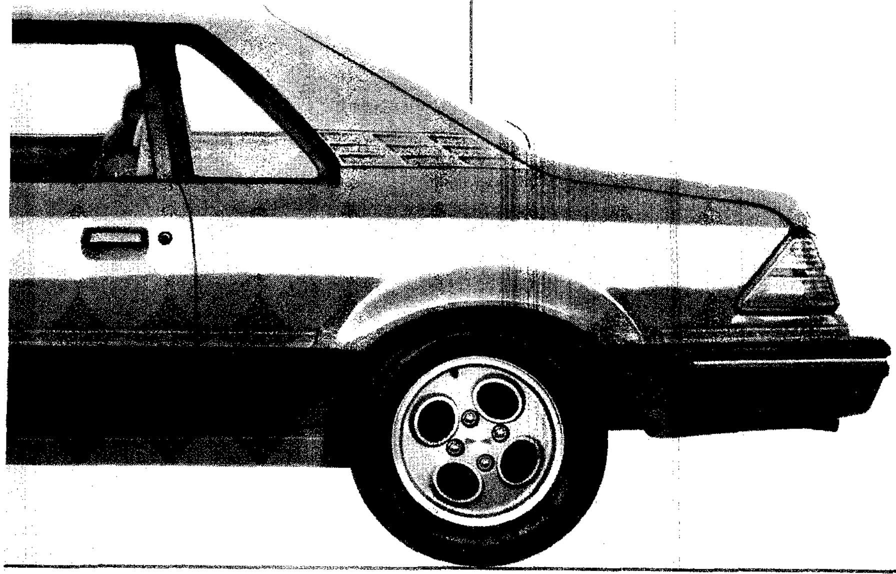

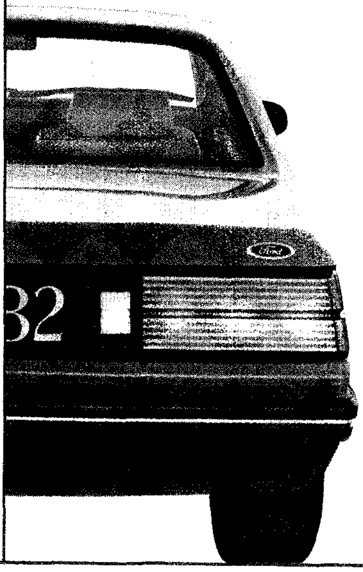

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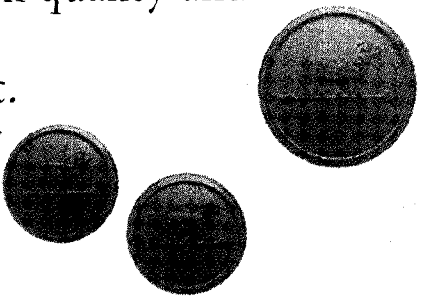

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ballet dancers and joggers both use their legs. That wasn't all. Apparently, no cinematographer worth hiring will travel even to the bathroom without a sound engineer. This is not, I learned quickly, a matter of affectation. You cannot do first-rate cinematography while also worrying about the infinitely complicated business of getting first-rate sound. And without that no exhibitor will show anything not shot by Zapruder.

So Christopher Little brought to my house in Stamford for lunch a youngish cinematographer of vast experience who had won all kinds of prizes and had a chest full of credits, and we talked—or, more properly, I listened—for three hours. It was heady stuff. He talked blithely of spending a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. He would certainly need one assistant but would prefer two. He had visions of midnight filming during which I and someone else—"maybe Gore Vidal, somebody really interesting, somebody you disagree with"—would discuss Immanuel Kant or Joe McCarthy. It would be absolutely smashing, but *absolutely* the best documentary ever. Eventually, he left, and I called Christopher into my quiet little music room so that we could decompress for a while, and I thought long and deeply on the subject, and said that we should indeed attempt a documentary but that it must be restricted to the first of the four legs of the passage. No point in ruining the entire trip for the sake of a documentary, even a great one. The young man who came to lunch was not interested in the proffered terms, so I wrote out a memo and, at his urging, sent it to Walter Cronkite, with whom I share a friendship focussed to a considerable extent on our common thralldom to the sea. (Cronkite sent my memo along to colleagues at CBS.)

Memorandum re a proposed one-hour documentary
FROM: William F. Buckley, Jr.

I propose to produce a one-hour documentary most of which will be filmed aboard a 71-foot racing-cruising ketch bound from the West Indies to Spain. I say most of which, because the closing few minutes will be still photographs of the last two legs of a three-leg journey, with voice-over bringing the narrative to a conclusion.

The legs of the journey will take us, aboard Sealestial, from St. Thomas to Bermuda (1,000 miles); from Bermuda to the Azores (1,900 miles); and from the Azores to Spain (900 miles).

Aboard the boat will be six members of my party (hereinafter "owners' party") and four crew. The owners' party will be

Norman Hilton
"Doing One Thing Well"

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responsible for all the sailing, all the navigation and piloting, and, I hope, all the revelry. The crew—as of this writing, in addition to Allan Jouning we will have David Murphy as first mate, Diane Bowlus as stewardess, and Judy Harmon as cook—will look after the maintenance of the vessel, cook and serve, and in case of emergency, help as required.

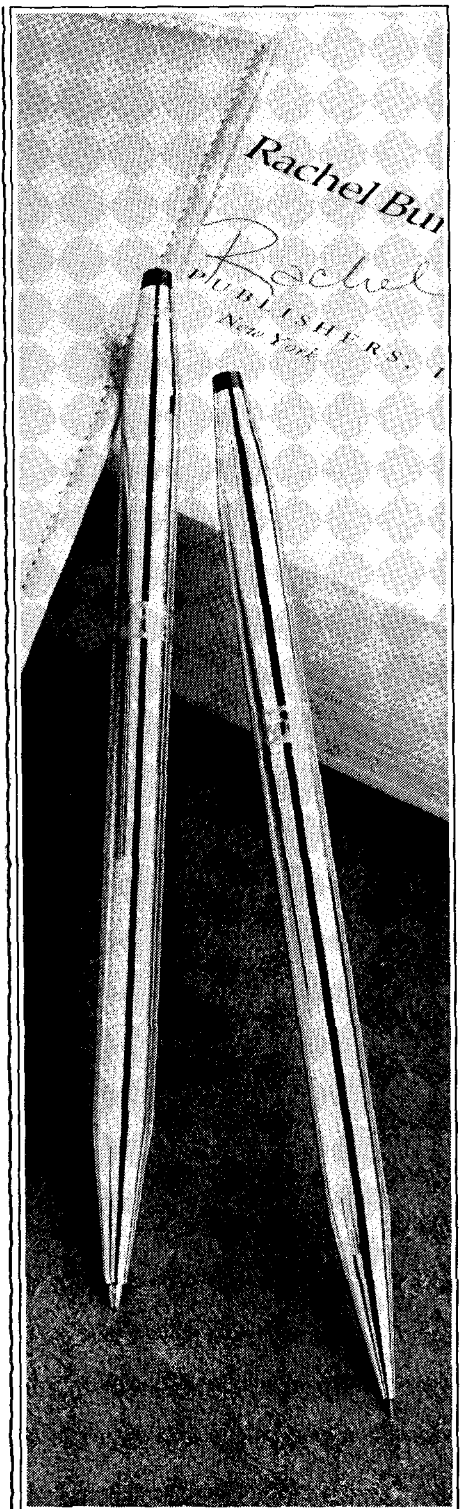
I shall be the captain of the vessel, the producer and director of the film (except that I shall rely heavily on an expert cinematographer-director for guidance), the scriptwriter, and the narrator.

The owners' party consists of three men approximately my own age (54), and three young men, age 25-30. All of us have sailed extensively.

I have in mind an hour devoted only in part to the mechanics of sailing. These would be touched upon only insofar as they enliven the narrative. The documentary will be the story of six friends sharing an experience about which many people dream. The inevitable themes will be touched upon—the perils of the sea, the nature of the sea's emergencies, the precautions one takes, the mysteries of knowing where you are by celestial navigation, the telltale signs of wind changes and hazardous weather, some of the electronic and other gear that are fashioned to maximize safety, the design of the sail and the basic rigging, the transmogrification of the canvas and cable into the motive force that propels 60 tons of boat at twelve knots; and so forth. But I have in mind something extremely personal: my own reactions to the experience, my relationship with my friends, what we talk about during the hours we share together, whether at meals, at midday or sunset, or at night during the long watches. Every member of the owners' party will keep a diary, and selected portions of it will be integrated into the final script.

The cinematographer and his sound man will have been (so to speak) invited to share the first leg of the voyage with us. It will require about five days to traverse the first leg. The winds in that part of the world are stiff, and from east by north. This will pitch the boat in a close reach, giving speed and action. It is estimated that the cinematographer will shoot approximately twenty hours of film, from which the hour will be edited. I envision a closing film of Sealestial and her crew departing on the long eastward leg to the Azores, at which point I would hope that the viewer feels that he is thoroughly experienced in the vicissitudes of ocean sailing, envious of the pleasures of it, well acquainted with the crew and the mix of personalities, wistful at not remaining aboard to complete the passage, but respectful of the primacy of the enterprise, which is an advance in companionship at sea.

And so it was that when we did leave St. Thomas we left St. Thomas not once but three times. Mark Dichter, as sound engineer, headed the team, of which the other member was David Watts, the cameraman. (They had been dispatched by the producer, Bob Halmi, who would meet us in Bermuda.) Both were in their early



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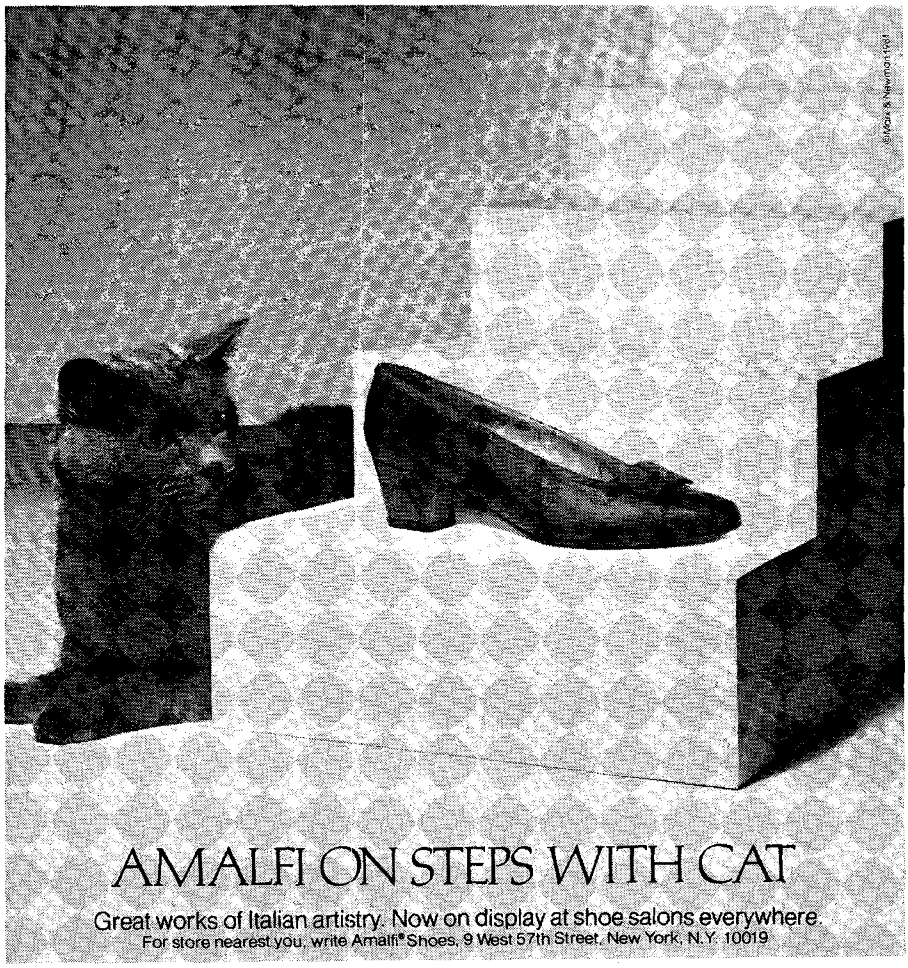
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forties, tall, patient, experienced, models of tact throughout the six days we spent together, two of which were turbulent. But, however resolute their accommodation to our own preferences and requirements, they had a job to do; and that job required a comprehensive cinematographic documentary of our leavetaking. This meant that the camera would be on board the first time we pulled out and ashore the second time—shooting us from a distance of about fifty feet. Tony Leggett, in his journal, described the technique: "A wheelchair from the hotel and David perched crosswise in the chair with the camera on his knees. Mark pushed him down the dock like a proud father with his first son. That was the 'dolly shot.' " The camera saw us pull out of the slip, make a left turn into the channel (and into the wind), head for the midship section of a huge passenger ship lying to along the main wharf, raise the mainsail, and then turn right, heading out to sea.

The *third* time, Mark and David and Christopher Little were aboard what in the trade they call a chase boat, by which is meant a vessel hired to pursue the photographed object in a way that permits shots from different angles and from varying distances. We had the genoa hoisted by the time we were headed to the mouth of the harbor, and then, quickly, the mizzen sail; and we jibed to head west. We had an hour's westerly sail before we could round St. Thomas and head up toward Bermuda, on a course of 000° (due north). That was the hour the photographers needed, and to oblige them we did a little exhibitionistic ballet, raising and lowering the sails, coming about, jibing, raising the spinnaker. Curiously, we managed to do all this without feeling in the least foolish. This was in part because it was the first time the home team had actually worked this particular boat. Danny, the spriest young sailor afloat, tore forward and aft, helping to run the large genoa through the narrow section between the head stay and the forestay, secured on deck for contingent use. There was the usual confusion—the crossed lines, the bad leads, the missing winch handles—but there was plenty of gusto, and at no moment were we ever made to feel by Captain Jouning and his thoroughly professional first mate, David Murphy, both of whom knew the vessel as one knows one's old sports car, by word or deed, that we were in any way maladroit. In

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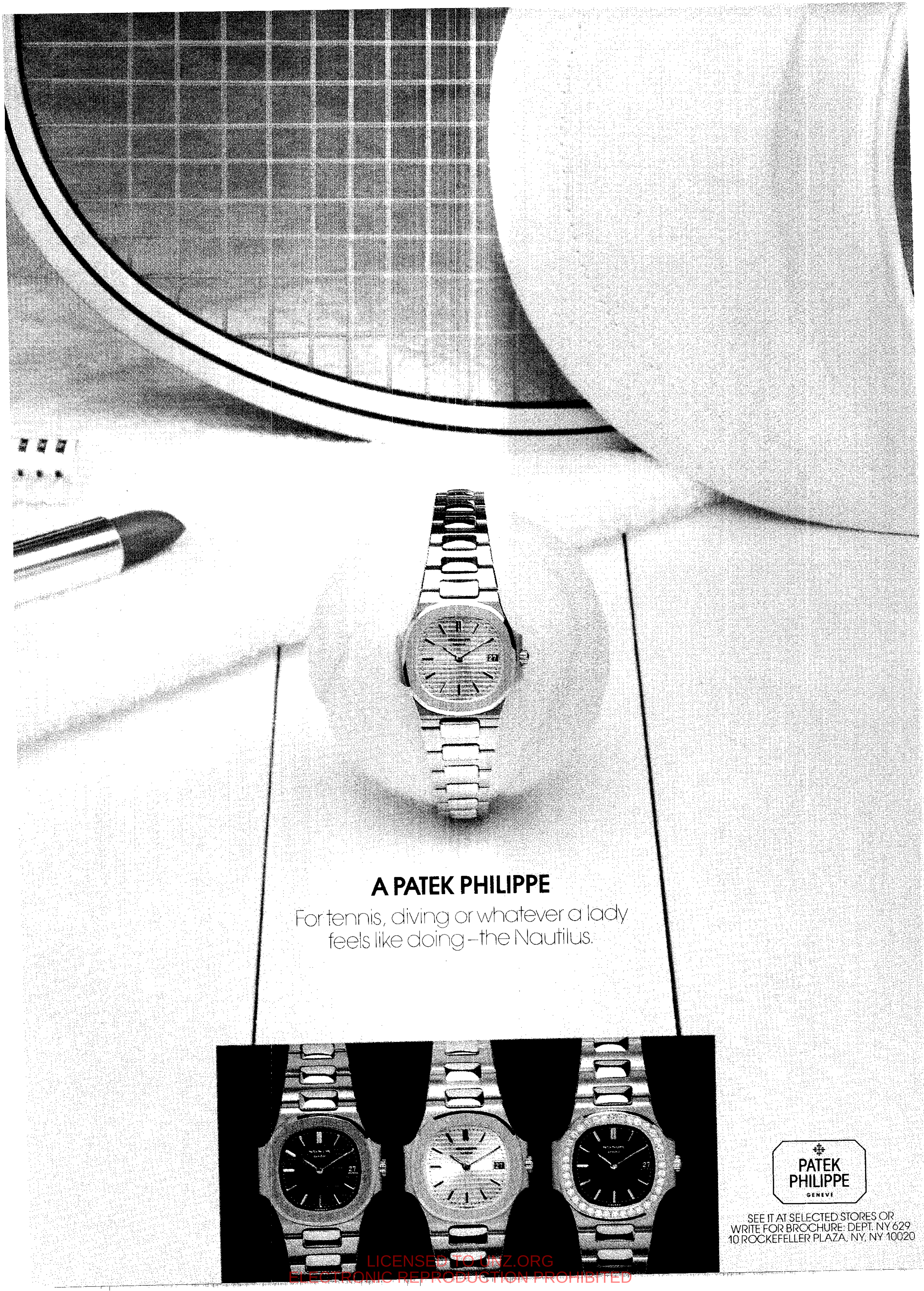

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due course, the chase boat signalled that it had had enough, and I hove Sealestial to (brought her into a state as motionless as possible, given a wind that was blowing and sails that were hoisted) while the photographers shakily boarded, with all their fancy equipment—an extensive operation but satisfying, because of the unquenchable enthusiasm of Christopher, Mark, and David, all of whom averred that never in the history of photography had more beautiful pictures been taken of a more beautiful boat, more beautifully maneuvered, in more beautiful circumstances, human and natural. I thought their epithalamium on plighting their troth to Sealestial an auspicious moment to decree the beginning of the cocktail hour—the more so since I especially needed cheer, Captain Jouning having told me that he had not succeeded in making our brand-new Brookes & Gatehouse digital speedometer work, though he had been slaving over it for almost two hours now.

Some people like a functioning speedometer on a sailboat, some like one but are philosophical without it. I am a mad dog without one. Just as some people need tobacco, or sex, or alcohol, or *National Review*, I need a speedometer—so much that at personal expense I ordered a fancy one to replace the plaything Sealestial had been getting along with. I ordered a beautiful machine that not only would record exact speed to one one-hundredth of a knot but would also keep track of the distance travelled, and thus eliminate the necessity for the cumbersome taffrail log, that antique (but durable) device which measures distance travelled by trailing, about seventy-five feet behind the vessel, a propellerlike device that transmits its shimmy onto a mechanical register astern, via a line that twirls in exact synchronization with the blades. The problems with that are that the propeller device, while authoritative as regards the umbilical line, occasionally attracts sharks, which devour it (at fifty dollars a propeller, one hopes it is their last meal), and that it regularly attracts ocean dross—seaweed and like stuff—that binds the propeller, whose irregular movements then constipate the register, causing great pain to the dead-reckoning navigator. That my beautiful new speedometer—after all this planning—would not work was a blow that required deep reserves of manly courage to absorb.

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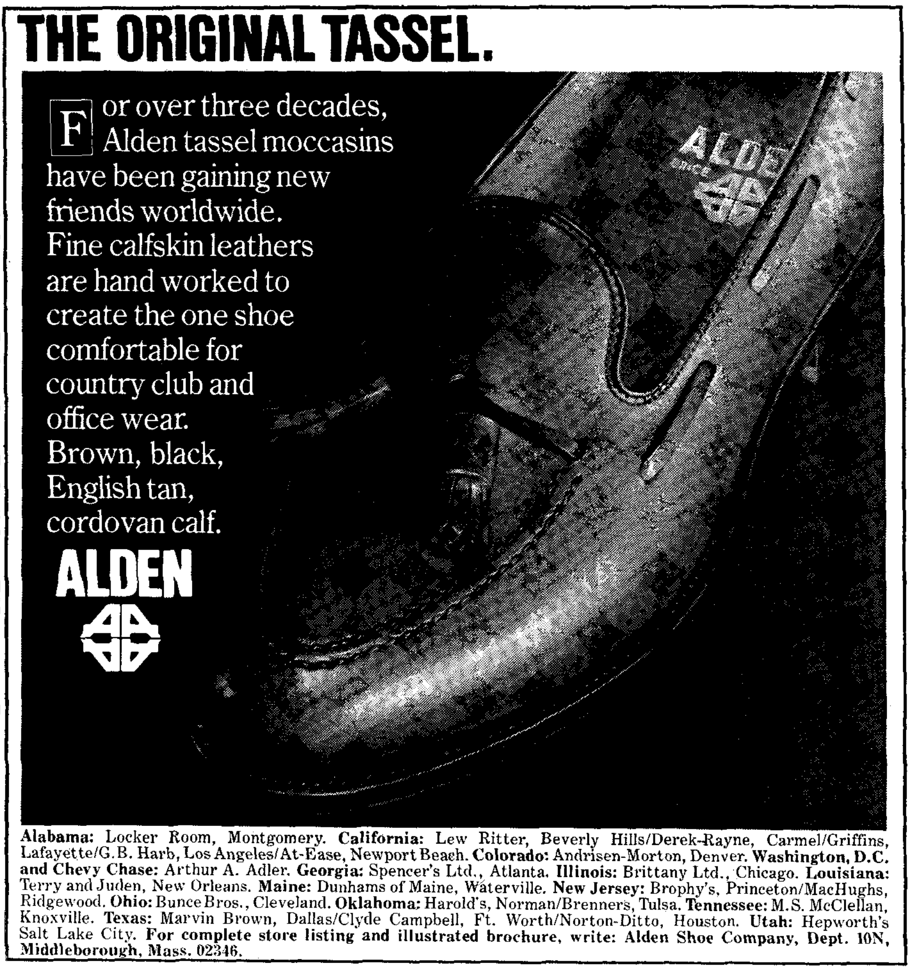
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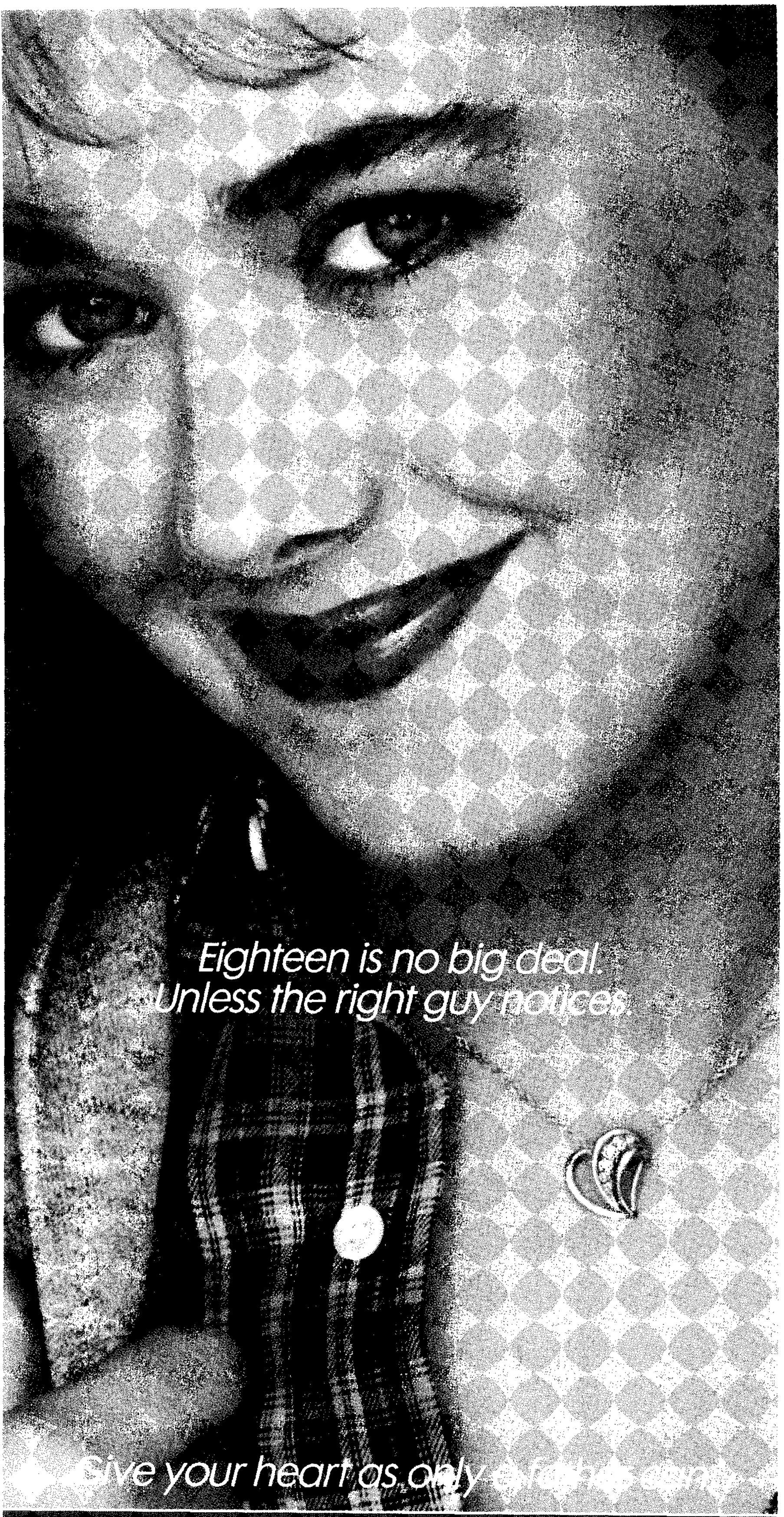
one invokes the intercession of Reggie; and now he was fiddling with this and that, the ends of a voltmeter in his mouth, when, suddenly, it began to work! Captain Jouning, an immensely resourceful man, was both pleased and chagrined at someone else's having figured it out, and keenly read the instructions over Reggie's shoulder, to discover that—mistakenly—Reggie had crossed two wires that the instruction booklet had said *on no account should be crossed*. Crossing them, however, caused the speedometer to work; and we there and then solemnly sealed the Sealestial Covenant—that no one would ever inform Brookes & Gatehouse that we had violated their operating instructions.

The wine was poured. We were on course. The wind was from the east, at about twelve knots. The sun was sinking, over there to the left, in the general direction of Puerto Rico. All at once, the babbling stopped, almost as if we had all been following the instructions of an orchestra leader, and we heard only the lap-lap of the waves firmly patting the headstrong hull of our ketch, white-gold in the falling light, the surrounding water turned now a viridian blue, St. Thomas receding astern. No one spoke for a few moments. It is a period, I have found, that almost always comes, choosing its own rhythmic moment—the moment when, collectively, all those on board recognize that the journey has truly begun. Up there, in the direction we are pointing, a thousand miles away, is a tiny little coral island. The object is to reach it, to arrive there without injury to ourselves or to our vessel. No one formally proposed a toast, but, looking about—at Tony, with his floppy white hat so carefully tilted to shield his sun-sensitive face from those final ultraviolet shafts; at Dick, in his jaunty captain's hat, reluctantly putting on his shirt as he yielded to the demands of lowering temperature; Van, hatless and in his light-blue crew-necked sweater, squinting at that morning's *Times*, glass in hand; Reggie, carefully screwing back the holding flange on the speedometer; Christopher, snapping away with an anfractuous photographic apparatus at the setting sun—I guessed that we were all thinking related thoughts.

THE first day's grace was abruptly interrupted. I wrote in the log, late the next night, "Log 382. Heavy winds (approx 30 knots SSE) plus 7' seas, suggested course change to 350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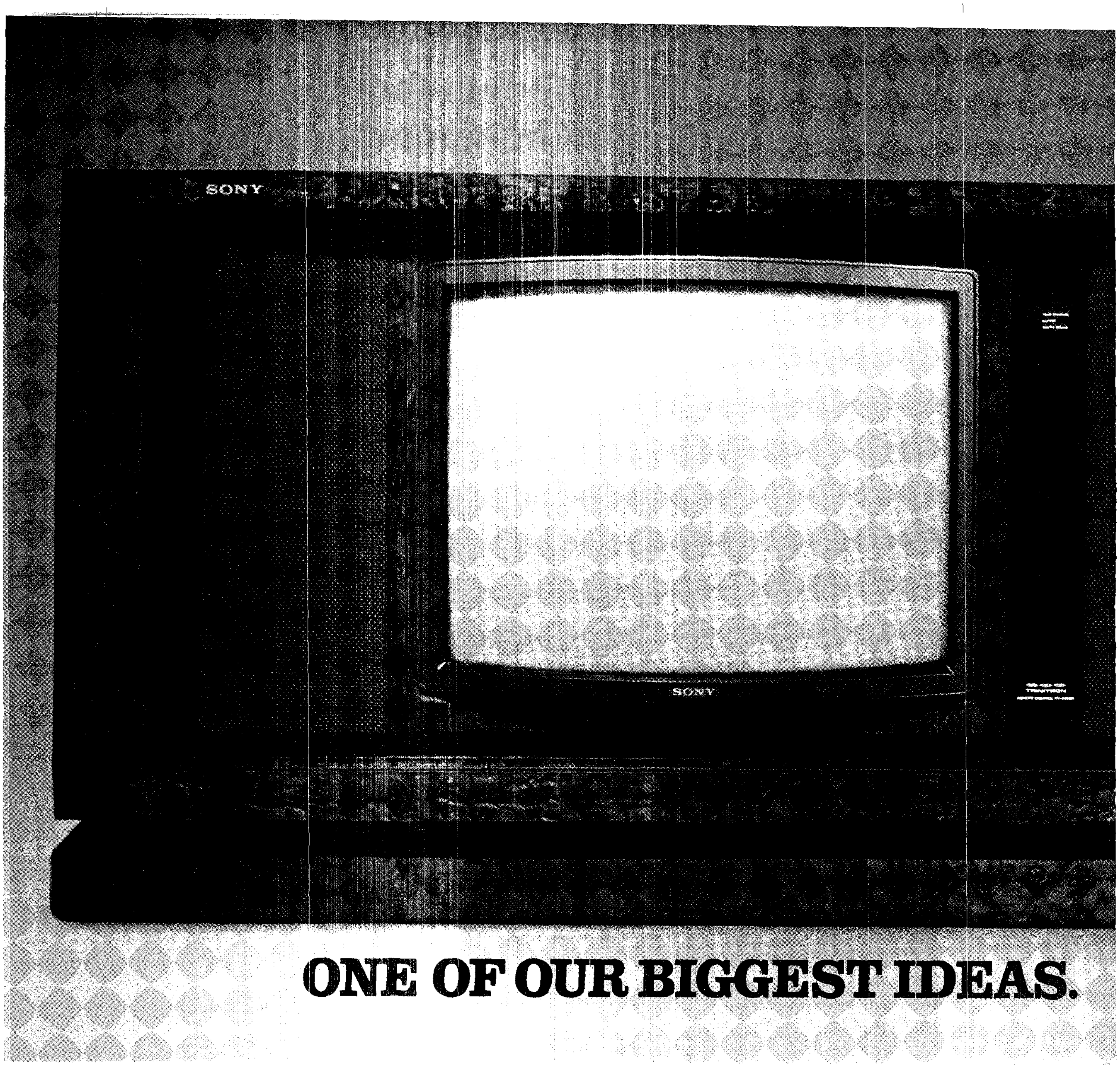

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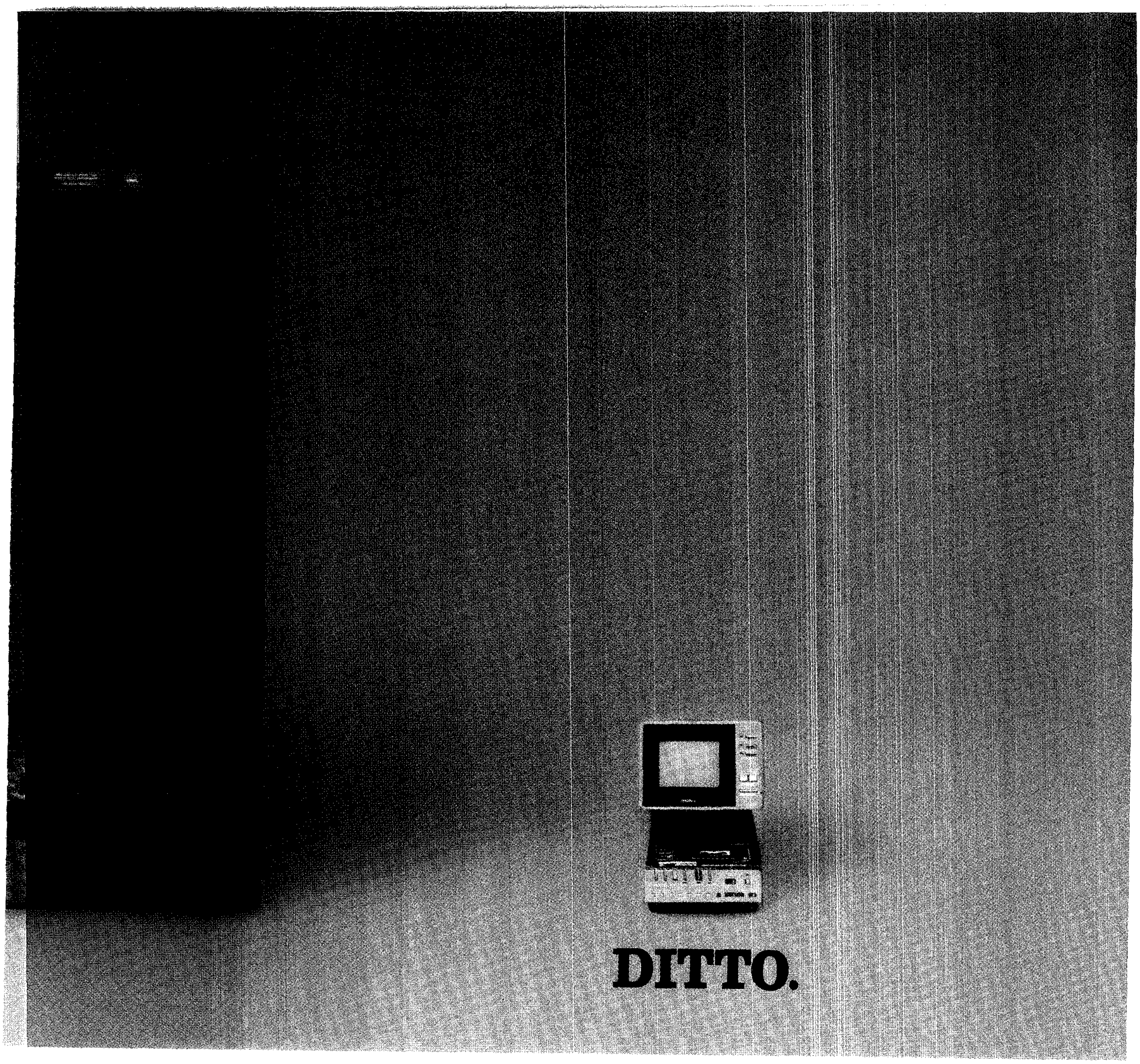

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degrees, at 2130, to mitigate turmoil. On new course, averaged 9.5 knots. Van and Danny came on at 2300, moderately cheerful. Skipper (Allan) and David worked on brake shaft. Broken. Applied vise—so that engine *cannot* be started without first releasing vises. Only Allan and David can do this. So: anyone planning to fall overboard should pre-notify skipper or David, so that one of them can prepare use of engine to rescue man overboard."

Hard rain and heavy winds cause acute discomfort, as Tony noted in his journal:

> Conditions were still pretty bad, at least for my tender stomach. I could stay either on deck or flat out in my bunk. I found that even reading made my stomach act up. So without interruption, except for lunch, I lay on my bunk trying out various positions and dozing. A major problem is that it is impossible not to be at least a little damp. When it is salt water that is in your hair it is very uncomfortable. Areas of dampness appear and grow: at the back of the knees, the small of the back, and the neck in particular. It makes sleep very difficult, and makes it a chore to stay in bed, but I had no alternative.

Tony touched, too, on some of the practical difficulties of life in an active sea:

> We clustered around the saloon table below. The table opens up but its surface is polished stainless steel and it has no fiddles (or "faddles," as Dick calls them). Using gaffer tape and a roll of charts, one of our many on-board technicians put together a fiddle on the lee side. Bill, Van, and I were directly adjacent to it. Since everyone had their bowls in their laps, its only function was to keep the wineglasses from spilling. But every few minutes over one went, sending red wine all over the three of us, loosening up the gaffer tape, and destroying the structural rigidity of the roll of charts. Eventually, Van and I had to sit with our toes up against the charts, holding them in.

But, what the hell, there is also the acknowledged excitement. The rain notwithstanding, one is, if awake, usually better off in the cockpit, eye to eye with the elements. "Van and Dan," Dan wrote in the log, "chilled to the bone, will wake Chris and Tony shortly. Log 401.5 wind 25 seas 7-12 feet at least, but very comfortable, exciting."

Storms eventually abate. But there are always all those other dislocations. We were aware that we were sailing in the Bermuda Triangle, but Dick Clurman, in his journal, had a better explanation for the mechanical breakdowns:

> I've become fully convinced that Bill Buckley, who radiates such cheer and optimism, has his life blighted by one extraor-

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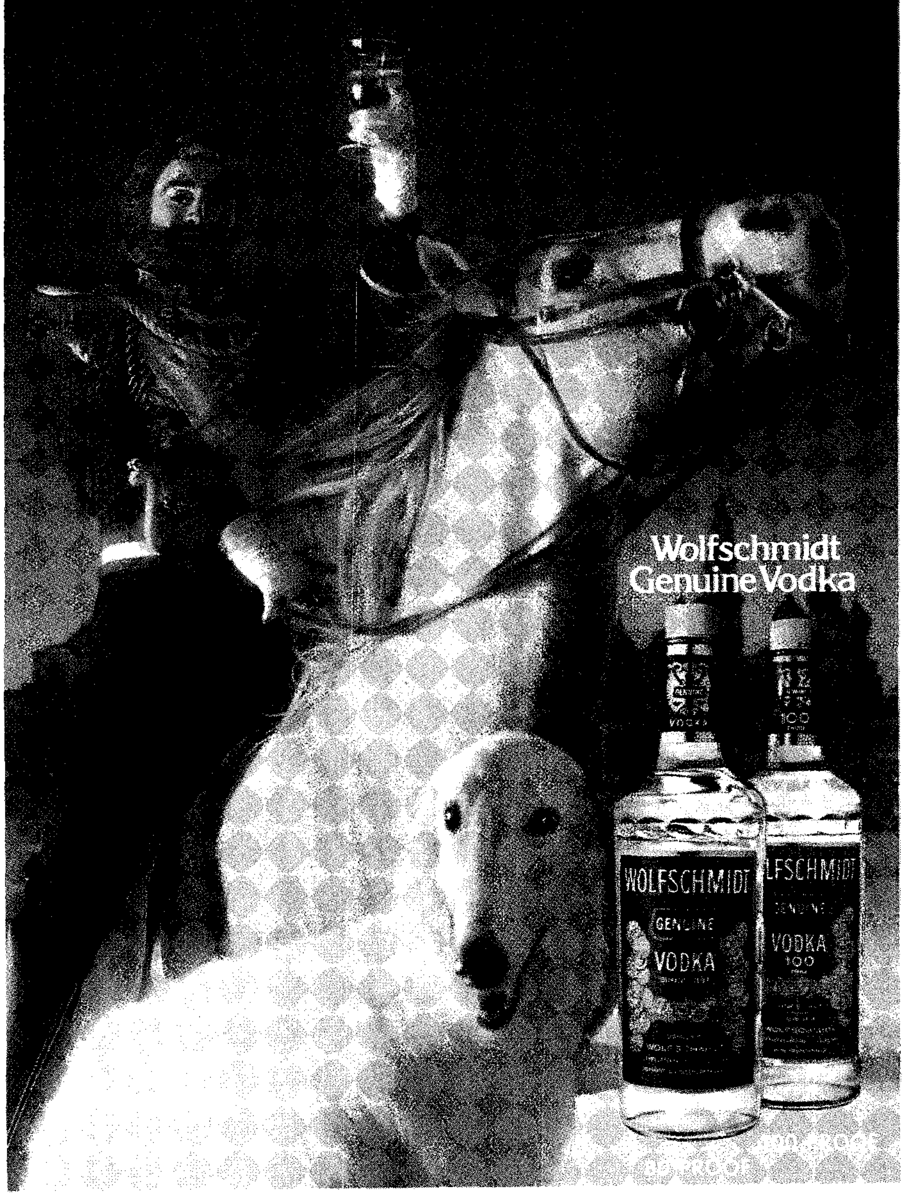

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dinary downer. Above his head, invisibly circling, there must surely be the rarest bird of all: an albatross loaded with electronic sensors which jams, malfunctions, destroys, and wipes out every battery-operated piece of his equipment on the boat surrounding him (on his own beloved Cyrano, it was characteristic that the following equipment was *not* working *at the same time:* the autopilot, air-conditioning, high-seas radio, radar, generator, not to say the galley refrigerator and toaster).

Well, Buckley's electronic-albatross arrived the second day aboard the perfectly functioning Sealestial. First the radio—and hence all two-way communication—went out. Then, in order, the weather-mapping printer wouldn't work, along with, worst of all, Buckley's navigational C. Plath computer marvel, his Olympic electric stopwatch, and the newly installed digital log. And a warning from Diane—we would run out of ice before we got to Bermuda. That the worst news of all, since both Buckley and I are ice junkies and just assume that any boat we travel on carries enough ice for a Dartmouth Carnival at sea.

In a single entry in his log, Van was systematic on the matters at hand:

> Marinefax—Captain tried for one hour. We read the manual jointly, and finally concluded that the print-out mechanism was kaput.
>
> Portable Radio—Works to a degree, after a lot of listening, but doesn't pick up the designated Weather Reports as found in Radio Signals Volume 3.
>
> Panasonic—Worked for a while and to a degree but finally could get no voice on any frequency. Captain tried, Dick tried, and I read the manual and tried. I think something is wrong with the antenna.

Clurman:

> In the middle of the night, the engine bell goes off. Allan and our mate, David, established that the engine brake is gone and the heavy seas are turning over the flywheel. . . . Allan awakens me again to tell me the stuffing-box is leaking. I say to him, "How come? We've been aboard Sealestial three times and nothing ever went wrong." "I was saving it," he replied. Someone remarked to Captain Allan that there must be an easier way to travel. "Try American Airlines," he cheerfully shot back.

A PLEASURE very nearly unique to life at sea is the transformation when the weather finally does settle down. It is as though the universe had grudgingly agreed to compose itself, the coy mistress to shed her coyness. Dan's entry in the log read, "Moon fully out at 0340, clear skies, perfect sail. I'm rested and as relaxed as could be. Perfect morning."

There is time now for routine preoccupations, concerns, crotchets. Dick wrote, "We have all brought our shore-bound interests to the boat, and certainly, starting out, they pre-

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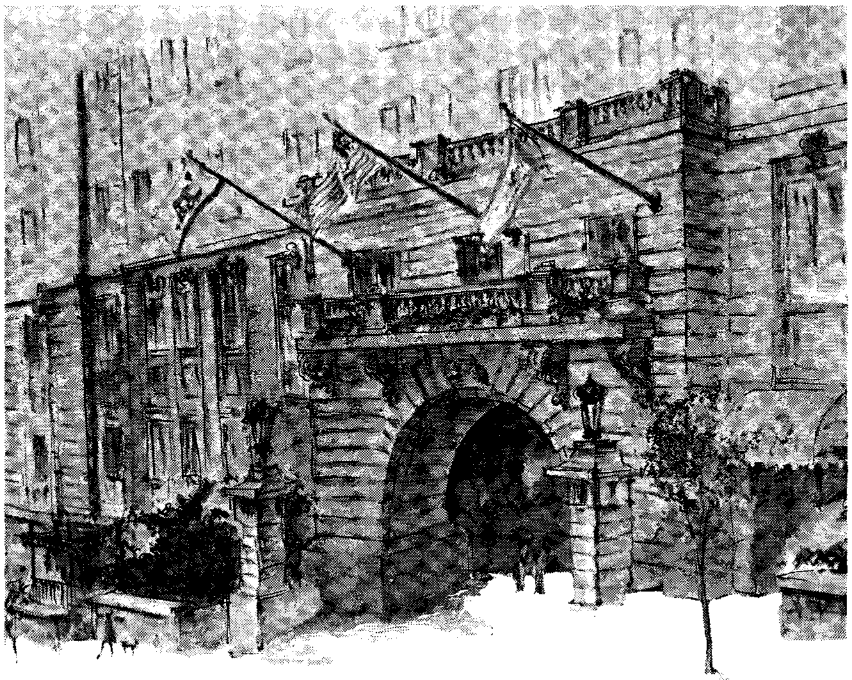

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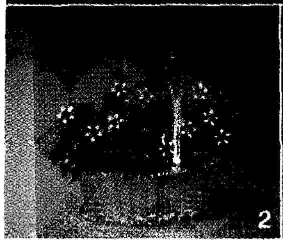

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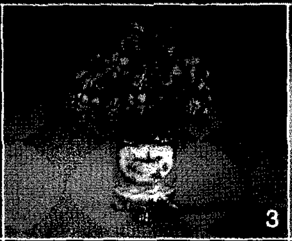

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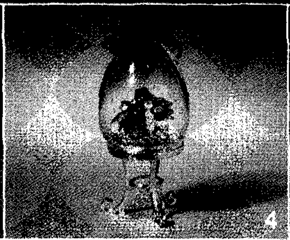

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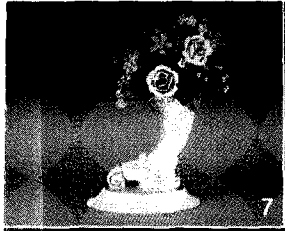

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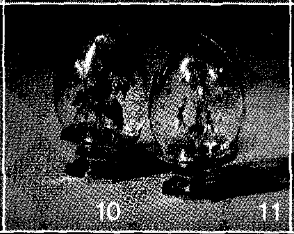

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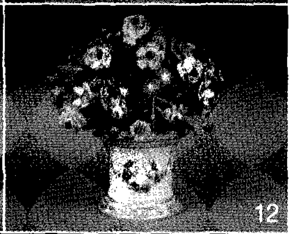

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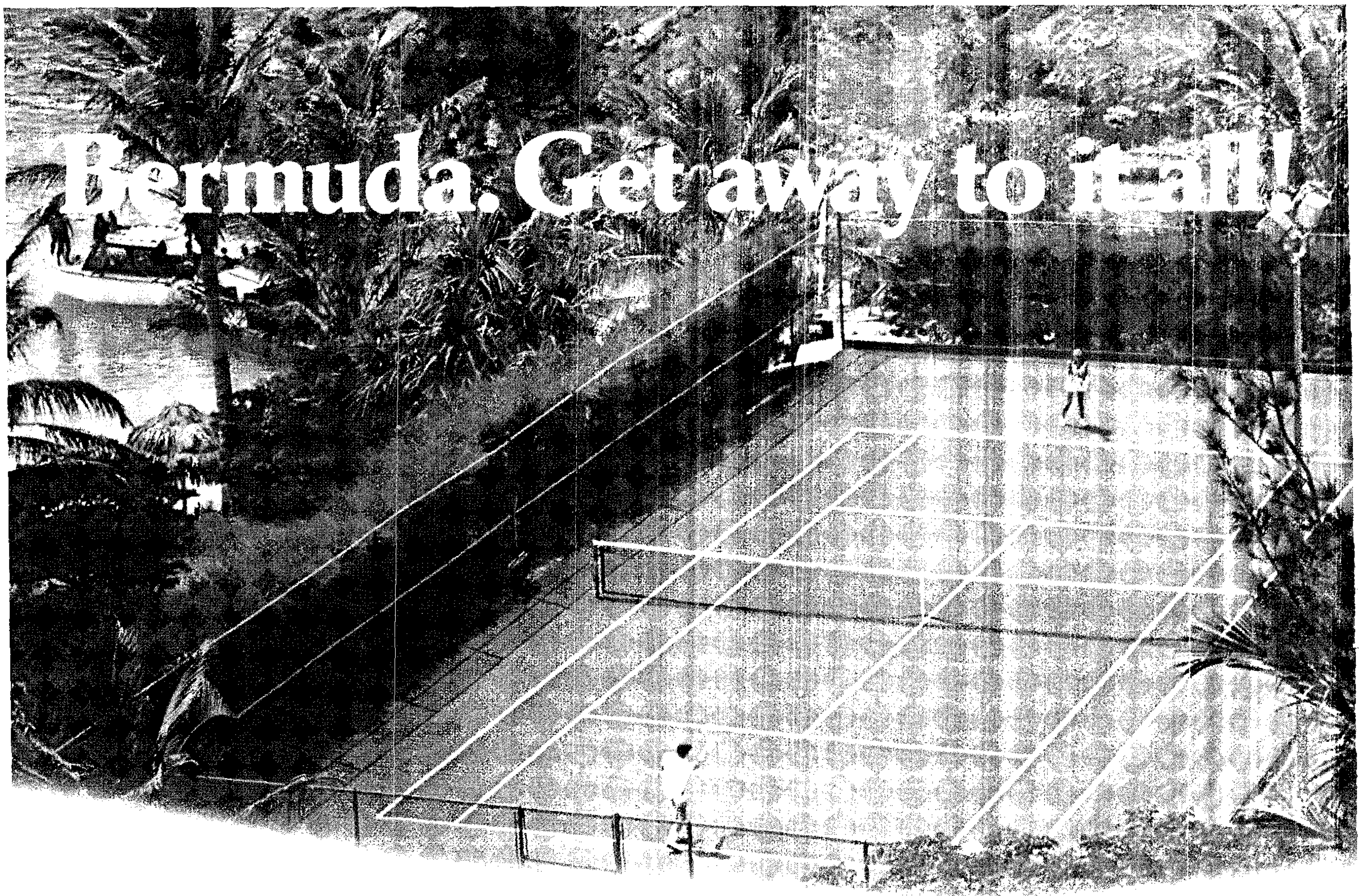

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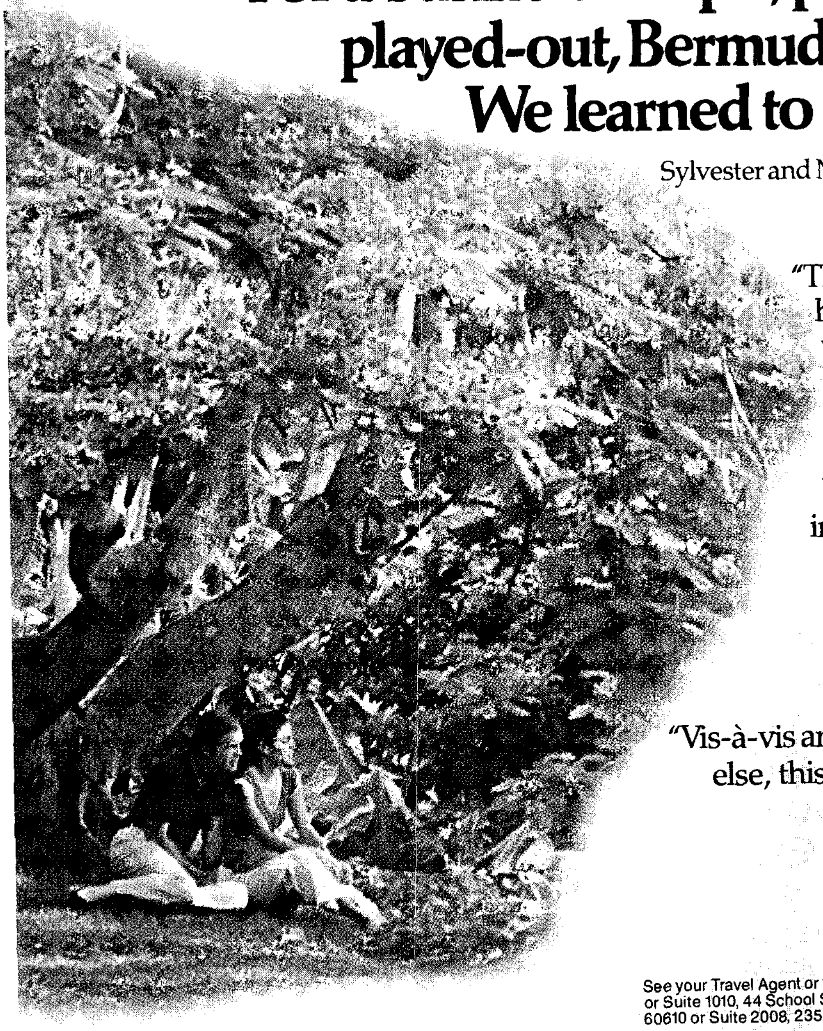

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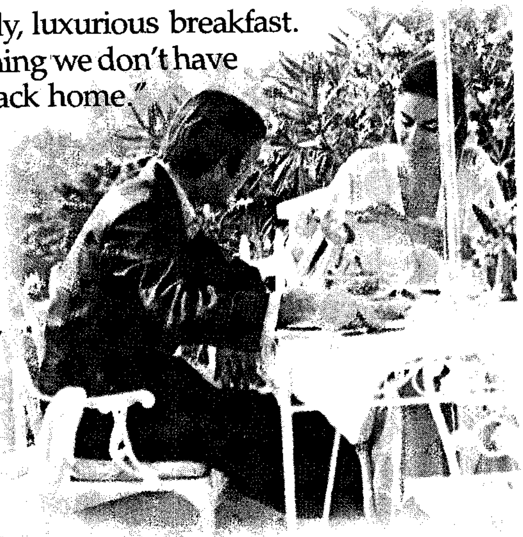

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vail. We have our electronic toys, our timekeeping gadgets, our esoteric radios for various interests (time, news, weather, etc.), our books, our political disagreements, and our land-based eccentricities."

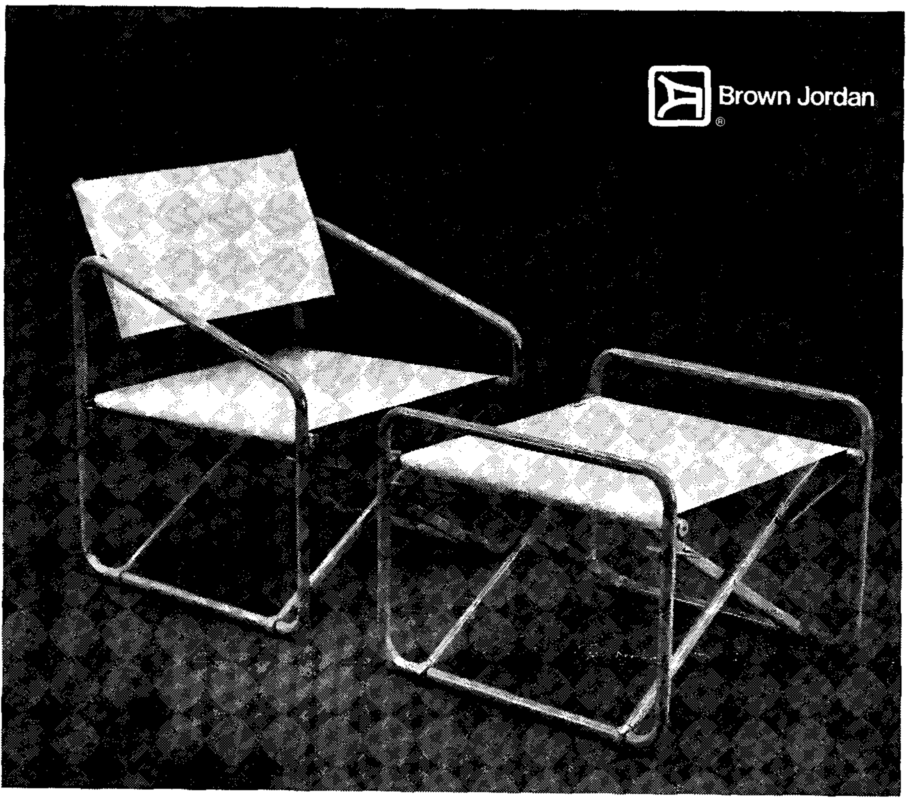
Among the eccentricities was gourmandise. Poor Judy tried very hard, but we had exacting eaters on board, and it is necessary to keep one's eye on discontents that have the least likelihood of festering. Dick wrote, "Even more at sea than on land, Bill refuses to allow around him, not only by noncontribution but by his very attitude, unpleasantness among his friends. Monday night, we had an inedible dinner of pork chops and mashed potatoes and went soggily to bed."

It is back to normal. From Van: "I had a good late watch with Reg; straightened out a few macro problems; discussed his future work, about which he seems more tranquil than I would be; and looked dumbly at the trillion stars." Van at one point ventured a generalization about the crew: "It is really a pretty good mixture of types and ages, with each individual having some charm. Bill must consciously have anticipated the integration of the four old friends with the two new mates. It has worked out well, and our social hour sparkles."

At the end, Dick Clurman—we *all* sensed—regretted that he would not be sailing with us. He took explicit pride, even, in the navigation that brought us to Bermuda:

> Not remarkable, you say? Well, consider this. All day before, Bill had been doing running sun-shots. Contrary to our compass, contrary to our radar readings, our RDF and every other navigational aid, Buckley asserted we were way off course by his hand-held sextant reckoning. He was right. Had we continued on that course we would have missed Bermuda entirely.

THE documentary is, as I write, unconsummated, and it may all come to naught, though that disappointment I don't expect. I dreaded the interference I knew would be caused by the presence, on a boat every bunk of which was already spoken for, of a whole additional set of people; but my curiosity in the matter was terminally engaged, and from the beginning I got on well both with Bob Halmi, and with Mark and David. Bob Halmi's name was given to me by Walter Cronkite after CBS turned down the documentary. Whether CBS did so out of sheer ennui at the



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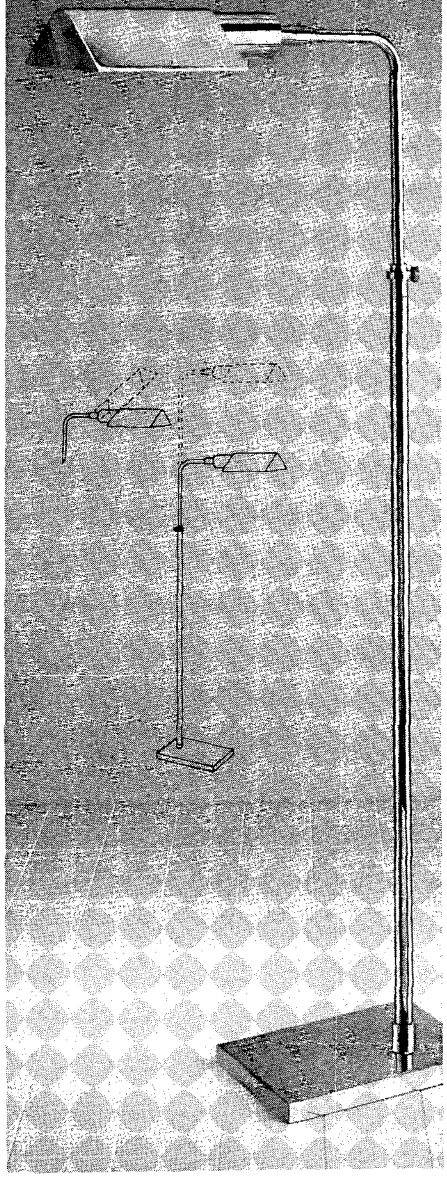
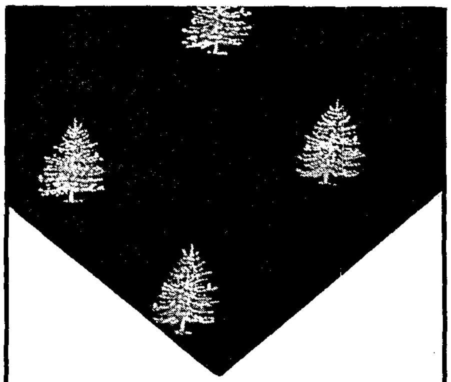


very notion of a documentary on an Atlantic sail or whether it was actually for the reasons Cronkite gave me isn't absolutely ascertainable, because though Walter can be very direct, he will not hurt anyone's feelings wantonly; and, besides, he thought enough of the proposal to suggest on his own initiative that he turn it over to his documentary people for examination.

In any event, the verdict was *no*—based on the rather surprising datum that CBS does only half a dozen or so special documentaries per year. And since they do only six, Cronkite said, "they want them to be more social-oriented." I found this reasoning perfectly acceptable on purely rational grounds. There aren't many slums aboard Sealestial, no bilingual education (though David the mate is studying French, and we go through the motions of speaking to each other in French until we exhaust one another's vocabulary, which happens after about fifteen minutes). I could, citing Dick Clurman's skills as a sail handler, have argued that manifestly we practice affirmative action on board, but that, on consideration, was an oblique way to make a tenuous point. No problem, said Walter: it's a buyer's market—"you'll get another network, or a syndicate, or cable." He then gave me the telephone number of an old friend, Bob Halmi.

Halmi was a Hungarian freedom fighter, and has become a successful television producer, juggling a dozen balls at any given time. He is direct but courteous, has a nice sense of humor, and is probably a tough hombre in the business, though I greatly like his informal, nonprehensile approach—probably the documents we have exchanged would not fill a printed page. He is also very sure of himself, and was nice enough to read my then current novel ("Who's On First") and tell me he liked it. I told him I was especially glad to learn this because Professor John Lukacs, himself a Hungarian, and a brilliant historian, had teased me for giving the name of Frieda to the principal Hungarian dame in the book, on the ground that Frieda is a name unknown in Hungarian, at which Halmi remarked that Professor Lukacs was clearly too innocent to have known of, let alone patronized, the most famous pre-revolutionary whorehouse in Budapest, which was called Frieda's.

I don't know where it was—not likely at Frieda's—that Bob Halmi ac-



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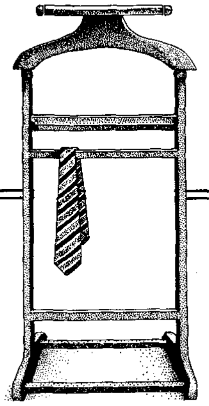

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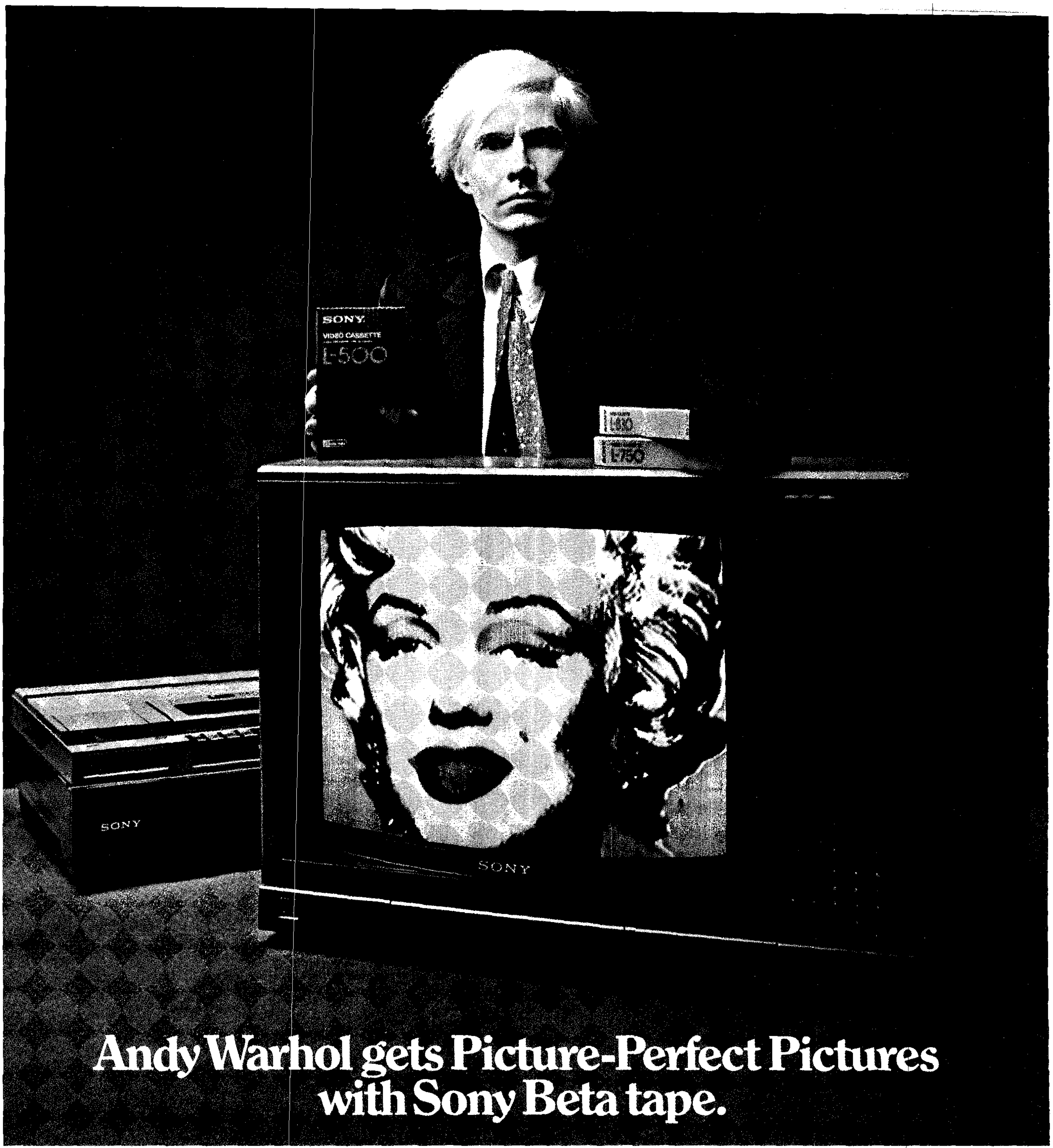

Andy Warhol gets Picture-Perfect Pictures with Sony Beta tape.

Andy Warhol, pop artist par excellence, looked slightly askance when we told him we'd like to transfer one of his original "Marilyn" prints onto Sony Beta tape and it would come out a Picture-Perfect Picture.

After all, every one of his prints shows incredible attention to color and subtle tonal relationships. And it's hard to imagine any video tape reproducing his vibrant colors perfectly.

But that's exactly what Sony Beta tapes do. They produce Picture-Perfect Pictures. As you can see from this *unretouched* closed circuit transmission.

There's a good reason for this. We're the ones who invented the Beta machine and the cassettes that go with it. We're the leader in the field. We set the standard. It's no wonder that Sony Beta tape is the largest-selling Beta tape in the world.

To create tape that captures brilliant color and delicate shading, we use a unique process. We polish each and every tape to a perfect mirror-finish. We have a special formula for perfect binding of the magnetic particles to the tape, for longer tape and head life.

And like all Sony products, each and every tape is inspected. Not just at the end. But all along the way.

Andy Warhol is quite impressed with Sony's Picture-Perfect Picture. And who could be harder to impress than the perfect picture artist? **SONY**®

Shown: Sony Trinitron, KV-1945RS and Sony Betamax recorder, SL-5800. © 1981 Sony Corp. of America. Sony, Trinitron, Betamax are trademarks of Sony Corp.

quired his big-think habits, yet he was excited not only about the documentary I had in mind but also about a second documentary, his own idea. He did a real L. B. Mayer "I can see it now!" bit, in my office.

Nothing to it. I would, on the final leg, bring on John Kenneth Galbraith and David Niven (Combination No. 1); or (Combination No. 2) Senator Barry Goldwater and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. While we sailed across the irenic great-circle route to Gibraltar, we would converse about the important public questions facing the American people. "My idea," said Halmi as I stared at him dumbly, "would be to run the program live as you sail into Gibraltar. I'll do the editing on board, and the last ten minutes will be live—" He was very nearly feverish with excitement. I told him that it was a wonderfully provocative idea, but that I thought he should get the sponsorship before I approached Team A or Team B about the idea, and he said of course. Four weeks later, he called me in Switzerland, utterly dejected. He had got the sponsorship—the money, everything. But he *couldn't buy* an hour of prime time. *It was all spoken for*, the hours being especially congested as a result of the political broadcasting on the eve of the two national conventions. I told him I was really sorry about this; and, much later, as we plowed, for the most part under water, from São Miguel to Gibraltar, I wondered what it would have been like to have Galbraith and Niven on board talking about Social Security, SALT II, and abortion. David is a splendid sailor and would have managed, if not to discuss the issues, to survive the passage. Ken hates boats and by the time he reached Gibraltar would have insinuated into the Democratic platform a plank calling for the nationalization of all pleasure boats, though he would have found it hard convincingly to designate Sealestial a pleasure boat after that particular passage.

In any event, Halmi himself wasn't in St. Thomas for our departure, so I spent a little while with David and Mark talking about the documentary, and Mark confessed that it wasn't clear to him exactly how the documentary would succeed in reaching a climax: "If you see first-rate tragedy, you are looking at first-rate theatre."

I told him that we hoped most earnestly not to see first-rate tragedy and that, in any event, if we did, the prob-

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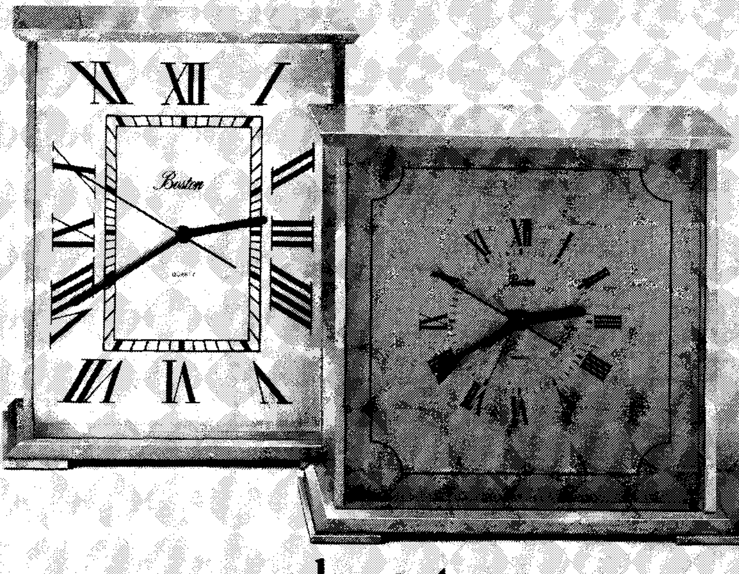

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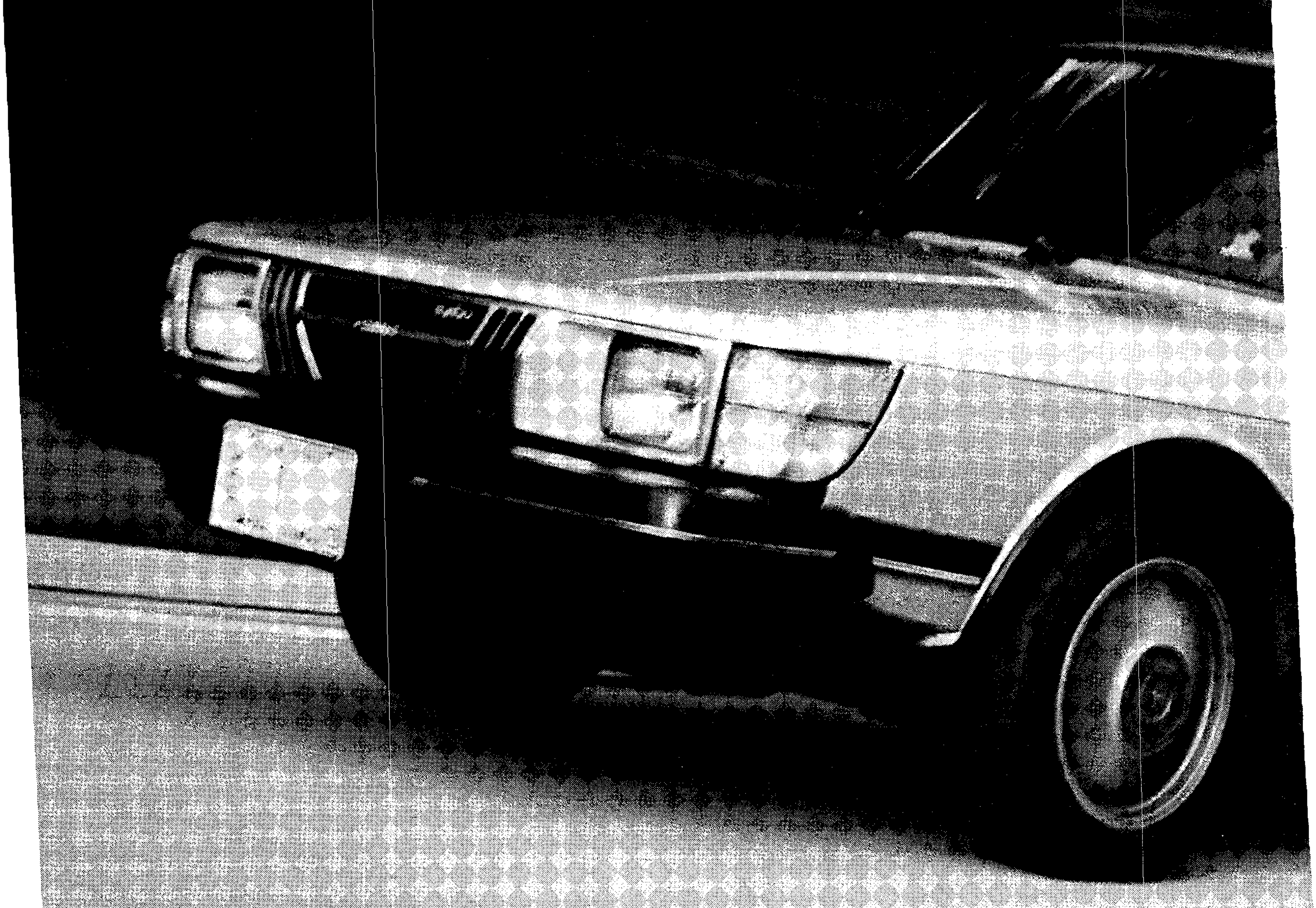

Astute as you may be at weighing the relative merits of automobiles, there is still a lot to be said for the people who make a living at it.

And people who make a living at it, the editors of *Road & Track*, recently chose the Saab 900 Turbo as the Sports Sedan for the Eighties. Unanimously.

Ho hum, a few cynics might say, having been inundated with Car of the Year, Car of the Month, Car of the Century designations over the last few years.

Resist the urge to join the cynics.

First of all, the category *Road & Track* considered is the very category where discriminating car buyers are heading in droves.

Because Sports Sedans are the only cars that seem to combine the imperatives (economy, room, reliability, safety) with

THE SPORTS SEDAN
TEST DRIVE
TRACK" THINKS IS BEST?

the discretionaries (performance, handling, enjoyment).

Second of all, the editors did have to go out on the limb a little. Nobody's eyebrows would have been raised if they had chosen Audi or BMW or Mercedes or Alfa.

But Saab? The cult car? The car with the ignition key on the floor? The car that offered front-wheel drive when it was an oddity? The car that pioneered turbocharging before OPEC made it a necessity for rational performance?

At the very least, a long and thoughtful test drive would seem to be indicated.

Either that, or resign yourself to never knowing just what came over those *Road & Track* editors when they got behind the wheel of a Saab.

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ability of its being filmed was slight.

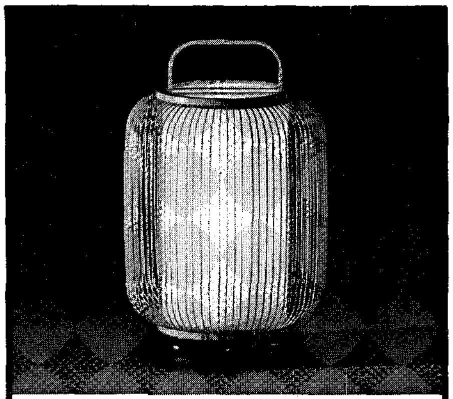
(I am at this moment working on the documentary.)

OTHER problems didn't yield to Reggie's numinous fingers, nor yet to the stolid, patient, seductive ministrations of Allan Jouning, who—the nearest anyone ever came to seeing Allan yield to exasperation—said to me, through the difficulty of half a dozen nuts, bolts, screws between his teeth, "Had more problems, pahst coupla days, than pahst six months!" Characteristically, Allan said this rather joyfully than complainingly, as though to be greeted at 6 A.M. (as that same day he had been) with the news that *both* the central toilets were stuck was the perfect ("Oh, man! A problem to solve!") way to begin the day.

It requires only one weighted sentence to communicate the gravity of a nonfunctioning radiotelephone: The radio is the means by which, in extremis, *one* electrifies the impalpable but omnipresent ocean grid to one's distress. Our phone worked once—two nights out. A call from me to my wife. As a collective social occasion, the call, when it finally went through, caused me considerable personal amusement. For reasons no one professionally engaged in the engineering of radiotelephones has ever given me, telephones aboard yachts are public megaphones. I cannot understand why the signal from the telephone can't come in via ear set, so that the conversation, to the extent it is overheard by the crew, might at least give some privacy.

Granted, then, that conversations of an intimate nature are encumbered in small vessels crossing the seas. But there is nothing intimate about such a message as "Mayday, Mayday, Mayday. This is the yacht Sealestial. We are on fire and sinking. Request all assistance from ships at sea. Our estimated position is latitude thirty-two degrees thirty minutes north, longitude sixty-four degrees ten minutes west." You repeat this over and over again, pausing every two minutes for thirty seconds, hoping desperately to hear an acknowledgment.

In any event, the radiotelephone, after a single conversation, simply didn't work, and the pooled talents of Reggie, Allan, Dick, and Tony were insufficient to put it together again. There is a little curtain—gossamer stuff, but a curtain nonetheless—that closes when your boat loses all radio contact. The flywheel within you that has gone along chirpily, well lubricat-



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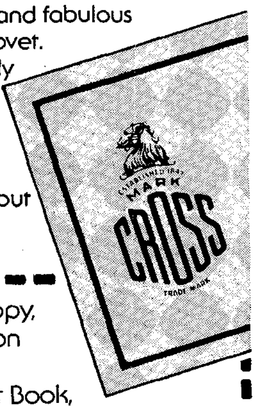

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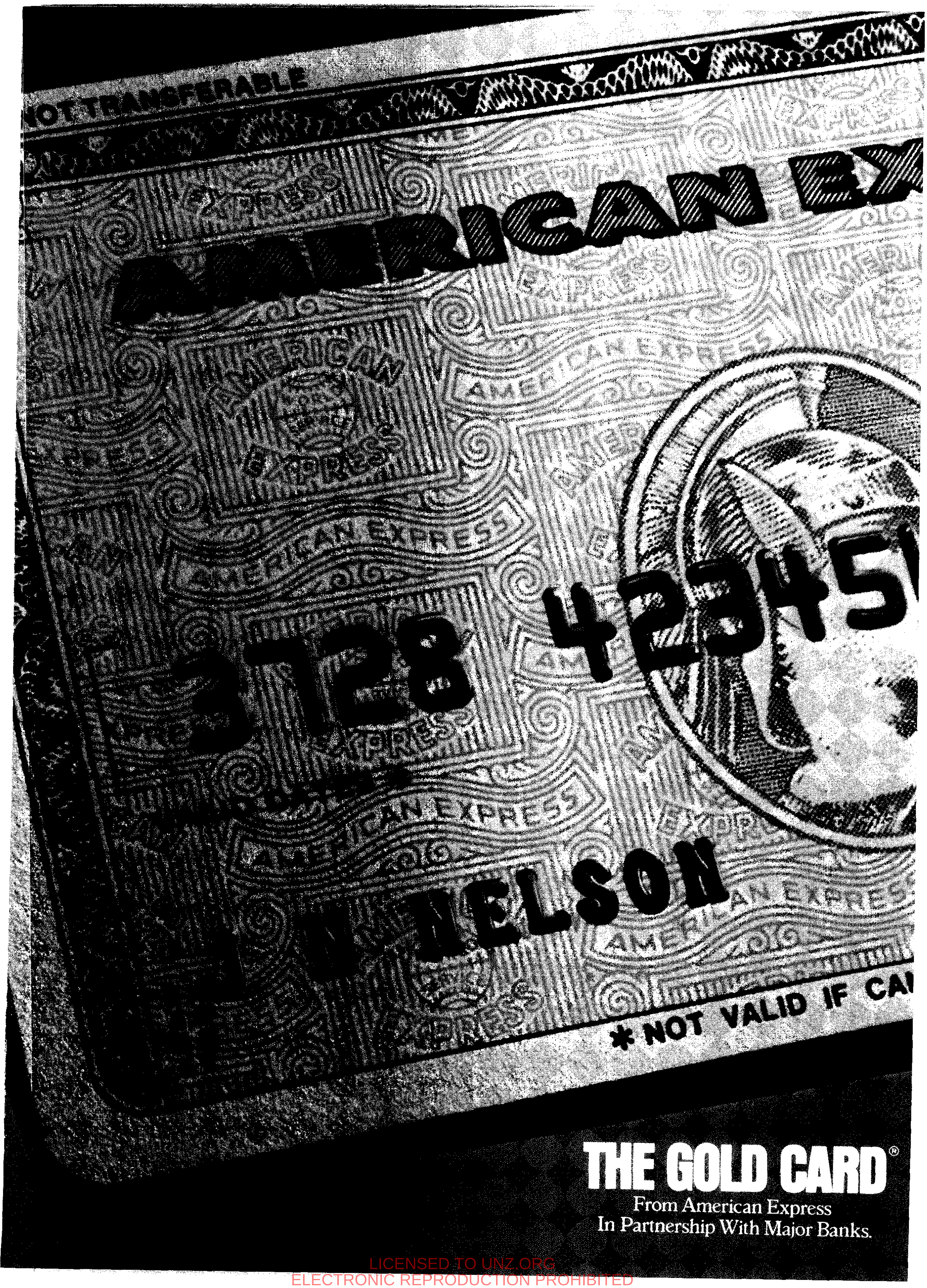
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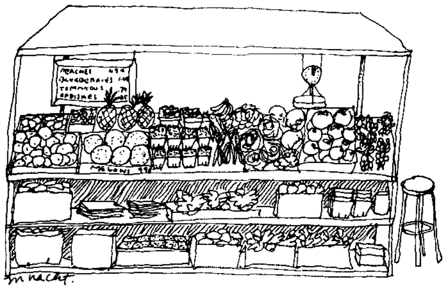
ed, works now with a sense of contingency that brings to every problem the slight edge of crisis. In the mind of every sailor, there is an automatic table by which the escalation—or, more accurately, the graduation—of crisis is processed. When you are plowing through the seas, and they are a menacing gray, fleeced with executioner-white lace, the knot meter registers 9.5, and every twelfth wave rips down the lee deck like a whip's crackle over the air of a mule team—you know, without ratiocination, that Man Overboard is Man Lost. When the radiophone doesn't work, you know that certain kinds of emergencies at sea—a fire, most prominently; a capsize—are more menacing in their terrifying reaches. We did have aboard—a part of Reggie's mandatory safety equipment—a contraption designed for life rafts which is guaranteed to emit, for seventeen hours, signals that would reach the radios of passing aircraft over an area of four hundred square miles. Such a device would easily work to permit triangulation on an object in distress; and, of course, the device could be activated not necessarily from a life raft but from a disabled seventy-one-foot ketch—one whose mast, let us say, had been toppled, and whose engine had been swamped. So travels the imagination; and at sea one doesn't incline—far from it—to gallows talk, though there was spirited discussion this time of the tortured experience of the yachts that had participated in the previous summer's Fastnet Race: fifteen drownings, twenty-four yachts lost. Once or twice on this run, late at night, the waves roared by like express trains, leaving you (even after thirty years of sailing) with the surrealistic sensation that, miraculously, the dreadnought had failed to topple you: rather like a nightmare, a pleasant nightmare, in which you traverse the speedway down which the racing cars are hurtling, and somehow you walk, quite casually, without any particular plan, right across, this one just failing to hit you from behind, another just failing to knock you in the stomach



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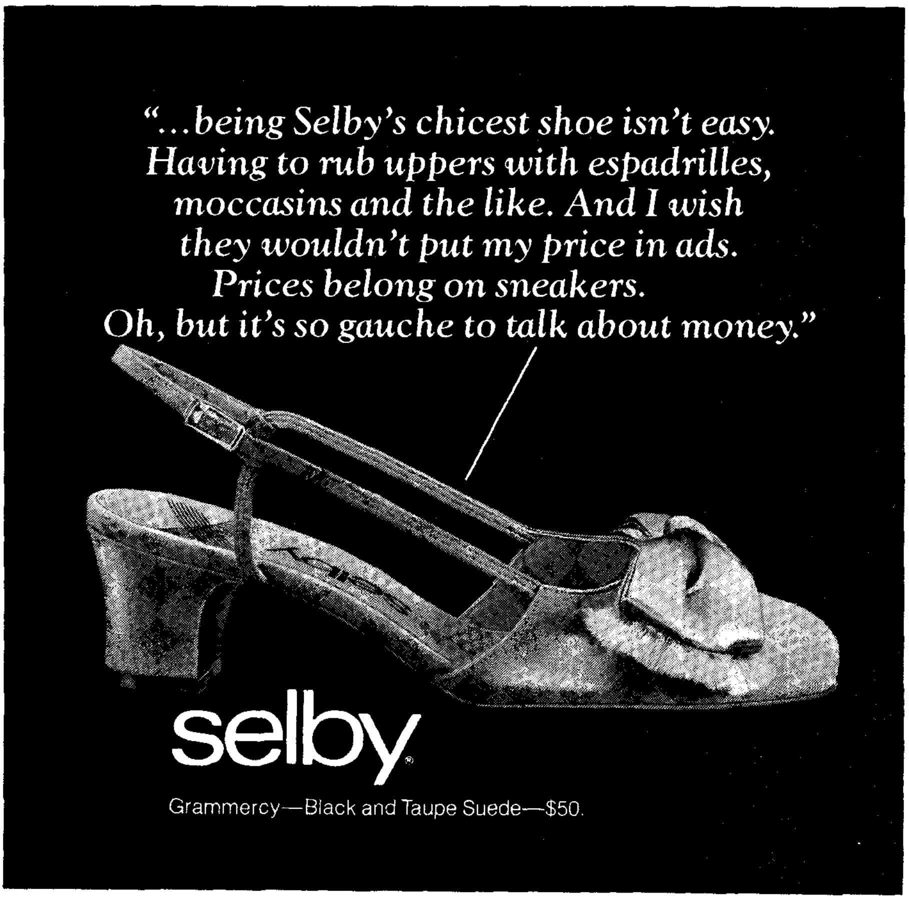

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as you make your way, nonchalantly, through. But in these situations, every now and then, you find yourself rehearsing, either in your mind or in conversations with such as Van—he likes to know everything—just what we would do if . . . It is engrossing—the more so if the radiotelephone is withdrawn as a contingent resource.

What else? It is, in an enumeration that began with the subject of survival, embarrassing to recall: but beyond any question this was the one serious crisis that we all felt. We were quietly informed, three days out of the Virgin Islands, that for all intents and purposes, the Sealestial was not merely short of ice, as Dick had written, but out of ice. Dick and I were on watch when Diane gave us the news. I take longer than Dick to externalize true shock. He was at least thirty seconds ahead of me when I heard him say, "What do you *mean* we're out of ice?" Diane has one of those matter-of-fact voices, as in "Sorry, we're out of blood plasma."

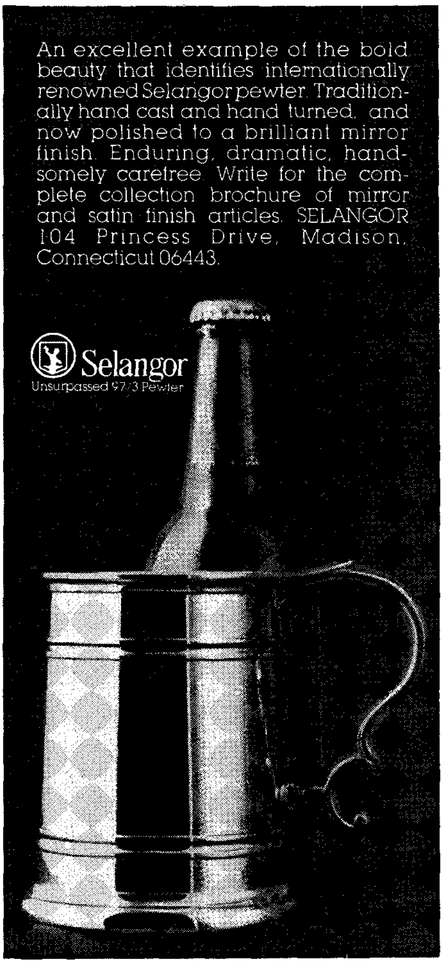
"We can't make our own ice in the deep freeze," she said, "because it's full, and the extra supply of ice we brought on board is melted."

Dick and I looked at each other. It wasn't necessary to say anything. We were wired to the same circuit, and the shock passed through us simultaneously.

I said—I was, remember, commander-in-chief—"We have to do something."

That meant we called Reggie. Hours later, we had arranged a kind of commutation system. The meat, chicken, lobster, and other extraneous stowaways in the deep freeze were taken out for just-so-long. Just-so-long was defined as that interval which kept the meat, chicken, and lobster from deteriorating permanently while permitting the energy of the deep freeze to devote itself to the fabricating of just enough ice to fill our evening's cups. Fine tuning, of the kind Walter Heller writes about, was called for; but it was not beyond Dick's and my resources, not when faced with such an awful alternative. I engaged my companions in a flashback, about which I had very nearly forgotten, though at the time it had totally absorbed me.

It was 1958, and the Spanish Ambassador to the United States, a close friend, called me at my office with the information that he needed most desperately to speak to me privately on a matter of august importance. Seeing



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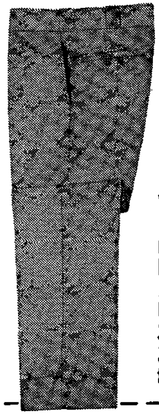

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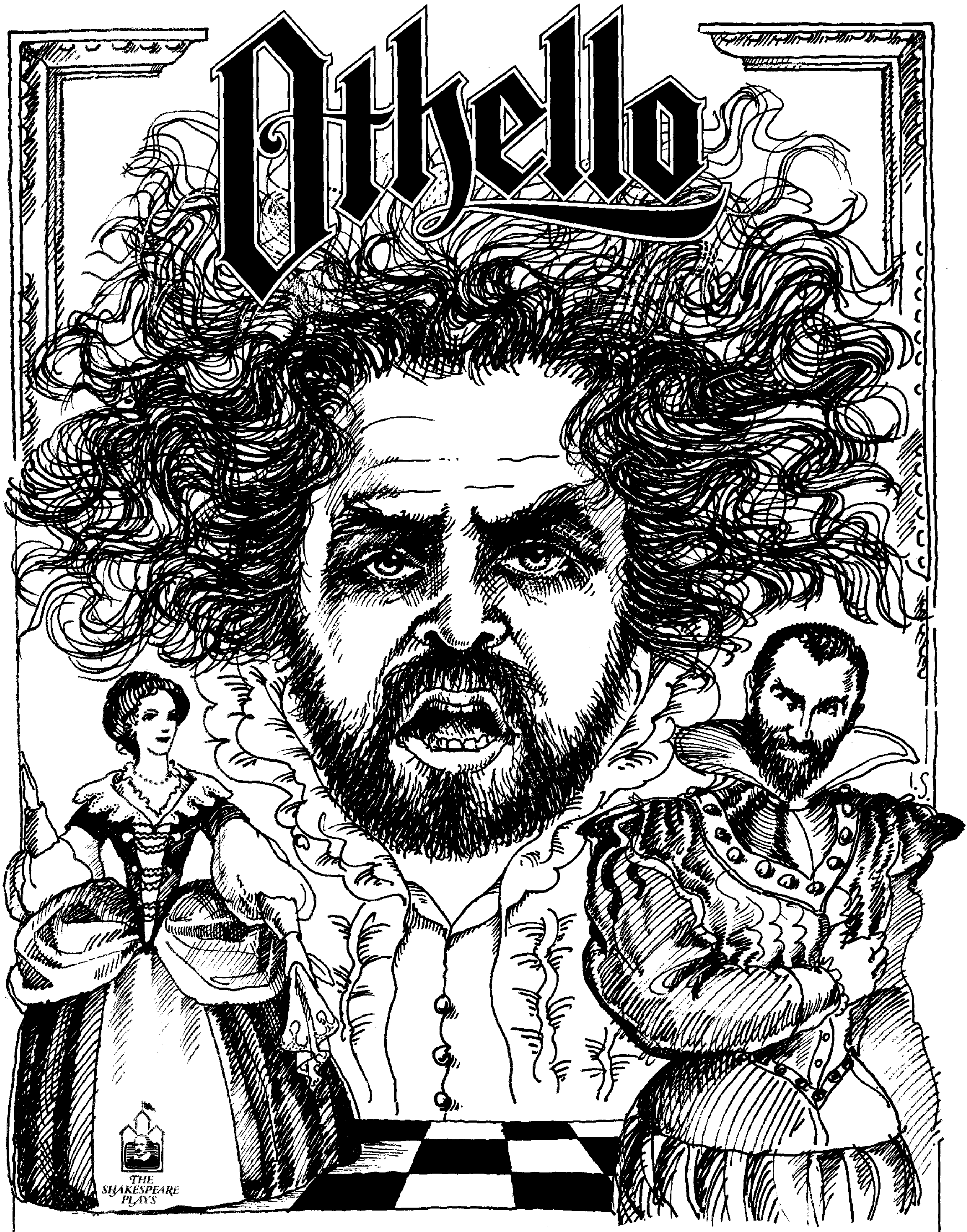
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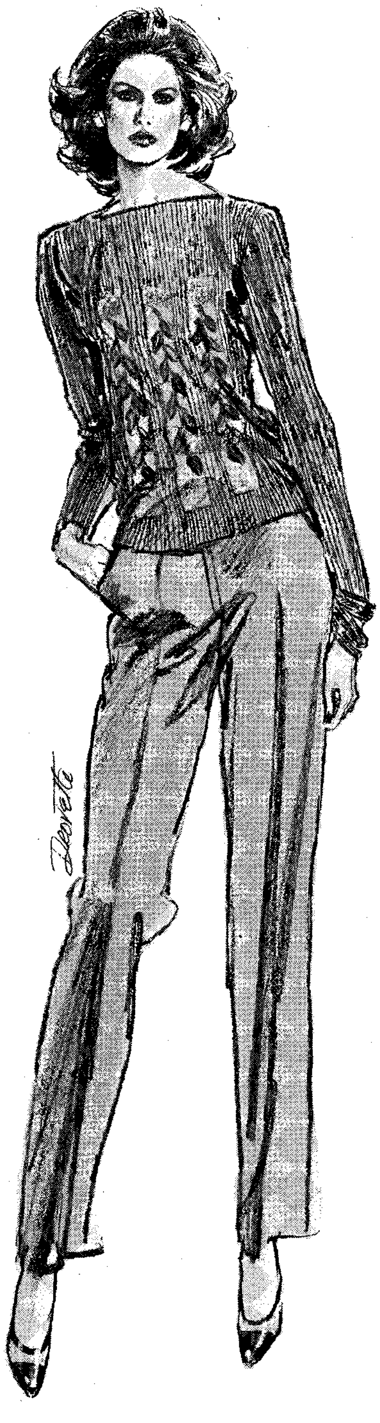

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me is relatively easy, even on matters of non-august importance, and an hour later José María Areilza, Count of Motrico, Ambassador from Spain to Washington, was in my tatterdemalion office at *National Review* explaining the nature of his crisis.

As I knew, he said, the Count of Barcelona, a.k.a. Don Juan, King (uncrowned) of Spain, was in New York, having sailed (he is a great yachtsman) from Lisbon to Puerto Rico to Washington to New York, where he was currently being lionized. The problem, the Ambassador explained, looking at his watch, is that this is Tuesday, and at noon on Saturday Franco has scheduled a speech on the subject of succession. It is a speech deemed so important that we cannot expose the King to the dangers of impromptu reflections on it in response to questions by the press.

"Therefore, the King must be 'absent' from the United States when the speech is made," said José María, dramatically.

"Well," I said. "Where's he headed? Bermuda?"

"Yes. But Saltillo is not fit to sail. It needs substantial reparations. You know the boatyard people in Connecticut. You must take his boat to the boatyard tomorrow, arrange for the necessary repairs, and hide out the King and his crew until after Saturday morning. He estimates repairs will take one week. They will wave goodbye to the press from the pier at Seventy-ninth Street, as though they were setting out for Bermuda. But you will pilot them around Manhattan, up the East River, to Stamford, and hide them out. Say you will, my dear Bill."

I found the invitation not only enticing but positively Graustarkian. The next morning, however, I was off to a very bad start, having misread the current charts in such a way as to ordain a castoff time that had us in the East River not floating with the current but fighting a foul current approximately equal to the engine power of Saltillo. I tried to joke about how one should cruise slowly up the East River the better to enjoy Manhattan; fortunately, the King was well disposed, and rather enjoyed my awful miscalculation, but it was only when he offered me a gin-and-tonic that I saw my advantage.

"Sorry I can't offer you any ice," he said.

I made bold to say, "Why not, sir?"

"Because," Don Juan said resignedly, "Saltillo carries one ice chest,

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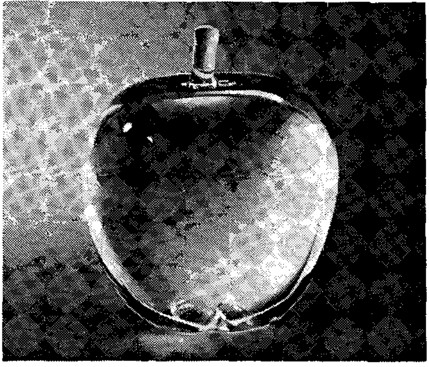

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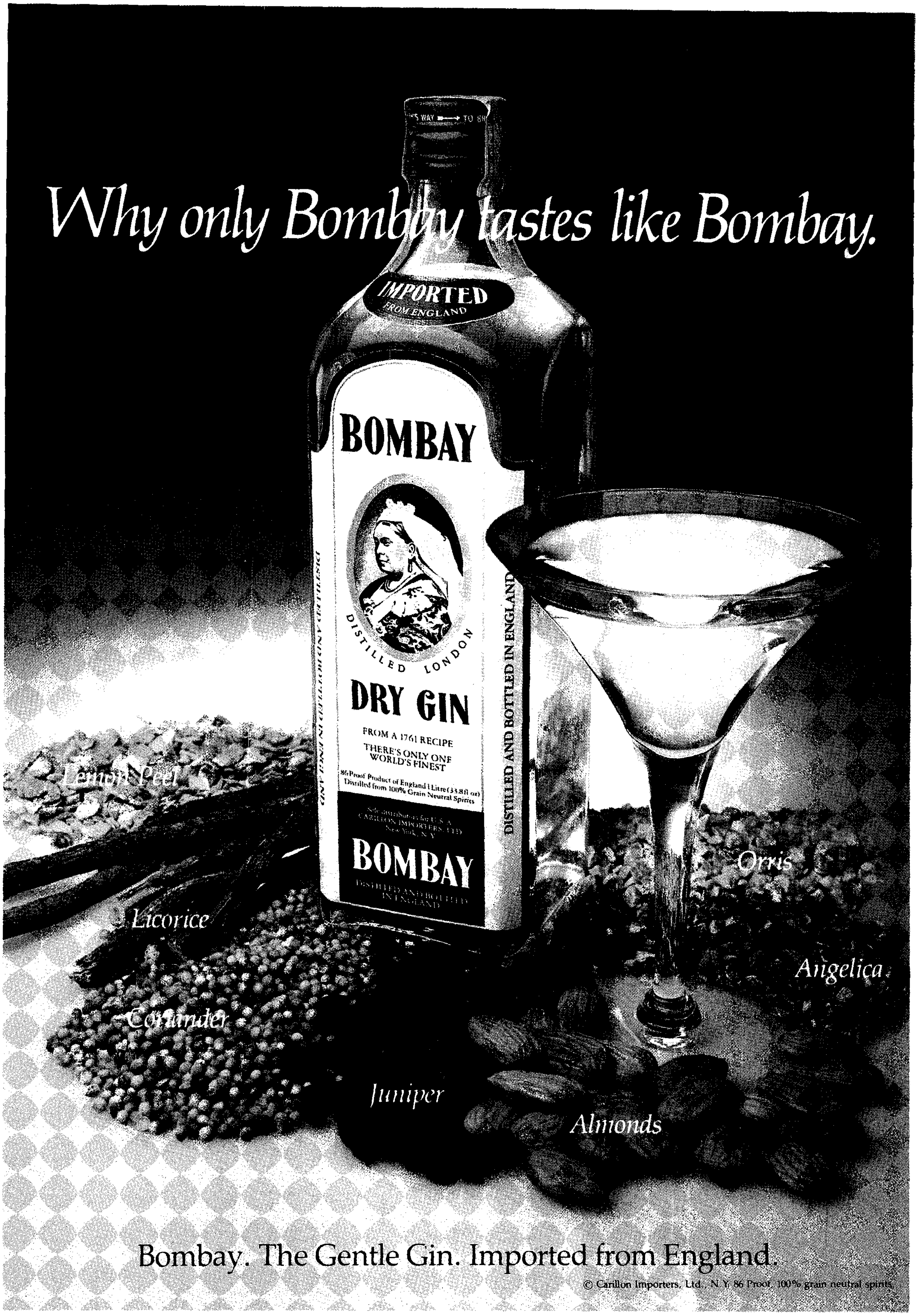
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and it lasts approximately four hours. We are out of ice."

I drew the King of Spain to me and whispered in his ear. Five hours later, we were docked at Stamford, the royal ensign carefully concealed, even against the unlikelihood of its being recognized by a reporter from the Stamford *Advocate*. My wife and my son Christopher (age five) welcomed the royal party, and I think it fair to say that seven days later, the repairs to Saltillo having been effected, Don Juan departed crying bitter tears at leaving Pat, to whom he—along with the British admiral-navigator, the first mate, the young Count of Alcázar, the sundry younger officers, including one bearded lieutenant who spent the whole of his time on the telephone to Jane Fonda, mooning his eternal devotion to her—had become totally attached. He invited us both to sail with him as far as Bermuda, but my schedule prevented it, and Pat declined—fortunately, because Saltillo ran into a most fearful storm, very nearly foundering.

But the great excitement was the refrigerator. I had told the King, in the desolation of the East River, that I might conceivably arrange the installation of an icemaking refrigerator on Saltillo which would absolutely alter his way of life during the forthcoming thirty-five-hundred-mile sail. He couldn't believe it was true, but I went ahead and had it done at City Island, notwithstanding that the installation required the dismembering of the entire companionway—a decision of considerably more moment than any mere indulgence of royal caprice, inasmuch as Saltillo belonged not to Don Juan but to a close friend of his, or, at least, I hope he was a close friend, because the configuration of his boat was substantially and permanently altered.

In any event, that was 1958, twenty-two years before we of Sealestial ran out of ice. They talk of entropy, of exhausted planets, of closed frontiers; none of these satisfied Dick or me, and we resolved that, come what would, we would not run out of ice. I realized then that no thought had been given to the major challenge, Leg No. 2, Bermuda to the Azores—almost twice the distance of St. Thomas to Bermuda. If we were to run out of ice after five hundred miles on the first leg, how would we make do on a two-thousand-mile second leg? I summoned Danny and Reggie and advised them that first priority must be given to that problem on reaching Bermuda. They

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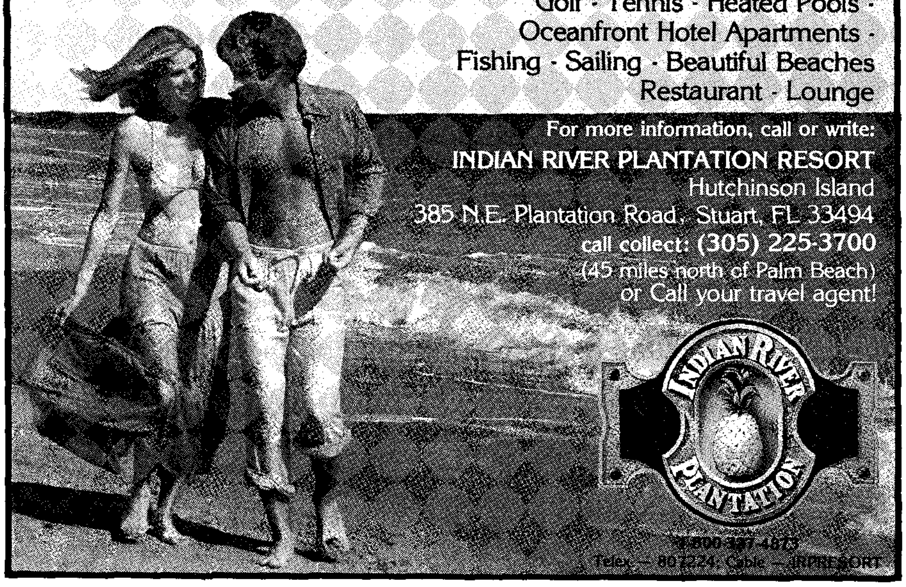

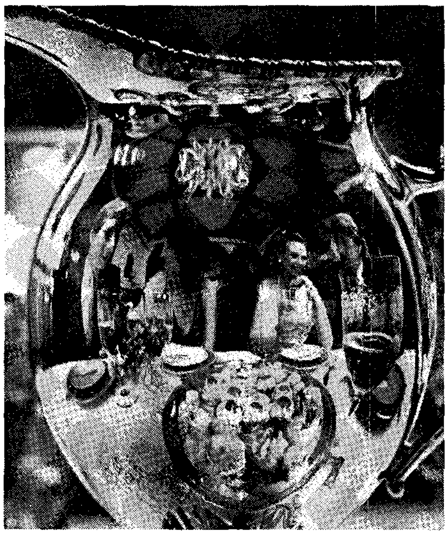

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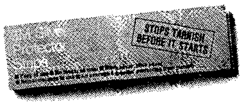

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understood. They always understand, when a situation is truly grave.

WE would come to Bermuda, I calculated, sometime near dawn the following day. When you do a lot of navigation, particularly if you are incorrigibly sloppy concerning detail —a problem that has plagued me all my life (my father reached the point of terminal despair over my penmanship when I was fifteen, and ordered a typewriter to be sent to me, along with instructions that I was never again to address him in longhand)—you are *often rescued from serious error* by a needling instinct. I had set course for Bermuda, and my logbook gave the longitude of the town of St. George at 64 degrees 24 minutes. At this point, we were about a hundred miles south of there, so I put aside the plotting sheet and pulled out a large-scale chart that shows the actual island of Bermuda. I then extended the rhumb line as it was drawn on the plotting sheet, and found it rising north merrily, passing Bermuda about thirty miles east of the island.

How in the name of God could that have happened? And so, in navigation, you start the process: the patient retracing of your steps, one after another, to see where you went wrong. It was a full ten minutes before it occurred to me to measure the longitude of St. George right here on the chart. It wasn't 64°24′. It was 64°42′.

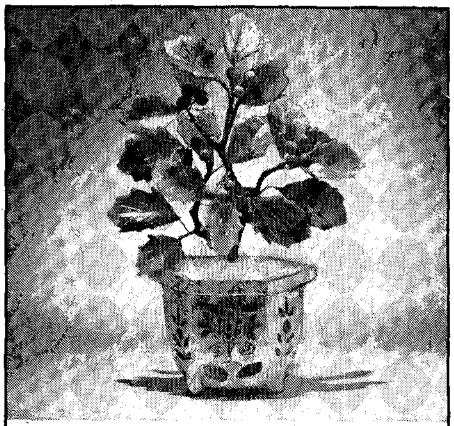
I thundered at Danny, who came loping down to the navigator's desk. We decided on an act of total reconstruction.

The figure written down in the logbook had been taken from a memorandum I sent out to the crew.

The coördinates of all the destinations of the passage had been read out by me from the *Times* atlas, in my study, in Stamford, last January, to Danny, who wrote down the figures in my notebook and then, for convenience, dictated them back to me when I composed the memorandum.

Either he had spoken "sixty-four twenty-four" and I had correctly transcribed what he said—the illegitimate seed that now, six months later, had germinated as a real possibility that we would bypass Bermuda altogether—or Danny had read out the correct figures and *I* had made the inversion.

Whose was the mistake? There was one way to tell: Danny had written the pencilled coördinates, from my dictation, in the notebook that lay in a



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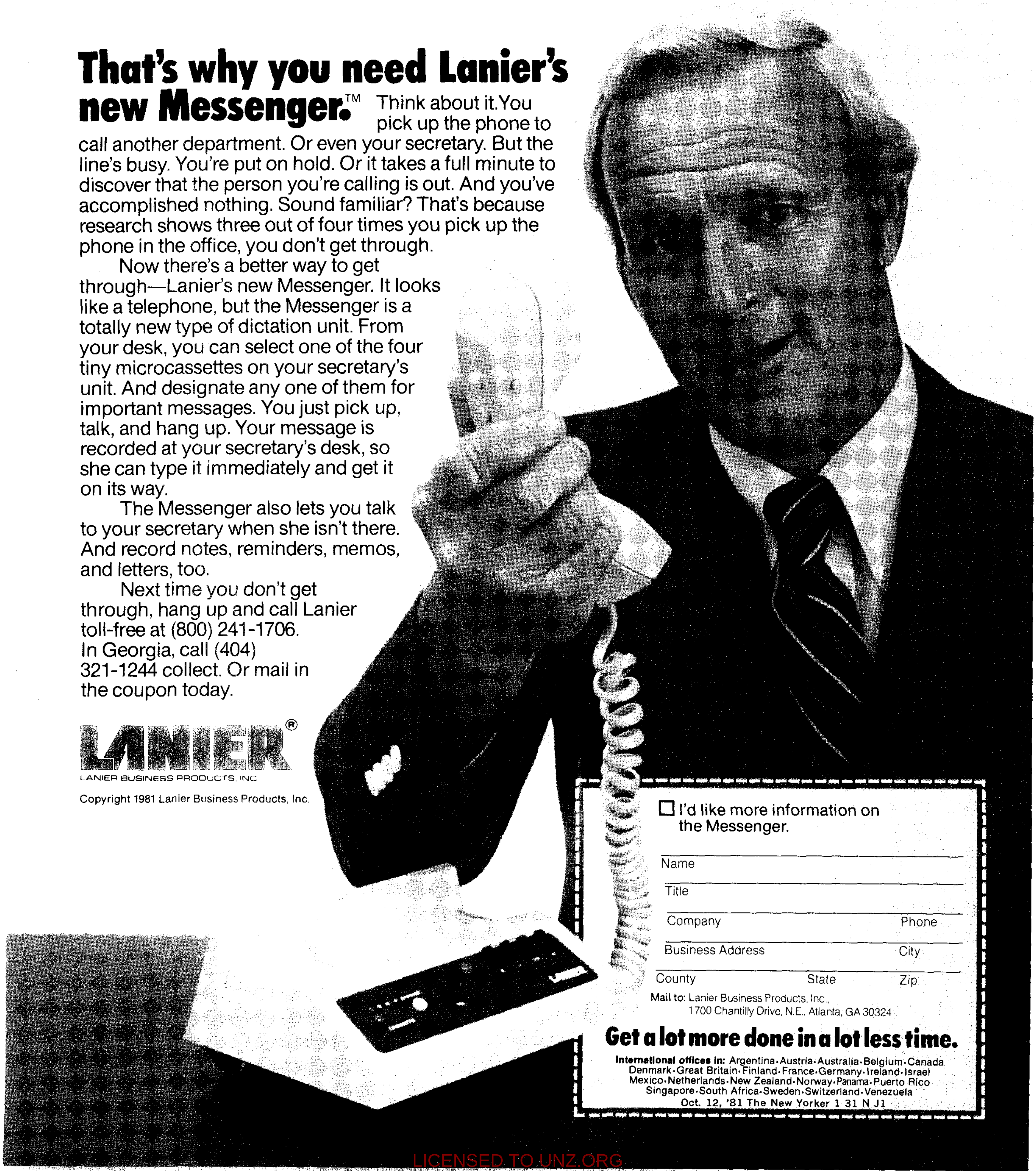

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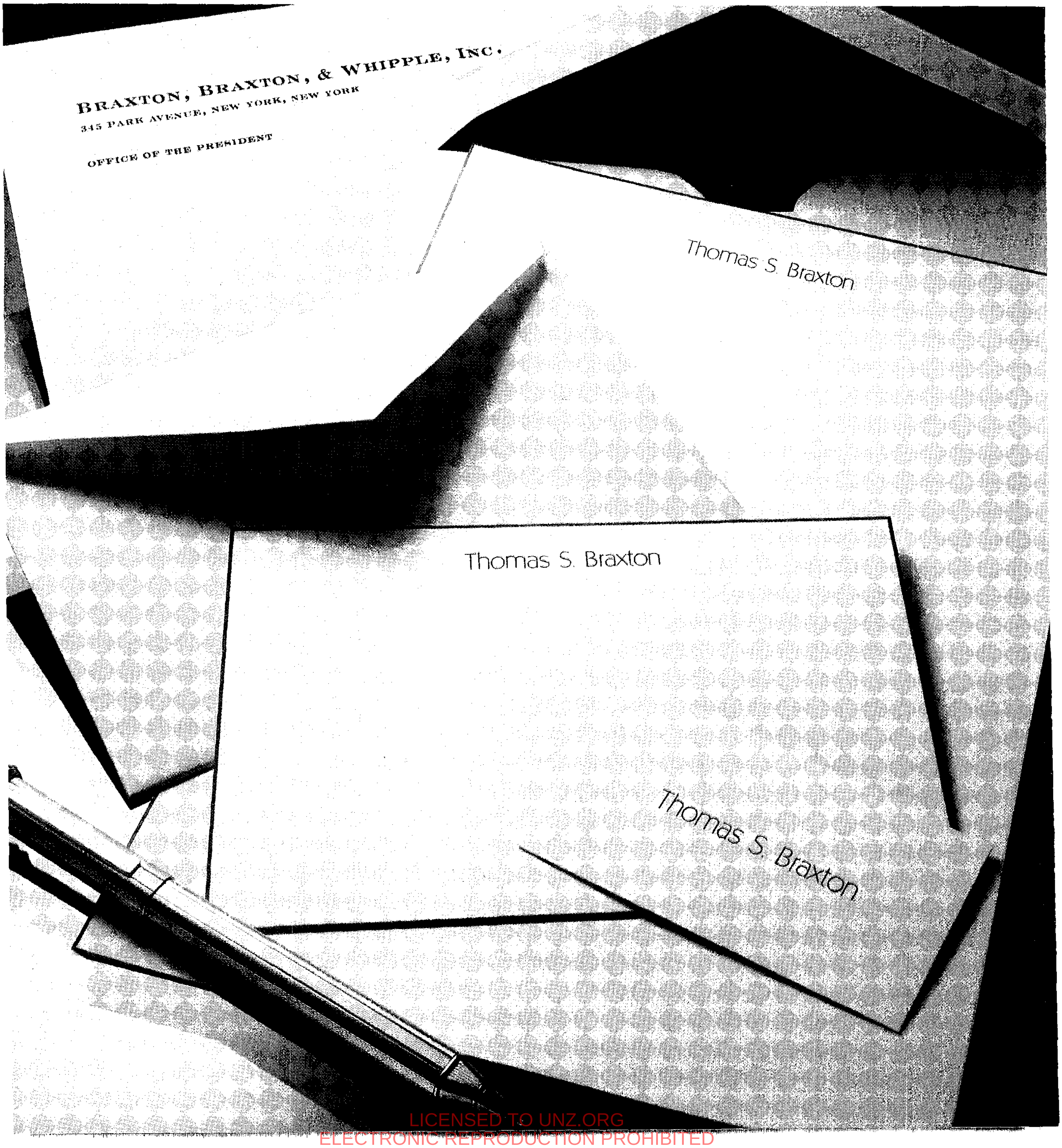
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bundle of papers in my stateroom. I looked up at Danny's solemn face and winked. “Let's agree that neither of us will ever open that notebook to that page,” I said. At this moment, the notebook lies three feet from me. It is still virginal, and will remain so.

The very first thing you learn during ocean cruising is that when you spot a major light at landfall time you are still hours away from your destination. The second thing you learn during ocean cruising is that you have forgotten the first thing you learned. Year after year, decade after decade, I find myself grabbing the helm on first spotting a light, and bounding toward it like a child toward Santa Claus. Characteristically, it is about six hours later that I leave it. At midnight, I reaffirmed the likelihood of our spotting Gibb's Hill Light “at about dawn —5 A.M.” I asked Reggie, who was relieving me, to wake me when the light was in sight. At 4:12 A.M., he did so, and I took the helm as we approached Bermuda, its pink-blue-green pastels gradually taking on reality as first twilight came, then dawn; and by the time we rounded north, opposite the town of St. George, it was after seven. We plodded on, into the north channel, destination Hamilton, where, at the wharf of the Princess Hotel, in the early-morning blue, we threw out the docking lines. When one lands—never mind the hour—one drinks. Champagne, if it is handy. We had champagne, and so we popped open two or three bottles and drank, slouched about the cockpit, ten feet below the hotel guests, who, leaning over the railing, peered down at us, occasionally clicking a camera. One of them—a slim, dark young man, clinging as if for life to his girl: honeymooners, Bermuda's June specialty—waved at me.

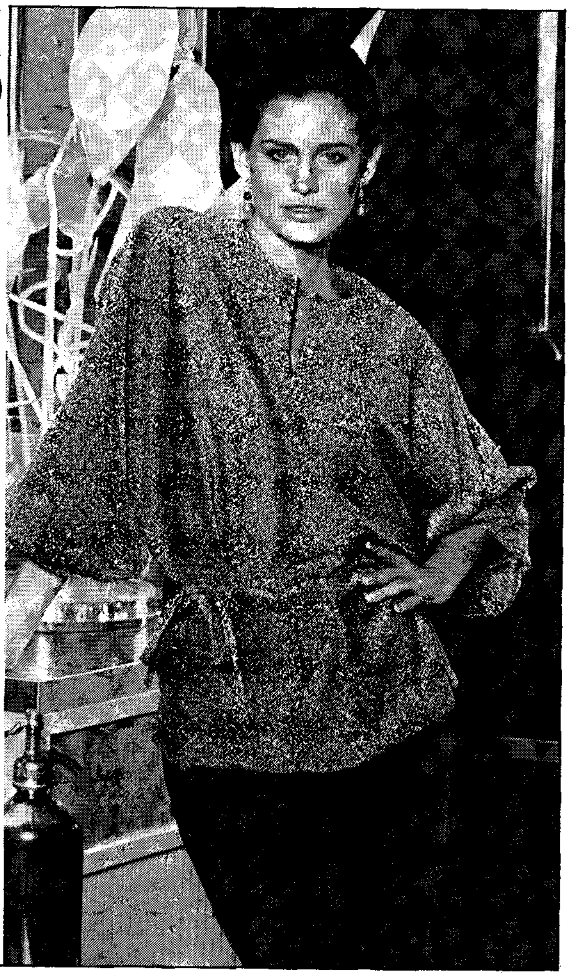
“Where did you sail in from?”

“St. Thomas,” I said.

“Where's that?”

I wondered how should I put it: “West of Florida?” “Near Puerto Rico?” “North of Venezuela?” “West of Antigua?” I said, “A thousand miles”—pointing—“down the line.” The girl giggled. The boy giggled. I giggled.

BERMUDA is something of a blur, though we stayed three days—the last day mostly for the convenience of Bob Halmi, who was determined to film some extra talk sequences in Sealestial, which he thought Mark and David had neglected. And then he wanted some aerial shots of Sealestial,



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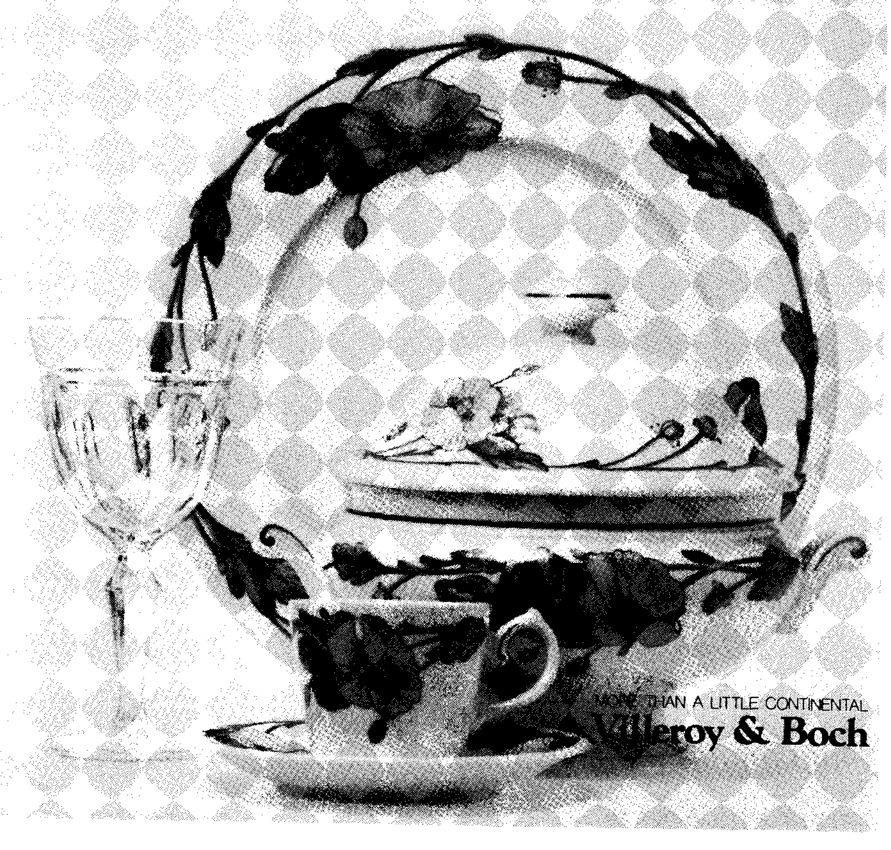

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to which end he set out busily to rent an airplane. He found one, available at the dizzying price of eight dollars an hour, including gasoline and pilot. It was an antique amphibian, which had been built in the mid-thirties, and which a veteran flier in Bermuda keeps in tenuous operation: one of those biplanes with struts all over, open cockpits fore and aft. Not ideal for moviemaking, because of the struts, which are ubiquitous; but in addition to the airplane shots there was to be a second session with a chase boat.

We had some serious business to attend to—notably the repair of the radiotelephone. Whenever I have problems in Bermuda—and I can't remember when I haven't had them; I have entered Bermuda by sailboat seven times—I go to Teddy Tucker. He is the most fascinating of men, learned, jolly, omnicompetent. He is made to order for "What's My Line?" because *his* line is discovering buried treasure, from which pursuit he has done nicely. He is available as an expert on any subject that touches the sea (Peter Benchley dedicated "The Deep" to Teddy and his wife); one is always trying to think up ways of repaying his acute kindnesses. I know Teddy because of Reggie. Reggie lived in Bermuda for a period, and there went to school with Teddy Tucker, forty years ago. We had already asked Teddy, by mail, to get a carpenter to build some cradles for tanks of extra fuel.

Allan didn't think we really needed the extra fuel. Sealestial burns only two gallons an hour, and carries three hundred and fifty gallons, or enough for a hundred and seventy-five hours of cruising—at seven knots, makes (175 × 7) twelve hundred and twenty-five miles, or about sixty per cent of the distance to Faial, in the Azores. Ah, I say, yes, yes, but the answer is no, no. You see, once, on Cyrano, I ran out of wind and fuel thirty miles from Bermuda, and there is no exasperation to equal that exasperation. So Teddy and the carpenters arrived with the wooden cradles, and on the third day we loaded on four fifty-five-gallon drums. Good thing, as it happened, though without them we would actually have limped in—with about four gallons to spare. What would have been hell was the preceding three days, the fingernail-chewing period during which we'd have treated our diminishing fuel supply with exaggerated parsimony.

Then we had, of course, to solve the

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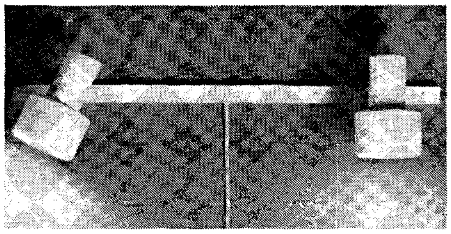

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ice problem. The assignment was given to Reggie, and his report at the end of the afternoon, when we convened at our hotel suite to exchange information, was classic. You must understand that it is Reggie's style to speak very slowly, hesitantly, tentatively: in sixty seconds, he can turn Dick Clurman into a churning mess. His report, faithfully transcribed, went something like this:

"There's no dry ice in Bermuda. . . . But they make dry ice in Canada. . . . They fly dry ice from Canada into Bermuda every third day. . . . The dry ice in Bermuda is used by the chorus girls. . . . Where? In the cabaret. Here at the Princess. . . . You can't order dry ice from Canada unless it comes in to protect something. . . . I mean, you can't just order 'dry ice.' . . . No, Bill, you can't order three hundred pounds of dry ice with an ice-cream cone inside. . . . What do the chorus girls use the dry ice for? . . . I couldn't figure it out, but it has something to do with the last act, when one of the girls goes up in smoke. . . . Dry ice releases a gas that can be made to look like smoke, if you shine the lights just right. . . . What does the dry ice from Canada for the show girls come in covering? . . . I don't really know; I'll make a note to ask. I guess it comes in covering something, or maybe they've worked out some sort of exemption with Eastern Air Lines. . . . How do we get the dry ice away from the chorus girls? . . . Well, I spoke to the manager about that. A very nice guy, we were in school together, we figured, though I don't actually remember him. . . . He says that if we leave on Saturday—after the last show—he can give us what's left of *Saturday's* ice because the next show isn't until *Monday*. . . . How much is left after a show? Well, they use the three hundred pounds for three shows, Thursday's, Friday's, Saturday's. They figure there's about half left, about a hundred and fifty pounds. . . . Will that last us till the Azores? . . . I figure yes, if we pack it just right. . . . Danny and I will figure out just how to pack it."

"Reggie! Danny! Stop! *Don't say another word!* " Once every year or so, I simply *assert myself:* "Will you both personally guarantee me that even if it takes fourteen days to get to the Azores we'll have all the ice we need? I mean *guarantee?*"

Reggie's face was solemn as he raised his right hand. Danny was a

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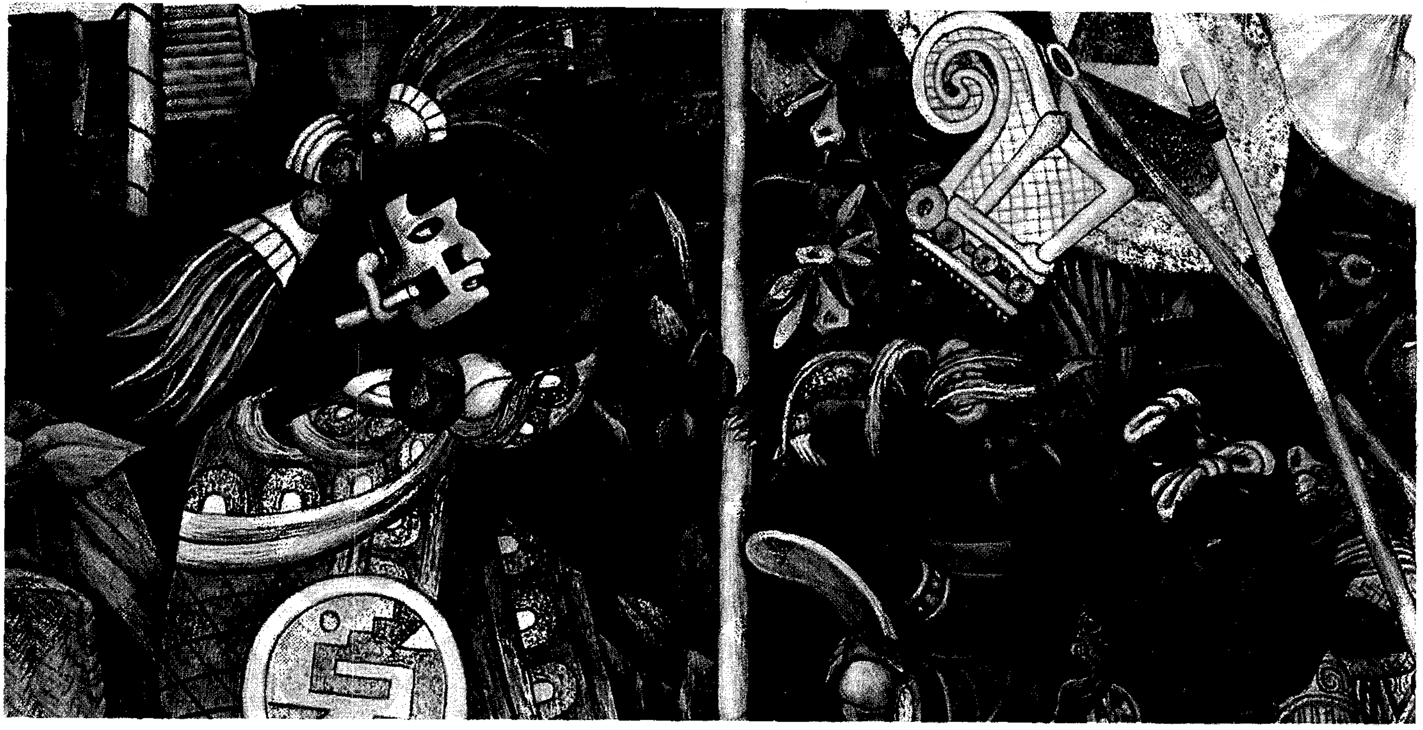
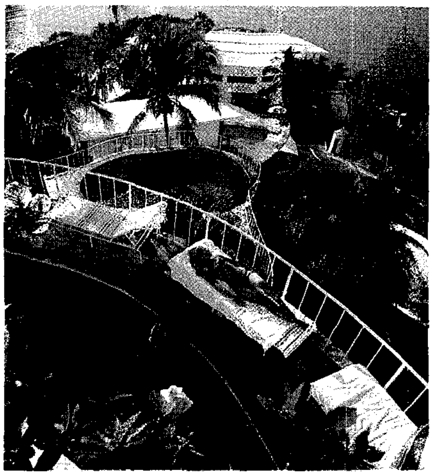


Diego Rivera, The Totonac Civilization (detail), National Palace, Mexico City.



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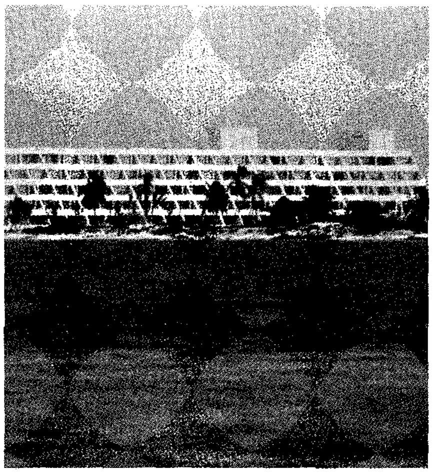

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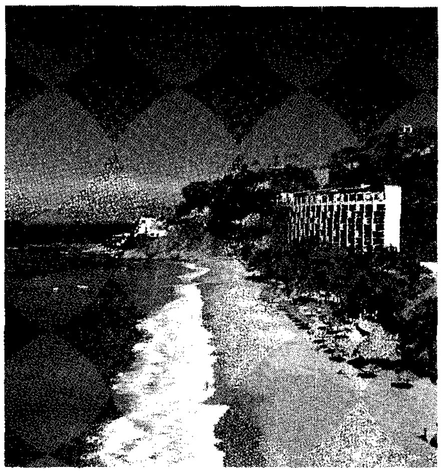

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little slower: but, entering, as usual, into the spirit of the occasion, he raised his hand.

"I solemnly swear you will have ice," said Reggie.

"I solemnly swear you will have ice," said Danny.

"I solemnly swear I won't raise the question of ice again. All in favor?" Van, Christopher, and Tony solemnly raised their hands. We had a compact.

That night at dinner, Teddy told us endless fascinating stories, eventually disconcerting his patient wife, Edna, because his appetite to tell his stories got in the way of his appetite to eat the food that sat, getting cold, on his plate. My absolute favorite involved a Chinese freighter, though I suppose my delight should be mitigated by the near-certainty that, as I write, the navigator of the freighter in question is off in Mao's version of the Gulag. But the episode couldn't have happened to a nicer country.

I had a friend named Carl, who used to sail with us regularly. He was a shipmate of exact, entirely unfocussed intelligence. If you gave him a line and told him on no account to release it, he would hold on to it even if his old aunt fell overboard and he alone—at the price of temporarily releasing the line—could toss her a life preserver. Once, coming down Buzzards Bay after an entire night on the helm, I gave him a course of 260 degrees and asked him to hold it while I snatched a couple of hours' sleep. It was midafternoon, bright as the Hollywood Bowl, when I was awakened by the unmistakable shock of yacht-running-smack-into-rocks. I bounded up to the cockpit and found us aground. The rocks we had hit were not submerged. They rose six feet above the water. I had made a terrible mistake. My instructions to Carl should have been "Follow a course of 260 degrees until you see a rock. When you see that rock, go 240 degrees until you have passed the rock. *Then* go back to 260 degrees."

Well, this Chinese navigator was using plotting sheets to sail from the Gulf of Mexico to the Baltic. Plotting sheets are squares of paper marked with horizontal lines, each one representing one degree of latitude. You draw in the vertical lines, representing the meridians of longitude, spacing them apart to correspond to the distance between meridians at those particular latitudes: as simple as applying your divider to the little graph printed at the botton right-hand corner of ev-

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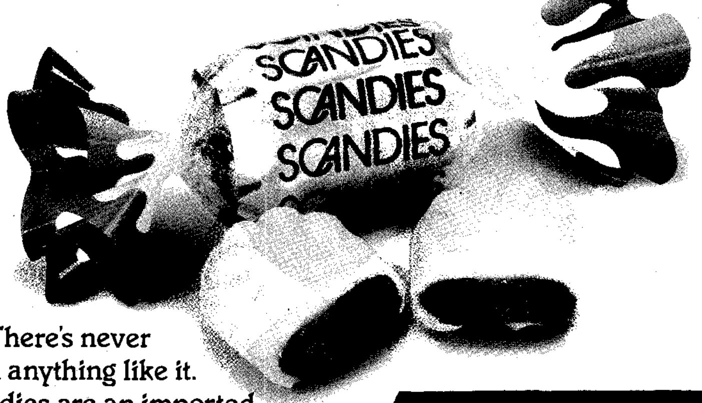

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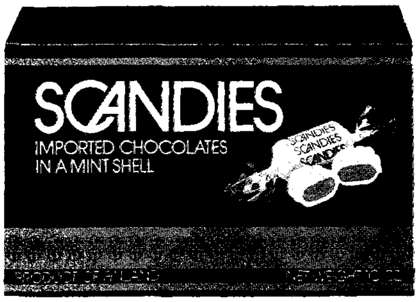

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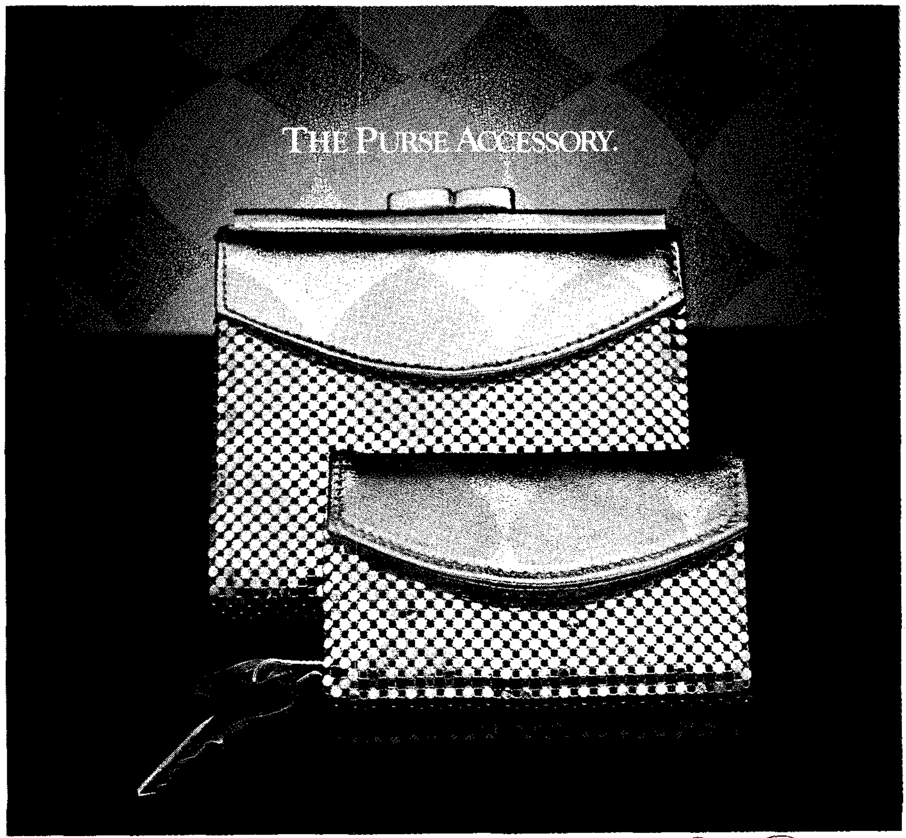

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ery plotting sheet. What this does is save you thousands of charts of empty stretches of ocean, which you don't need. If there isn't an obstruction in the area.

Bermuda is an obstruction. It is, in fact, a vast obstruction, as thousands of vessels, beginning in 1515, when Juan de Bermúdez first ran into the magic island and its surrounding coral bed, discovered: providing incidentally, centuries down the line, for the financial security of Teddy Tucker. But the Chinese navigator, laying out his plotting sheets from the Gulf of Mexico and through the Straits of Florida, clean forgot about Bermuda, so that one night in October, this great big boat was coasting on down past Florida, with a couple of million dollars' worth of cargo—I forget just what: gold, copper, spies—when suddenly the boat hit Bermuda. Well, not exactly; but it did hit the reefs off Bermuda, and the Chinese were most thoroughly grounded.

Teddy said his team had had to blast a ditch along an entire mile astern of the freighter to make it possible to drag it back to flotation level. One tug was brought in from Germany, another from Georgia, at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars per tug per day, and God knows how much for Teddy and the underground blasters: it was a high old time, but worth it, apparently, given the value of the cargo. The moral is not to use a plotting sheet for an area in which there are objects shallower than your draft, unless you take the time to plot in those objects, so that you can maneuver around them.

At this point, Dick Clurman left us. His journal read:

> "I'll miss you, Richard, when you get off in Bermuda," he says when we are about to get some sleep. And I'll miss him, too, along with the rest, and the whole experience which grows day by day into something unlike cruising, or day sailing or, for that matter, doing anything else. Crossing the Atlantic with a destination 3,800 miles away, knowing you're going all the way, is different from getting off at Bermuda.

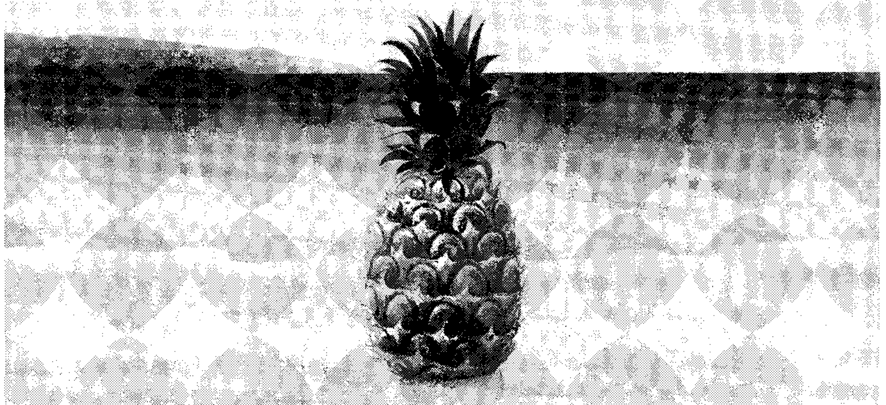
The day we paraded out through the channel (a two-hour trip) to hit the deep water opposite St. George was Bermuda at its best. Bermuda has a nasty habit of attracting a kind of haze that obscures the vernal splendor and color of the island, and causes a bleary etiolation. We had reckoned with such a possibility, and Halmi and Mark and David and Christopher were fatalistic about it: if the weather conditions proved inauspicious for photography, somehow we'd have to manage without the airplane scenes. What was excluded was that we could simply lie over another day, hoping for better weather. A trip like ours requires too much planning—I concede the point—to take delays of one or two days calmly, let alone three. But the sun shone magnificently, and again we went through our paces, returning to St. George in the late afternoon. Moreover, our radiotelephone was (allegedly) fixed.

THE following leg was uneventful, if you take into account only the weather. The most drastic literary compression of the external conditions and social circumstances was Van's "3 days perfect sailing, 7 days winds 0-10, powering 75% of the time. No casualties. Many dolphins. Much swimming. Radiotelephone no work. Occupations, varied."

What hit us, on the fourth day out of Bermuda, was something very nearly like the doldrums. I think I remember that we always had the mainsail up—but that is easy to do if you strap it down tight, so that there is no movement whatever in the boom, and vang it down to discourage floppiness in the sail itself—but it was only every now and again that there was wind enough to justify hoisting the genoa. The days inched by. Van deduced that the chances now were very nearly gone that we would reach the Azores in time for him to make his connection to Switzerland for a conference he had contingently agreed to attend. So what? "We haven't made the expected time, and the conference in Switzerland looks doubtful. *Tant pis*, and, as Agnew said, if you've seen one conference you've seen 'em all," he wrote in his journal. Van is by temperament impatient, by philosophical discipline stoical. How to pass the time, on watch: "I had the 2400 to 0400 watch with Danny last night and we played double-ended Ghost, which allows for adding a letter before as well as after the word. The four hours were absorbed very quickly and I recommend it to all semiliterate mariners in search of a time killer when reading is impossible."

What were the excitements, irritations, fantasies? Tony addressed himself to these. For instance, there was the aesthetically distressing matter of Danny's indescribably unattractive cap, his Teddy bear:

> Danny has a horrid, dirty, once-white plastic-and-acetate visor baseball cap



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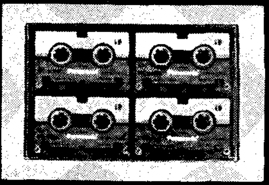

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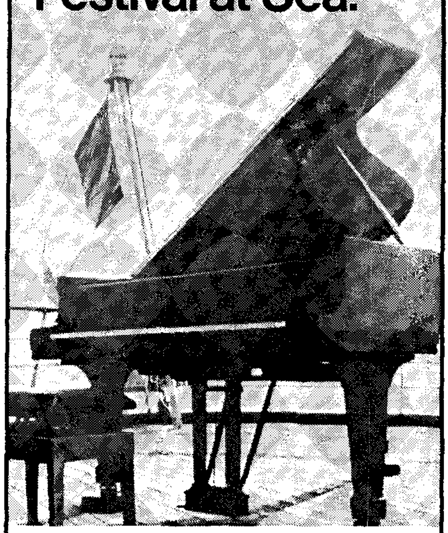

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> which says Something White Water on the front. Bill was desperate to get Danny to stop wearing it. The first solution obviously was to give him another hat to wear, but Bill was shocked for two days when he realized he couldn't *find* the five hats which Pat had so carefully packed for him: a) because they were such useful hats, and b) because he could not therefore give Danny a substitute. [Yesterday] Bill came on deck in the late afternoon triumphantly bearing his five hats: a blue Greek sailor hat, a brown Greek sailor hat, a Black Diamond sou'wester, and two strange Australian sun hats. Danny got the brown Greek sailor hat, and I hope we don't see his white baseball cap again.

Tony is too young to have taken in the street wisdom of the soldier, and knew not the dangers of volunteering:

> As well as ship spotter, I have another shipboard task. I found the tapes in tremendous disarray, and decided to rectify the situation. Since there are at least sixty tapes and they were all confused, it took me a goodly long time to straighten things out. I arranged them chronologically, with Bach getting a big drawer all to himself. In gratitude for my meritorious service, the Master appointed me the keeper of the tapes. Now, this position involves some selection also. Problems arose immediately. I put on some Strauss waltzes which I thought were perfectly appropriate for a coolish midafternoon listening session down below. While I was on deck for just a moment, Bill switched it hastily to something a little more baroque [a little less awful]. Come on, everybody knows that Bach is O.K. for the evening but *not* for midafternoon.

But then I am not everybody, as from time to time I was required by example to remind Tony and such other philistines as didn't know it already.

Inevitably, the end came, and analytical wits, unused for so long, devoted themselves to contriving the means of deciding which was the likeliest moment of landfall. A day or so earlier, I had meditated that to pull in at Faial at four or five in the morning would be thoughtlessly—militantly—antisocial, and had made appropriate adjustments.

And then the final suspense, the details faithfully recorded by Tony:

> Everything focussed a bit at lunchtime, because we all put in our figures for the pool. The central group of the Azores is an interesting landfall, because you can see the island of Pico for such a long time. With its height of 7,700 feet it can be seen theoretically for 103 miles. How long did it take us, and how many computers, and inputs from Reg, to figure that one out! So, sitting there at lunch, about 80 miles out, we should have been able to see it. This process gets pretty interesting now. Bill will give an approximate position (I mean a fix, I guess) and everyone does his figuring. I thought it was a pretty useless exer-

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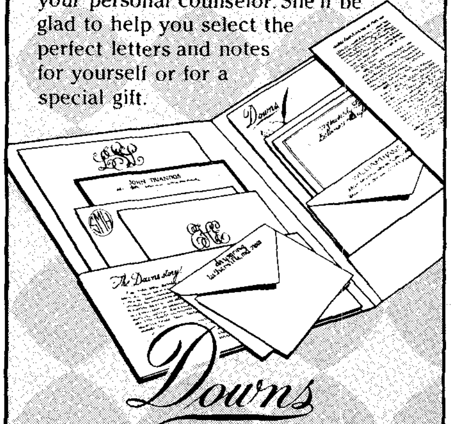

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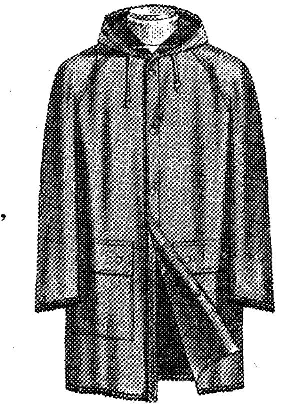

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cise, because our sighting of Pico depended entirely on the humidity in the atmosphere, since there weren't any clouds to speak of. So, I just advanced the ETF (estimated time of landfall) a few hours from the time right then. I felt pretty outclassed by some of the problem-solving I learned later. Bill was counting on the fact that the mountain would not be observed until sunset, and then we would see it only at the extreme range of the lights listed on the chart—say, 15 to 19 miles. Pretty smart! But talk about sophistication. Reg asked the Navicomp what sunset would be at our position and then got an ETF by taking the time when the sun would provide the maximum horizontal illumination which would reflect back from the mountain at us.

I suppose that if you are a professional captain the landfall eventually becomes routine stuff, but I'll have to have many more landfalls before achieving insouciance. So after Allan spotted the great Pico, barely distinguishable from the surrounding clouds, it felt rather good, when I left the helm to go to the chart, to call for a change of a mere five degrees in our course to take us down between the islands to the port at Horta.

What followed was one of those exasperating things that have a way of happening on boats. The night was moderately, though not immoderately, clear. We had dallied for not more than fifteen minutes when someone spotted what looked like a whale about three miles off our port beam. My instinct is to head in the opposite direction from whales, which have been known to be frisky in the vicinity of small boats, but after studying this one through binoculars we concluded that it was quite dead; so over I steered, to take a close look. We circled the great creature slowly, taking lots of pictures. The light was failing rapidly, and the whale was surrounded by the pinks of the sun, and pink from its own oozing blood diluted by the Atlantic Ocean. Two sharks were visible, chewing at the great hulk. The jawbone alone, had we had the means of salvaging it, would have fetched us over two thou-

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sand dollars at Horta, and no dollars in the United States, because whale teeth are among the things you're not allowed to import, lest whales move from scarcity to extinction.

Our ghoulish poking done, I resumed course, confidently awaiting the three telltale lights to usher me on in: one of them dead ahead; one on the island of Pico, to starboard; the principal (range fifteen miles) light to port, on the western point of the island of Faial. In due course, we discerned three lights—indeed, six. But no one of them corresponded to any of the lights described on the charts. Could we have caught an aberrational view of Pico? But we had got our heading all right. Well, could there be a strange and fierce current that might have taken us down south of Pico? Or up north of Faial? Such things occur to you, so much do you rely on lights. Allan and Reggie were working on the radar, trying to coax life into it, and I kept doggedly on the course I had plotted.

Eventually (about 11 P.M.) it became clear that we were indeed coming in on Horta, at a respectable distance south of the island. A head current kept our speed down, and there was no wind. I had that morning confided to Diane and Judy that I estimated we would tie up between midnight and one. I note with amusement an entry in Tony's journal:

> Reg finally coaxed us in with a skillful blend of radar, chart-reading interpolation, and a little local knowledge from Allan. The breakwater had Bill stymied for a second, because a row of lights on shore appeared to him as a solid wall right where we were telling him to steer. Was it his contacts playing tricks or was he just a little plastered?

I smiled on later reading this, because I automatically cut the booze to a submetabolic level of consumption when I am coming in for a landing or otherwise maneuvering. I had not always done so. I am as grateful for an experience in 1960, at Cape May, as I am for an experience at a casino in New Orleans the summer of my freshman year. It was there that, in a single trauma, I lost what had been a (to be sure, short) lifelong compulsion to gamble. My roommate and I lost everything we had been given (by generous parents) to see us through the summer, and I was reduced to acting as a guide-chauffeur, taking visiting Shriners gathered for a leisurely convention around Mexico City, as far away as Taxco. Today, I can

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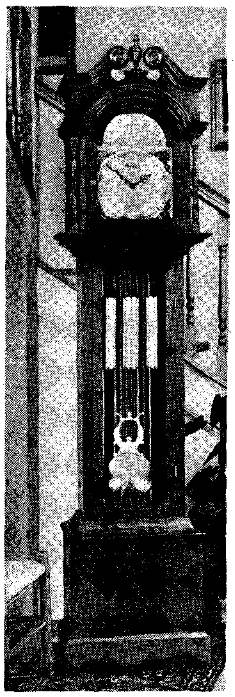

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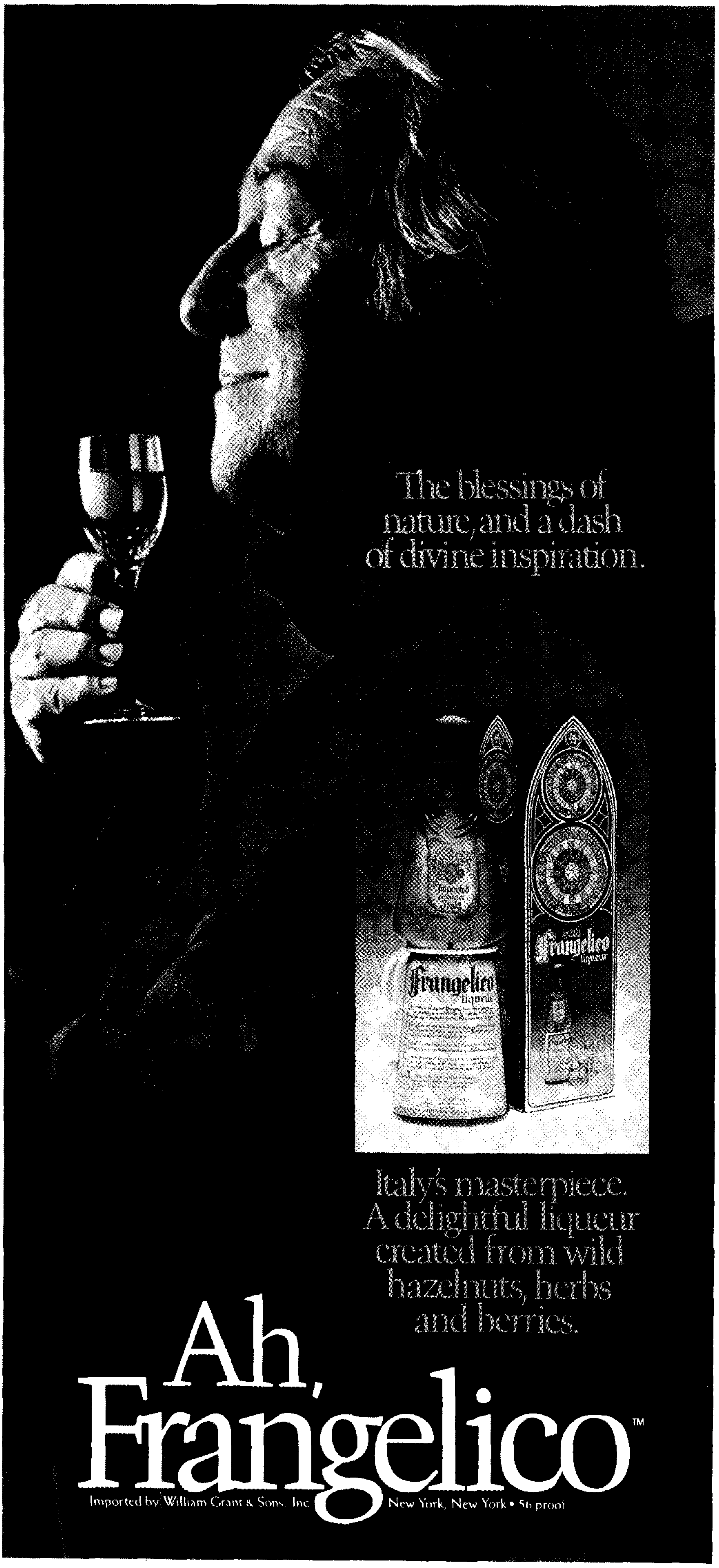
The night Nixon and Kennedy first debated, Van and I, with Peter Starr and Mike Forrestal, set off down the Hudson River to take my cutter, The Panic, to Annapolis, where it would winter. We'd race it up to Newport in the spring. We experienced the not unusual crisis when, with a light southerly wind on the nose, our engine conked out, opposite the Statue of Liberty. Mike deduced (correctly, as it turned out) that the engine had got too cold, the result of our having overcompensated by opening full the water intake after we had retrieved the boat from Maine, where the temperature of the outside water requires a smaller volume for the engine-cooling system. He predicted that in an hour or so, after the condensation dried, it would start up again; and in an hour it did, while we tacked quietly out toward Ambrose Lightship, listening to the debate over the radio and concluding (as did most people who heard, rather than saw, the debate, including even Mike, a Democrat of indomitable loyalty, who would soon serve in Kennedy's Administration) that Nixon had won it.

The wind turned into a brisk easterly, and we made absolutely record time, putting in at Cape May exactly twenty-four hours later. There we had resolved to spend the night, proceeding the next day up the Delaware and over to Annapolis. Ah, but that was before dinner at the marina restaurant's bar.

After dinner, Mike was treating us to Stingers. And to stories of the boat he had chartered the preceding summer in the Baltic, and the terrible crewman whom he found one night coming at him with a knife! A fight to the finish! It was Mike or the Baltikian; one or the other had to go, and, with a *huge* effort, Mike finally kicked him overboard, and he gurgled down into the cold, dark deep; good riddance, I said, and Van and Peter cheered, and the man at the bar said, "*Another* round of Stingers?"

That was the moment when I said, "Why stop tonight? Let's sashay through the canal, and on into the Delaware and have a nice sail." Everyone thought that a quite superior idea, and ten minutes later we were on board The Panic, and three minutes after that aground. I decided to winch us out of our difficulty, threw out a heavy anchor with a long line, and winched in the line with the greatest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of ease, because I had not properly fastened it to the anchor. Now we had no alternative but to sleep, until the tide rescued us. That was the last night that I permitted alcohol to get in the way of my duties aboard a boat, heartily though I endorse the uses of wine and fine spirits at sea. What I have developed, after some very close calls, is super skepticism when you aren't one hundred per cent sure of what lies directly ahead when coming into an unfamiliar harbor.

Anyway, the logic of the breakwater suddenly became plain, and the eyes settled down, and, rounding, I felt the confidence of Superman, spotting a narrow opening alongside the crowded quay, to which I took the Sealestial for—dare I say it?—a perfect landing, at 0100. Then the champagne, and a little walk, up and down the long wharf, so crowded with boats of every variety. It was too late to go out on the town, and, in any event, we hadn't been properly cleared by Immigration. So we just walked a little on land, for the first time in eleven days. We had sailed twenty-one hundred and fifty nautical miles—approximately the distance from New York to Boise—and we felt just fine. It would have been perfect except that the next day Van would leave.

THE next day was busy. We occupied ourselves with the usual chores. At the hotel, we found waiting for us a case of champagne, along with a telegram written in the cablese that had been Dick's staple for many years:

EYE TRULY SAY THAT EYE DAILY THOUGHT ABOUT THE MERRY BAND EYE LEFT BEHIND IN BERMUDA AND MISSED YOU ALL AS WELL AS THE SEA THAT SURROUNDED US. ALONG WITH ITS BEING AN EPIPHANY FOR ME, THE FIRST LEG OF OUR TRIP PROVIDED ME WITH A CREDENTIAL IN ISRAEL VERY FEW OTHER INQUIRERS HAVE EVER HAD. THANKS TO OUR VOYAGE TOGETHER, THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS CABINET VIEWED ME WITH THE KIND OF DISTANCE EYE PROFESSIONALLY WELCOME. THEY HAD NEVER BEFORE MET A JEW WHO ARRIVED IN ISRAEL FROM A SAILBOAT UNLESS HE WAS FLEEING FROM SOMEONE, WHICH EYE PLAINLY WAS NOT EXCLAM.

SAIL ON. BE WELL. EYE DEEPLY MISS YOU ALL AND EVERYTHING.

Tony's special commission was to find some edible bread, which we hadn't had since leaving St. Thomas.

There comes a time
in every boy's life . . .

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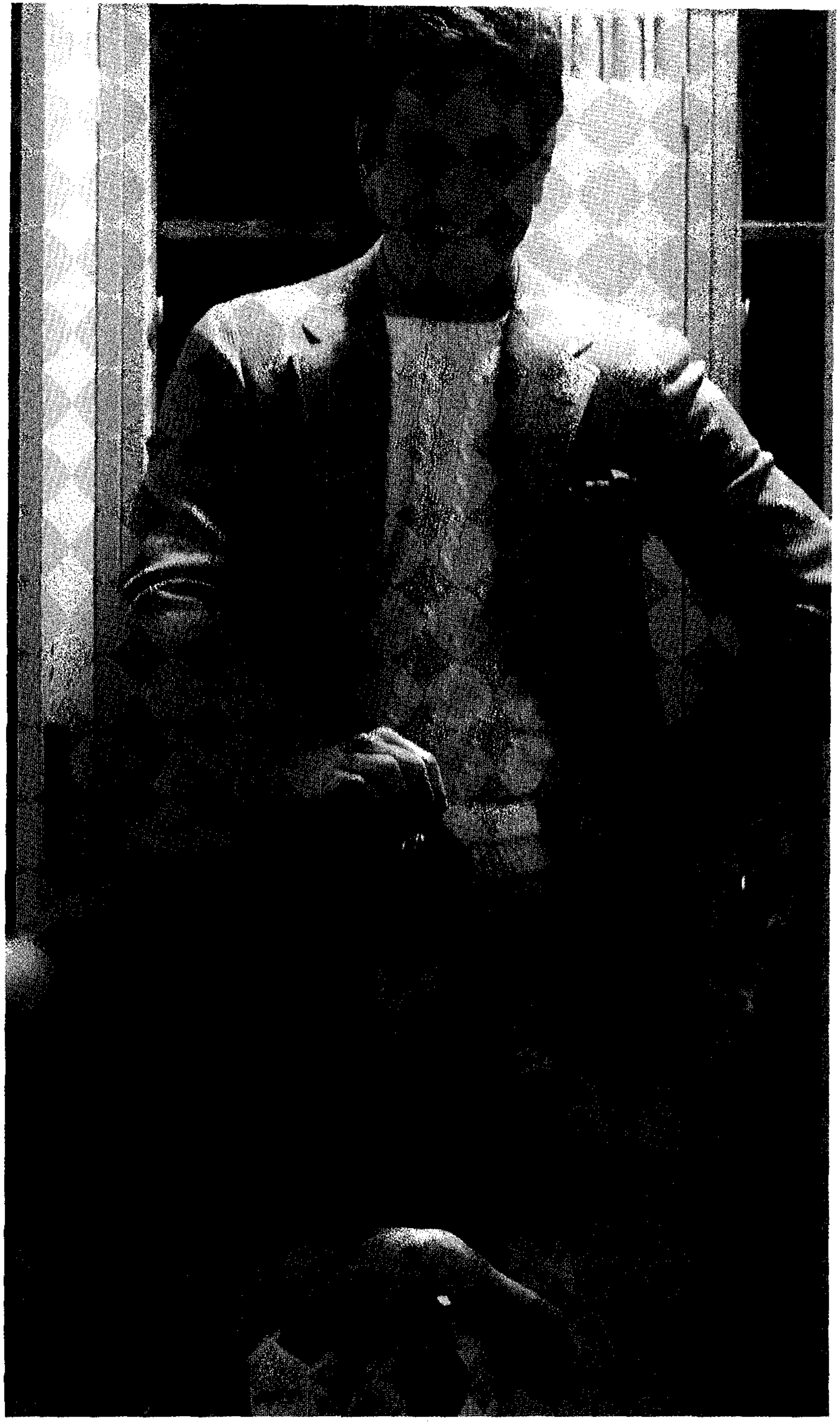

What we had brought from there was so mangy and pallid that it might, with a drop or two of water, have been served as vichyssoise. In Bermuda, Van had gone to the biggest and best bakery and ordered twenty-seven different kinds of bread, of every size, shape, and color; their only common denominator was that they were every one of them tasteless. Tony secured for us at Horta, and again at São Miguel, bread that was heavenly, which is the way bread tastes before you take the flavor out of it. Years ago, Murray Kempton remarked that the United States had succeeded in taking all but a bit of flavor out of our bread, and that when we were through developing the peacetime use of nuclear energy we would succeed in getting that last bit of flavor out.

We made a little tour of the island, which included an inspection of the only functioning windmill I have ever seen; it was not a Disney-like reconstruction but a genuine survivor, with the old grandparents inside making flour, and the blades turning at a fantastic velocity, rather like propellers on an airplane. We drove past the forlorn northern end of the island, which in 1957 was smothered—the lighthouse included—by a great eruption that buried tens of thousands of acres in a sooty ash. That was the explanation for the mysteriously missing lighthouse signal, though it is no explanation of why a new lighthouse, somewhat to the south, didn't reproduce the antediluvian signals; and certainly no reason that charts bought in 1980 should not have been corrected for what happened in 1957. From the ashes, we drove back into the lushness of Faial and to the airport, leaving Van there, all of us feigning stoicism at his departure; and on to dine at a little restaurant recommended by someone Tony had run into during his bread-searching—one Otto, as we called him. It was a native restaurant, and there, seated with friends in the far corner of the thoroughly utilitarian restaurant, was Otto (Othon Rosado Silverra), whose mission in this world is to serve. He dashed over to describe the alternatives, translate our orders, and expedite the service. Basically, it was roast meat, potatoes, vegetables, and wine—every item superior in every respect.

We were to see more of Otto, who, it turned out, was by profession a scrimshander—the fellow who takes whales' teeth and draws designs on them, as in the days of yore when

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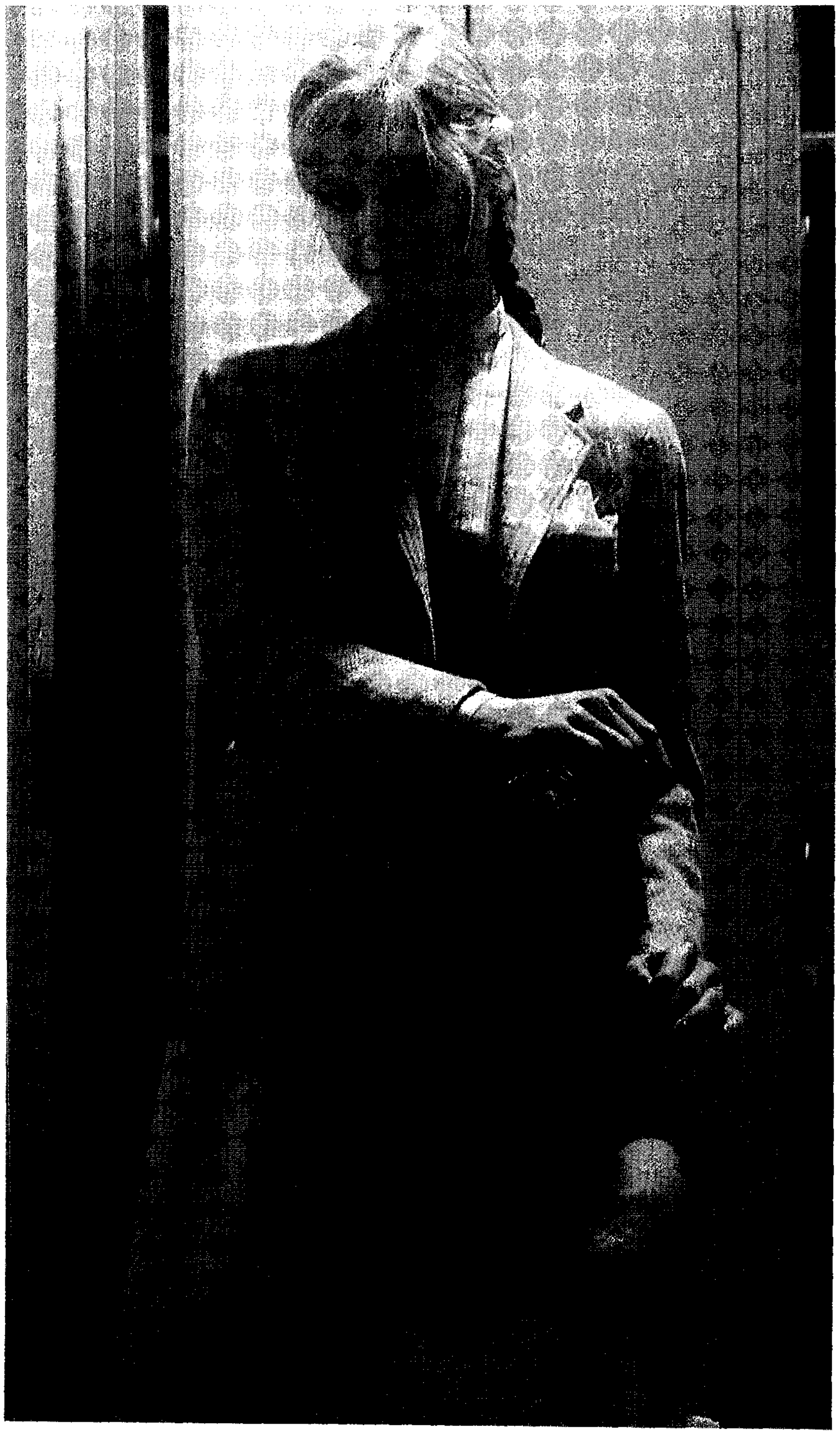

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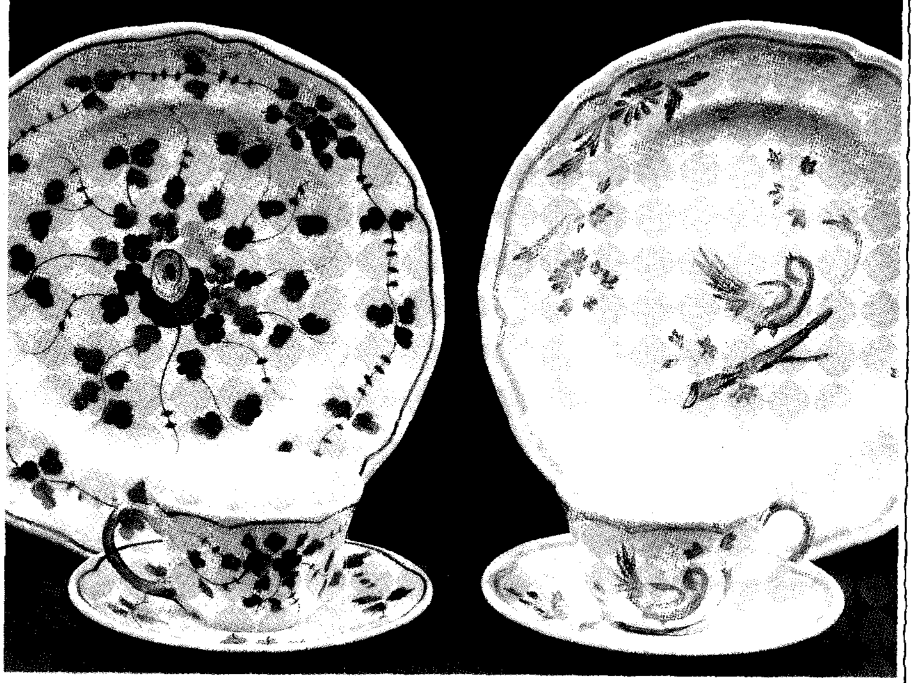

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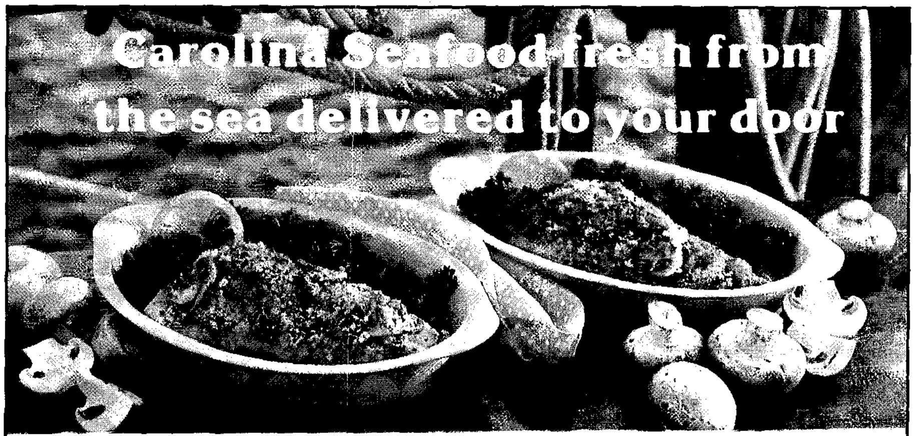

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sailors, spending two or three hundred days on boats without sight of land, sought out means to divert themselves. We were invited to see Otto's collection the next morning. It had been amassed during the winter for a single purchaser, who had bought the yacht America and would soon come around to collect the scrimshaws. Wonderful pieces—two or three dozen, of various sizes and decorations. Otto was working in his atelier, the size of two Pullman berths.

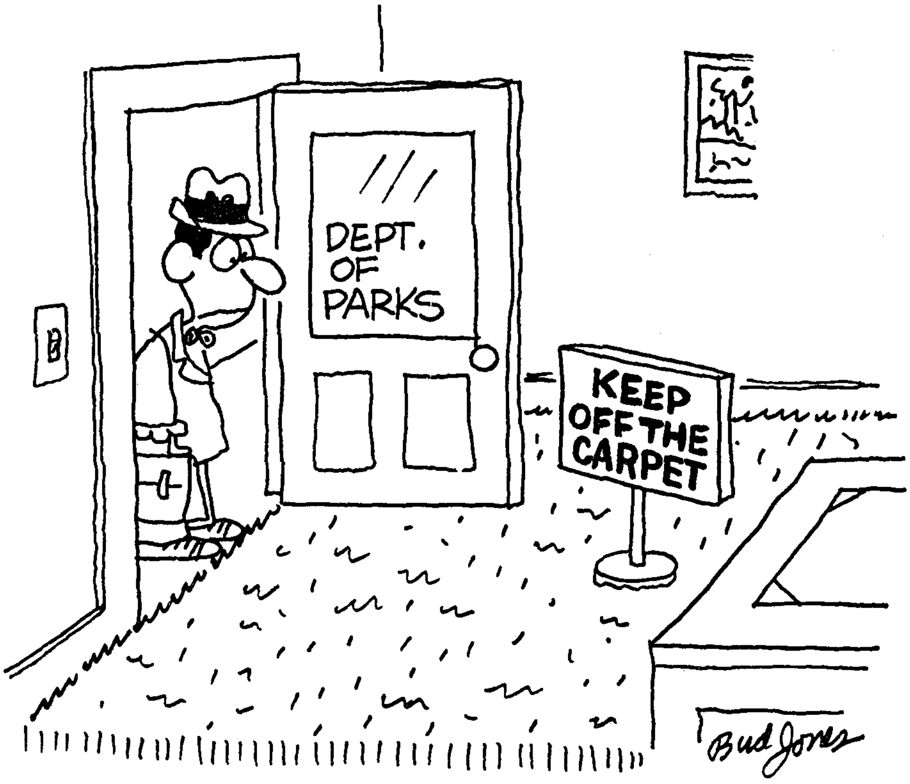
He is active, to be sure, in every capacity, but a specialty is his ham radio, and as he sat at his workbench etching figures on his whale teeth (the teeth are covered in a black tincture of sorts, and after the etching is done they are buffed by an electrical device that looks like the revolving bushy things you shine shoes with, and the dye remains only in the little cracks, and you have your scrimshaw) he managed his radio. Throughout the operation, he was interrupted by calls on the radio, of which he dutifully kept a record in his logbook, and patched in calls here and there, uttering amenities to his friends in half a dozen languages.

At ten, we hauled up the anchor and set out the hundred and fifty miles east to the island of São Miguel. Favorable winds put us in sight of it at eight in the morning, whereupon I took the helm. I remained with it—such is my inclination on nearing land—until, shortly after noon, we pulled alongside the quay at Ponta Delgada, a busy little harbor with a wide Mediterranean avenue opposite the great breakwater, marred now by an abortive skyscraper-bound hotel. It had been begun since we were last there, and never completed, serving only to blaspheme the city's silhouette. It is a scar on an otherwise engrossing and stately harbor that was once much busier than it is now, when the cruise boats don't often call, there being, really, no cruise boats left that cultivate the Atlantic—let alone the Azores, though from my brief knowledge of them they are, simply stated, the most beautiful group of islands in the world.

We had a hotel suite reserved, to act as headquarters, from which everyone received what Tony calls in his journal "our petites commissions." I knew I would need a little official coöperation here, since the annual two weeks' vacation from column-writing permitted by my syndicate was over; so, before leaving, I had telephoned Hodding Carter at the State Department and asked him please to inform the American mission at Ponta Delgada that I was the nicest person Hodding knew who would be voting for Reagan. Whatever the message, it worked, and the diplomat Ruth Matthews, whose charming husband, Glenwood, is a retired Foreign Service officer, took wonderful, motherly care of us, which included conveying two invitations—one to lunch the following day at a picturesque, flower-besotted villa a few miles from town, the second to join for cocktails, that very night, the captain of the Knorr, an official ocean-research vessel from the oceanographic institution at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Doing this turned out to be very convenient, because moments after we left Sealestial to go to the hotel our vessel had been evicted by the harbor police. We were occupying space reserved for commercial traffic, and there was no place to go . . . except? Allan Jouning approached the skipper of the Knorr, identifying our vessel. Might we berth up alongside? Not as easy as all that, because already aberth alongside the Knorr was the U.S.N.S. Wyman, so the permission of a second captain had to be got. But all this was in fact accomplished by the time we showed up, at seven, for cocktails.

While the others attended to their chores, I took a rented car and went to the airport to meet Tom Wendel. Meeting a plane in the Azores (or catching one) is half a day's activity, because the planes are regularly late, though not predictably enough to make it safe simply to arrive late. No matter. I had brought with me four back issues of *Time* and *Newsweek*, which I would need to go through thoroughly before resuming my profession as a seer. Besides, waiting for Tom is itself a pleasure, because eventually Tom arrives, and when you first see Tom—or when you last see him, or, for that matter, any time in between—it's good for uninterrupted laughter. We have primarily in common that we find the same things funny, and he is one of those people whose laughter is catalytic. Moreover, we know each other's reactions so well that we often skip over the catalyst and simply begin laughing right away.

You would not, from the above description, have any intimation that we are both *very serious men*. I am, among other things, the kind of person who gives commencement speeches, in the unlikely event that this is not known about me. Tom is a very seri-



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ous historian, an authority on Colonial history, the author of a life of Benjamin Franklin. When I first knew him, at Yale, I half expected that he would become a performing pianist, so gifted was he—is he. His father was one of the leading citizens of Portland, Oregon, a businessman of great civic spirit, widely admired and beloved, and when Tom graduated from Yale the senior Wendel had it all set for young Tom to follow in the family footsteps and, if memory serves, had a little department-store vice-presidency cut out for him. Tom summoned all his courage—he practiced for weeks—for the dread moment.

"Dad, I'm not going back to Portland to business."

Stunned: "What are you going to do?"

"I've accepted a job as an American-history teacher at the Putney School."

"What is the Putney School?"

"It's sort of an advanced preparatory school in Putney, Vermont, for boys and girls—very good academically."

"What will they pay you?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred dollars every what."

"Fifteen hundred dollars every year."

Stunned: "Tom, have you no . . . pride?"

We lost touch with each other during the fifties and early sixties, but ten years ago I rejoiced to get a note from Charlotte, Tom's superb wife—she is director of development at the museum in San Jose, at whose university Tom teaches—informing me that Tom was coming east for a research sabbatical, during which he would live in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. He brought his two boys, Hal and David, in their early teens, and one afternoon, with Clare Boothe Luce and my wife, Pat, the lot of us boarded Cyrano on the East River and sailed to Stamford. That, I think, was about eighty-five per cent of Tom's sailing experience. When I learned finally that Van couldn't make it on through to Spain, I wondered who might be the next best thing. Happily, I thought of Tom.

Just as Charlotte is a born helper, Tom is a born helpee (the immutable division, taxonomized by the late Sir Arnold Lunn, that determines compatibility between the sexes: marriages don't work, Lunn told me, when helpers marry helpees, or helpees help-

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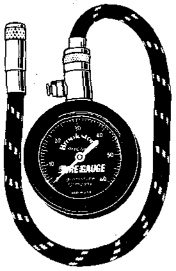

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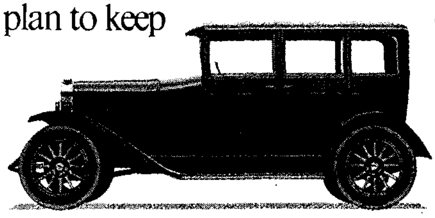

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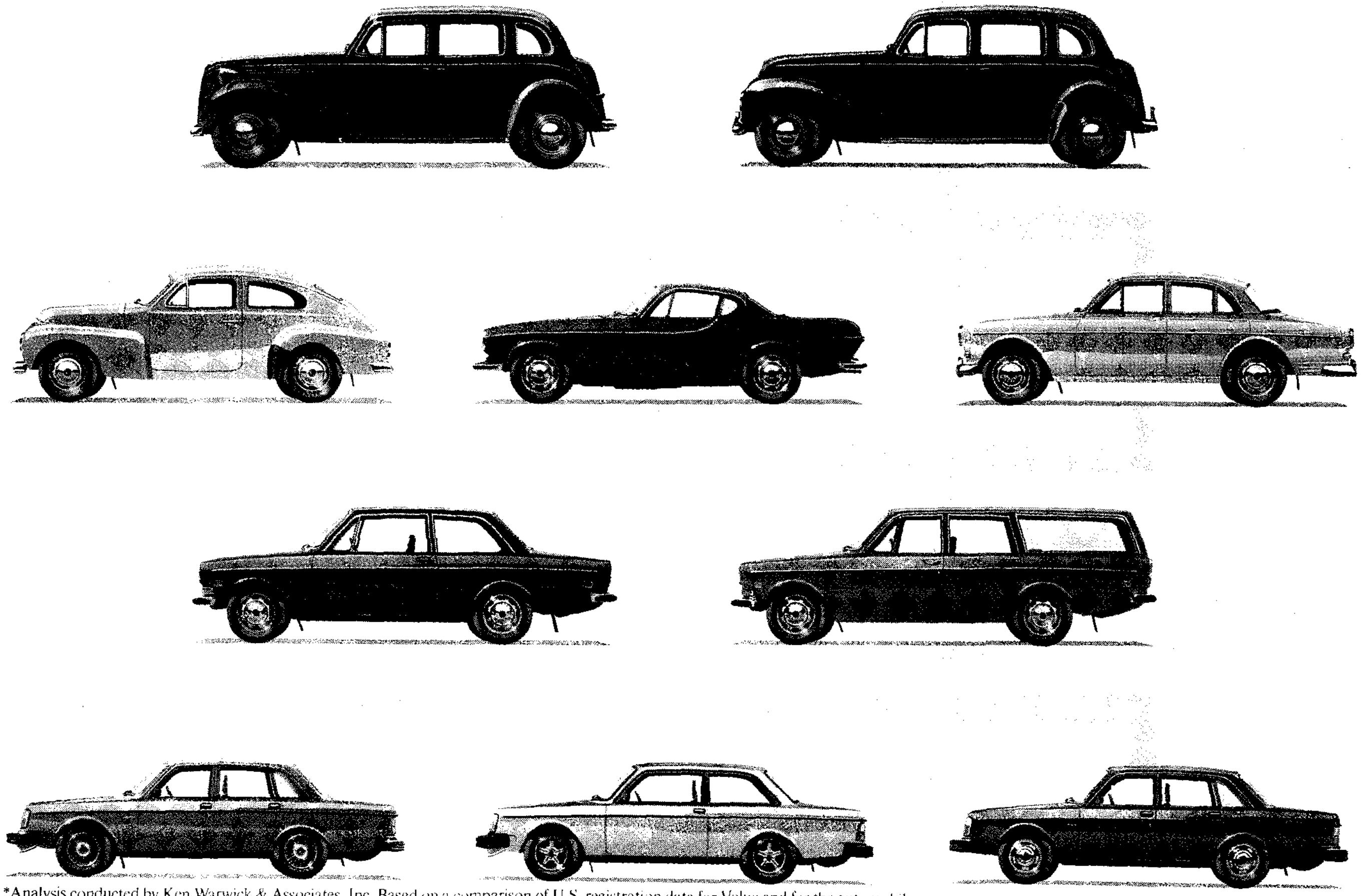

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*Analysis conducted by Ken Warwick & Associates, Inc. Based on a comparison of U.S. registration data for Volvo and for the automobile industry as a whole and not by individual make. Summary available at your Volvo Dealer. © 1981 Volvo of America Corporation.

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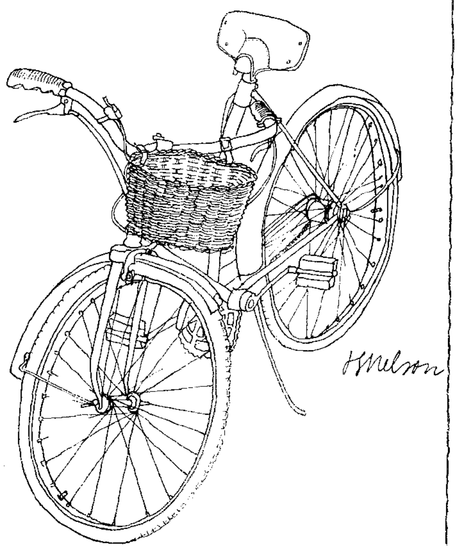
ers). At any rate, my office undertook to make Tom's travel arrangements, which required that he go to Boston after pausing in New York to pick up a sack of mail for me, fly thence to Santa Maria in the Azores, wait there four hours, and take that flight to São Miguel which I was now awaiting. Tom's reply relayed a vague skepticism about the proposed arrangements, in the tone of "Why can't I just fly from New York to São Miguel?"

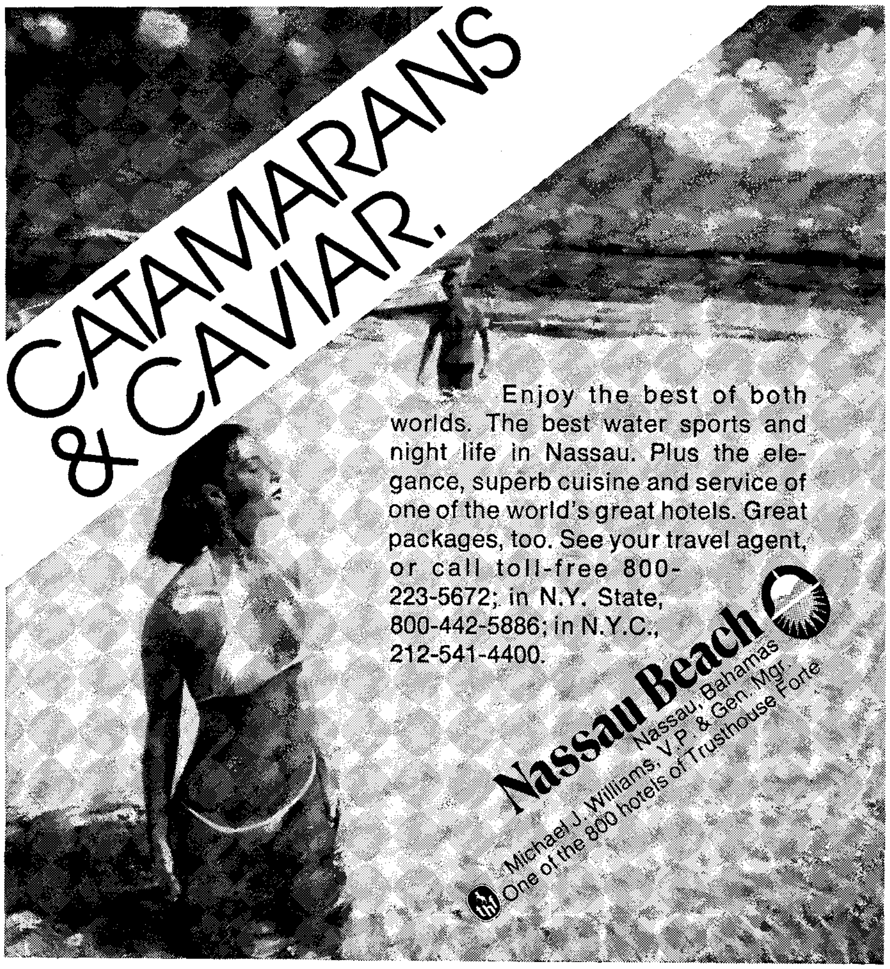
MEMO TO: Tom Wendel
FROM: Captain Bill

It is not plain to me what it is that you have against Boston. If you would like to persuade TAP airlines to institute a flight from New York to the Azores in the place of their existing flight from Boston to the Azores, you are most welcome to do so.

The Captain most politely rejects the suggestion that it is more convenient for him to transport First Mate Wendel's gear from New York to Puerto Rico to St. Croix to St. Thomas to Bermuda to Horta to São Miguel than it is for First Mate Wendel to transport same from Boston to the Azores. Next question?

Eventually, Tom arrived. I drove him straight to Sealestial, introduced him to those who were there, and turned over to him Van's bunk, in my stateroom, which Reggie, though senior, had gallantly volunteered to give up in deference to the predictable nervousness of the new boy. We went then to the Knorr, which, particularly below, looks like a boat that began small but was added to, section by section, warren by warren, in an attempt to keep up with the desperate pace of American technology. Actually, it was launched as late as 1968, two hundred and forty-five feet long, displacing two thousand tons, capable of carrying fuel enough for sixty days at sea. Soon we were deposited by our guide in a cozy room, the captain's (and his wife's) stateroom-living room

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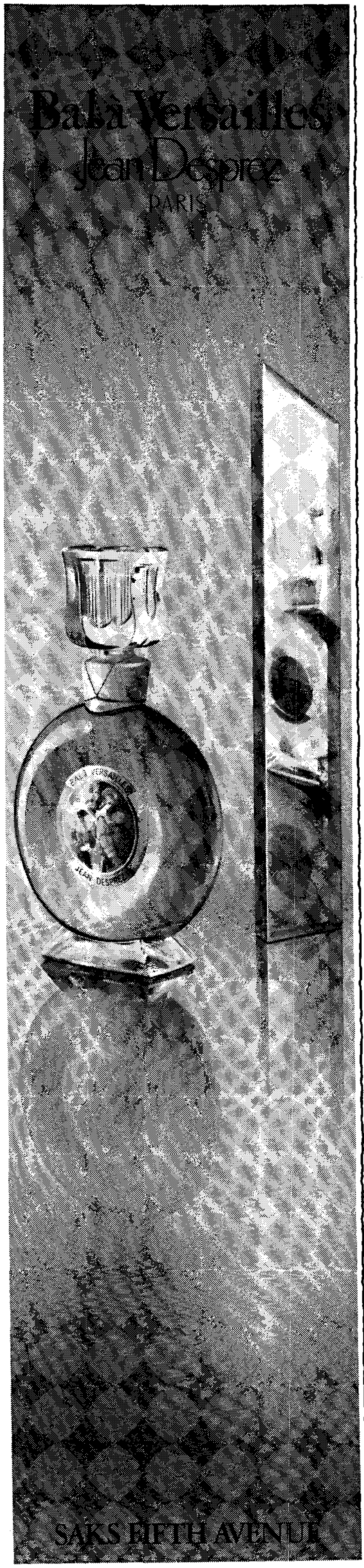

—the kind of room you are sure is inhabited by a clubbable couple given to much reading and eclectic collecting. It required something of a production to come up with the requisite number of chairs to accommodate Captain Emerson Hiller's hospitality.

After dinner at the hotel following Captain Hiller's cocktails, we all felt, I think, a lack of suspension—an unrootedness, a carefree languor. There would be no watches that night, and the next day our responsibilities were light. We found ourselves strolling through the park toward the boardwalk. Jutting out of the park is a mini-park given over to amusements rather like those at the county fairs in America a generation ago. The central activity was the Dodg'em arena, and we all clambered in, each with his own Dodg'em. To my astonishment, Tony proved to be too young ever to have driven a Dodg'em, and so he was easily victimized until he began to catch on. Christopher, maybe because his face is so cherubic, was my choice as special victim, and I managed a few first-class collisions, which I wish he had photographed. I told him, as we wandered over to the shooting gallery, that it was a pity each car didn't come equipped with an impact meter, so that at the end of the round a winner could be proclaimed—which winner, I suggested, would clearly be I. He did not demur. At the shooting gallery, we were given BB guns of sorts and, to shoot at, collapsing ducks, candle flames—the lot. I was an infantryman during the longest year of my life and so offered free lessons to anyone who desired them on the proper way to hold a rifle, but since Reggie was proving to be more accurate than I in snuffing out the candles, my ministrations were received lightly. A young and streetwise Portuguese whose English was charmingly imperfect offered to take us to the town's special delights, and we dispatched him to bring us beer, which we drank sitting lazily in the city park—the first time I have sat in a city park since my nurse took me to one in London when I was six. It was very pleasant, and our Portuguese cicerone kept describing, with increasingly voluptuarian imagery, the objects that lay at his command. But—I speak for myself and those responsible elements with whom I mingle—a sudden but quite unmistakable fatigue seized some of us, and I ambled over to the hotel; I next saw Danny in the lobby the next morning, where we forgathered to go with the Matthewses

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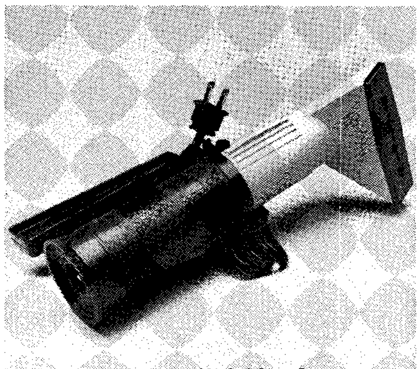

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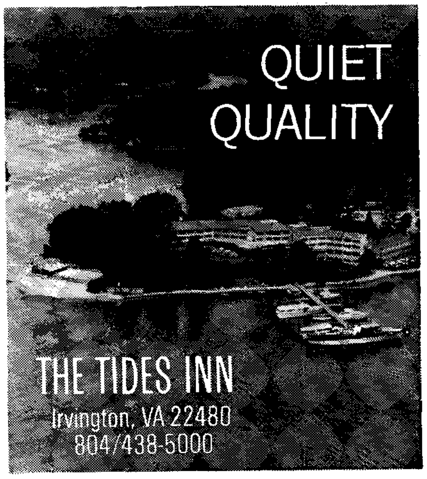

first to inspect their brand-new, solid-wood, stormproof residence, then to have lunch at John (Canadian) and Liz (English) Gladwins' beautiful villa, where we were joined by half a dozen expatriates.

In the Azores, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the spring of 1974 in Portugal, there is a special sense of security, though the islands suffer from progressive emigration by skilled workmen. The colony there that speaks English is heavily influenced by people who live for part of the year either in Bermuda or in St. Croix, and the consensus is that in St. Croix, with the burgeoning Caribbean nationalism, life is becoming dicey. The patio outside the villa is bursting with flowers—can there be, in all the rest of the world, as many flowers as on the island of São Miguel? John Gladwin took me through the house, and showed me the sextant of his grandfather who, in 1880, at age sixteen, shipped out from Halifax on a whaler and next saw land two hundred and forty-seven days later, when the boat put in at Saigon. Saigon! Two hundred and forty-seven days at sea! I said to John that it was hard to make appropriate comment, and that I very much hoped his grandfather liked the sea.

The following day, in two small rented cars, we travelled east, found an exciting beach with great breakers, swam in our shorts (the beach was public), dried off as best we could, and returned to Ponta Delgada, because that evening, at seven, Sealestial was having a party. To it we had invited the ranking people on the two naval vessels, the Gladwins, the Matthewses, and the Queen Mother of Ponta Delgada, who is Mrs. Bunny Olsen—a name that Fortune had tossed our way via Tony. She lives in a penthouse apartment opposite the hotel where we stayed, and spends part of the year in a converted windmill in Horta and the rest of the time in St. Croix.

The guests inspected every corner of Sealestial with gasps of joy and admiration—even the wizened captains of our ultra-modern research vessels. Knorr and Wyman had prepared nice hors d'oeuvres, and we served assorted booze and white wine. I proudly showed off my computers; I was pleased that Allan had on display a piece of scrimshaw I had had Otto make for him (Allan communicates with you by little gestures of this kind). We had made a dinner reserva-

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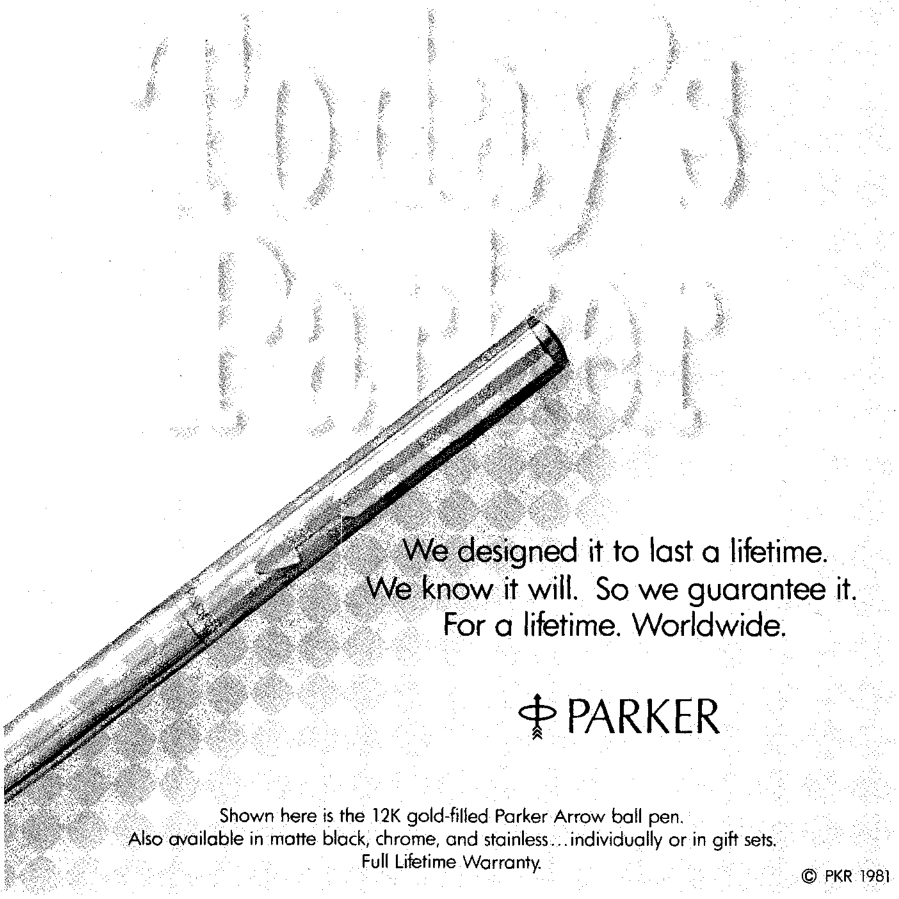

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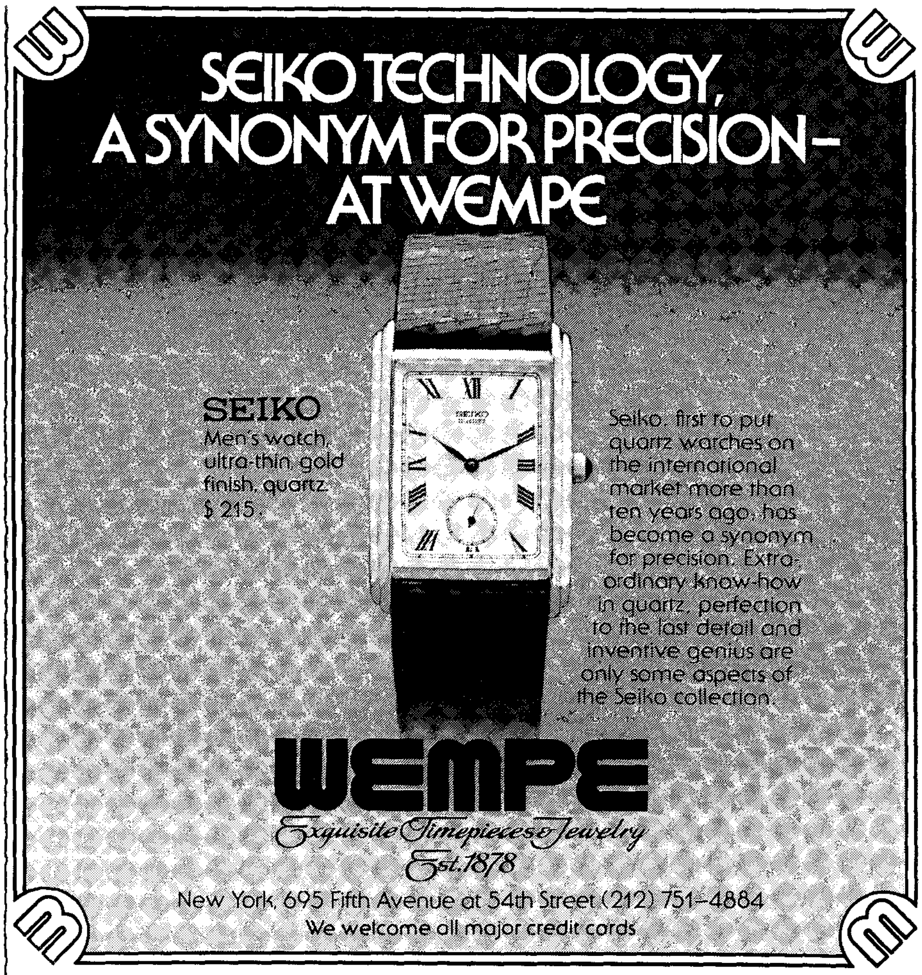
tion at what was said to be the gourmets' center in the Azores, the Chez Shamin, so the problem was to bring on an evacuation. I devised a plan that so pleases me I think I shall institutionalize it, though it is not really a good idea to give it much publicity. I whispered to Christopher, and he got the attention of the milling crowd of fifteen or twenty by banging on a bottle: "Everybody on deck for a group picture, please." Everyone submits readily to the discipline of any photographer, so all of them climbed up to the forepeak, alongside the boarding ladder that rose to the Wyman. Christopher climbed halfway up the ladder to focus his camera on the crowd. I said, "Now all of you look as though you had just got the news that Ronald Reagan had won the national election!" Christopher snapped the picture. The smiles were good-natured, of course, and at that point there was nothing to do but say goodbye and leave. Ken Galbraith and I have in common what strikes some as a disadvantage, but isn't, really; namely, our plainspoken bias, which gives a harnessing energy to our work. It is a terrible pity that he uses his talents to such nefarious ends.

Except for one scene at the restaurant, the meal was splendid. The rather self-important young owner served us an excellent red wine that, however, was too damned warm—and I told him so. He proceeded to give me a lecture on the proper temperature for red wine. I was nine years old when my father, after deep researches, installed year-round air-conditioning in his wine cellar to achieve that temperature which the French deem "room temperature"—a practice I duplicated in my own cellar about the time the man from whom I was receiving a lecture was given his first Popsicle. So I overreacted, embarrassing myself and my companions, I'm sure—though they mention the incident very calmly in their journals and are *united* in believing that on the issue of the wine's temperature I was *dead* right.

The following noon, Danny picked me up to drive me to Sealestial for the last leg of our journey. There was great underground amusement aboard our vessel, because—Danny swears to the truth of it—late the night before, as they were preparing to retire, Tom Wendel began questioning Dan. The ship's company, slouched about the saloon, reading, drinking, overheard the conversation in the cockpit. "Danny, when you are 'on watch,' what is it that you watch *for?*" Danny, whose sense of humor is highly developed, is incapable of sarcasm with anyone who is entirely ingenuous. He explained that you watch out for other ships, changes in wind direction, sails that blow out, men who fall overboard—that sort of thing. "When you are on watch"—Tom, the scholar, persevered—"do you have to go outside?" Danny told him that someone was always "outside" but that the second watch member frequently went below to make a log entry or fetch up some coffee or whatever. How Van and Dick would have enjoyed it all!

I like to take off on a boat five minutes after boarding it, and this time we very nearly made it, the slight delay being caused by Allan's retrieval of our passports from Immigration. The wind was blowing us into the Wyman, so we had to spring ourselves out: a nice maneuver involving an after spring (a line from the aft end of the boat to a bollard forward on the dock), hard right rudder, and engine until the bow eases out, there being nothing else it can do, given the vector of forces; then rudder amidships to permit you to move out straight ahead, so that your stern doesn't scrape against whatever you were tied up to. Thirty seconds into the harbor, and the boat headed into the wind, Allan and I decided we would depart like true sailors. In two minutes, the mainsail was up. In another two, the genoa. The wind was blowing smartly from the north, and within three minutes we were passing by our two naval vessels at full speed, waving at everybody in sight—trying, even, to catch sight of a red handkerchief or something from Bunny in her penthouse apartment. Tom was utterly elated when, just past the harbor entrance, as I was setting my course east, Judy and Diane brought out the wine and soup and sandwiches, and, travelling half a mile south of the island, we spent the next two hours watching São Miguel slide by, with all its greenery, its vineyards, the noble houses, the fincas, the sheep. The high cheer of Tom was precious, because moments after we slid past the lee of the island I called for a reef in the mainsail. Before the evening was out, I called for a second and then a third reef. We blew out the main genoa that night and rigged a topsail and a staysail. We were embarked on one hundred hours of the damnedest, steadiest, hardest, most sustained wind I can remember. I knew, I knew, that the ocean would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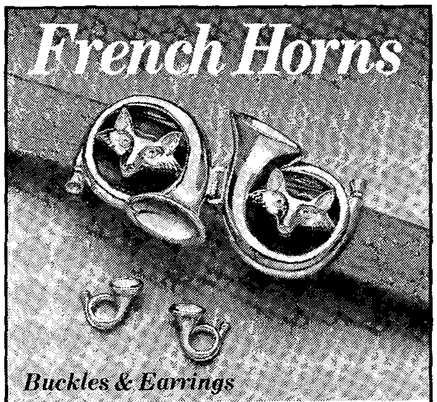

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not let us get away with the cotton-candy stuff we had had that last week reaching the Azores. I was right. But, then, what else is new?

TOWARD the beginning, there is exhilaration. "Log 465, wind gusting to 30, seas—rolling chop, speed 8.8," Danny's entry read. "Making terrific headway, love it. What a way to begin a watch—blow a sail, reef main, put up headsail and topsail, bring aboard dinghy, get soaked, and enjoy Chris Little's happy expression. He finally got his action shot."

But there are exasperations, including the episodic failure of your Indians to follow your instructions. "One purpose of a watch captain," Danny lectured the log, "is to assume the safety procedures of his watch, and when asked to secure oneself with a life harness, please do so." And, lest he sound too hortatory, a propitiatory ending: "I thank thee."

On the state of health of his confederate, Danny was succinct. "Log 433.6. Tom's a ghost." And, a little later, "Log 442. Wind up again to 20 knots. Tom's a ghost."

Tony, as is customary, was more detailed in describing exactly what happened:

> At 2100, we double-reefed the main. Experienced difficulties:
> 1) topsail sheet prevented main boom from going out to supply sufficient luff.
> 2) topping lift parted.
> 3) double-reef clew outhaul stuck, so that winching it in proved very difficult, resulting in PROTRACTED EXPERIENCE.

Let me explain the new procedure for reefing the mainsail—so to speak, the third-generation reefing procedure of my lifetime. When I began sailing, you lowered the mainsail completely when you wanted to reef, made all the adjustments, then raised it. For racers, this procedure was a most awful concession—all that time without the propellant force of the mainsail. There evolved the idea of roller reefing, and, in a matter of years, if you didn't have it—well, it was as if you didn't have winches. The idea then was to permit you to specify the extent of your reef. Instead of having to sacrifice one-eighth of the area of your mainsail (a single reef) or one-quarter (a double) or one-third to one-half (a triple), you could contract your sail by exactly as much as you desired. How? By redesigning your boom—making it circular, stripping it of all accretions of hardware—and winding the sail

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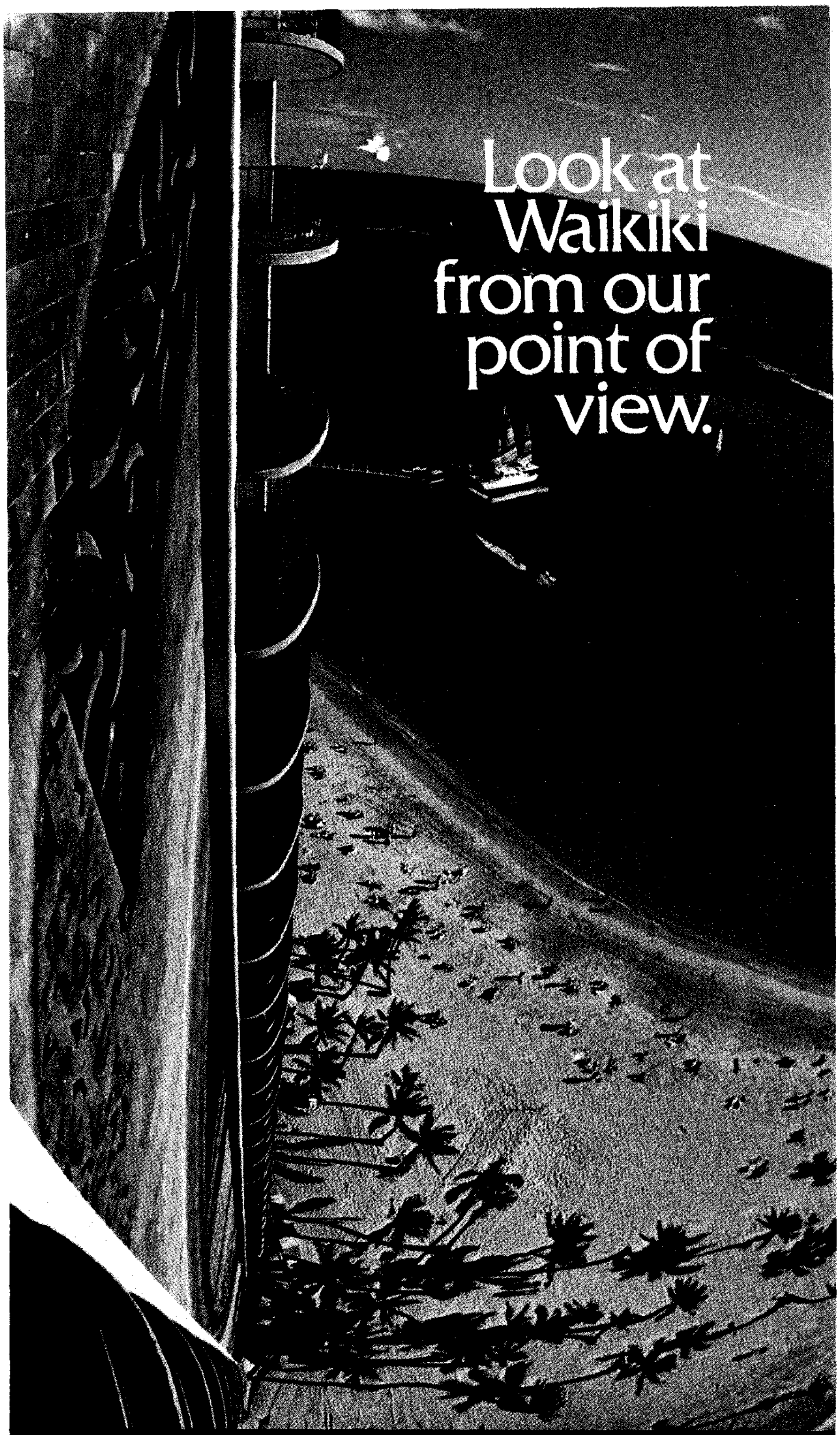
around it. Where the boom joins the mainmast (the gooseneck), instead of a simple locking device you installed a worm gear that when cranked caused the whole of the boom to revolve. One man would stand at that winch, slowly turning the boom, while a second man would lower the main halyard, pari passu. As the sail came down, the aftermost corner of it naturally came progressively closer to the mast. Perhaps a clearer way of stating this is that the foot, which is the base leg of the triangular mainsail, shortened. Typically, at the moment of reefing there were great pressures on the mainsail. When using the old method of reefing, one had to discipline the new clew grommet—that is, bring it down close to the boom and stretch it tight along the boom. Indispensable, else the reef points holding the unstretched sail to the boom rip out under the force of the wind. In roller reefing, this is no problem, because the boom is using up the unwound sail, and the original clew outhaul keeps the sail structurally sound. We did this for years, and it worked, though somehow it was never as facile as advertised, and often things went wrong. The strain on the roller-reefing device was always very great.

The new system—and Sealestial's new mainsail was devised to use it—goes back in the direction of the first, with this critical improvement: If you decide to take a single reef, let us say, you will find a light line already passed through the single-reef cringle. (A clew grommet becomes a "cringle" as you move up the leech, or hypotenuse, of the sail.) By reaching for this and attaching it to a durable line—say, half-inch Dacron—you will have, already strung out, ready for use, the new clew outhaul. That line now comes from the cringle down to a corresponding sheave on the boom and forward to a winch on the mast. The decision having been made to take a single reef, two men alone can handle the job. The second lets down the sail as the first winches in the reefing cringle, simultaneously bringing down the new, corresponding tack and engaging it to the gooseneck. When he is satisfied that the reefing cringle is good and tight, and after he has secured the tack, the second man tightens the halyard. You now have an area of sail no longer in use which is fluttering about but not doing anyone any harm. At your leisure, you take the reef points—little lines sewn into the sail every twelve inches or so—and tuck in



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the unused sail by tying the lines around the boom, as though furling the sail.

Experience (ah, experience!) showed us that when it is extremely windy, it is a good idea to throw the instructions overboard—in this case, let the mainsail down completely. Bring in the clew reefing cringle without pressure, attach the new tack without pressure, then raise the sail, the helmsman having brought you into the wind to eliminate pressures. No doubt the racing boats would disdain the alternative, and their crews are practiced enough to reef without snag. When cruising, though, with crews inexperienced with your particular boat, you are best off lowering the sail.

It was now blowing very hard. "This is one *hell* of a sleigh ride, Santa," one entry reads. Another: "Log 616. Speed 10.115. Winds now gusting to 45 knots! Very cold and wet. Reg and CSVL [Christopher Little] somewhat happy and extremely exhilarated." Ah, but inevitably: "Log 627. Speed 10.25. Winds 30-35 with higher gusts. Cold, wet. Novelty eroding with each wave that breaks over my head."

Meanwhile, below: "Bill and Tom took the usual 8-12 and we all suffered through a horrid night," Tony wrote.

> I don't care what it was like on deck, because down below I didn't get any sleep at all. Torrents coming in the hatches all over. The waves found totally new places and all sorts of shelves to get into. Every fifteen minutes, after a new inundation, you could hear screams and groans coming from the other cabins as beds became progressively wetter and tempers even shorter. After a series of really bad bangs, I wanted to go on deck to tell Bill to shape up, because he was ruining my sleep, but I decided he couldn't do too much about it. So he was luckily spared my scorn and wrath.

Tony rose for his watch:

> Coming on deck was a shock. The motion had been very pronounced down below, but I was not prepared for the size or steepness of the waves coming down toward us. They glistened in the bright morning sunlight, and had those rows and streaks of foam made by the wind that you get with the "over 35 crowd;" I mean over 35 knots wind. Danny was steering pretty robustly to keep control, and I was champing at the bit to get my hands on the wheel. And when I did, what bliss. I had been thinking that my 2-8 of the evening before was going to be my last real sail of the trip. But no! There's more where that wind comes from. We estimated the big ones between 15-20 feet, and I don't care, by my standards that's big. You can get in trouble in that sort of stuff.

Tony meditated on the vessel's vir-

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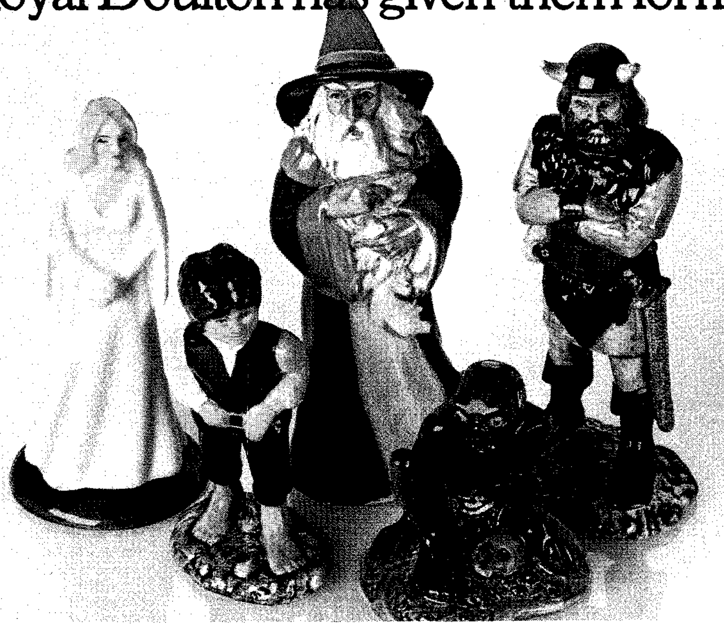

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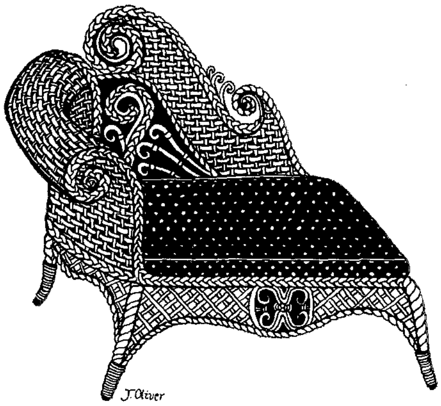
tues, reaching conclusions slightly at variance with his original ones: "Thundering along at 10-plus knots, the whole thing vibrating and hissing, luckily not banging into waves, but riding easily over them. With Dave helping out Allan, I managed to get in a few really long tricks, steering more than the three hours of the watch which I am entitled to. This is really my idea of what a passage should be: the waves requiring some real steering, picking a route out through the waves bearing down on us, and trying to keep the bow and the stern from getting pushed around too much. What continues to impress me is how Sealestial feels like a dinghy under these conditions. The response is phenomenal, and it's exhilarating."

But the discomforts were not always transcended:

> The action was starting to get a little boring by dinnertime, and we had to eat below. I was having my usual discomfort readjusting to the sea once more, but I was able to enjoy the leisurely dinner. Unfortunately, it was quite obvious that Tom was not. He would stretch out on the settee, closing his eyes and chewing, contemplatively and at great length. I could imagine the effort with which he had to talk. I guess he had been pretty well sedated by Bill's various anti-seasick tablets, so he was O.K. But then he started to press his luck. Bill, who believes that there is a magic pill for just about every ailment, suggested that Tom counteract the soporific with a Ritalin, or something, which was a mild stimulant. No. His stomach I think became a raging battleground, and he lost.

Poor Tom. It was a dreadful initiation. His journal had begun with a grandiose sense of well-being, including amicable characterizations of his companions: "Tony Leggett, sailor, preppy, Harvard grad, traveller, and banker-to-be—an altogether fine young man. Danny Merritt, upbeat, agile, ready and eager for anything, fine sailor. Chris Little, Teddy-bearish, youngish professional photogra-



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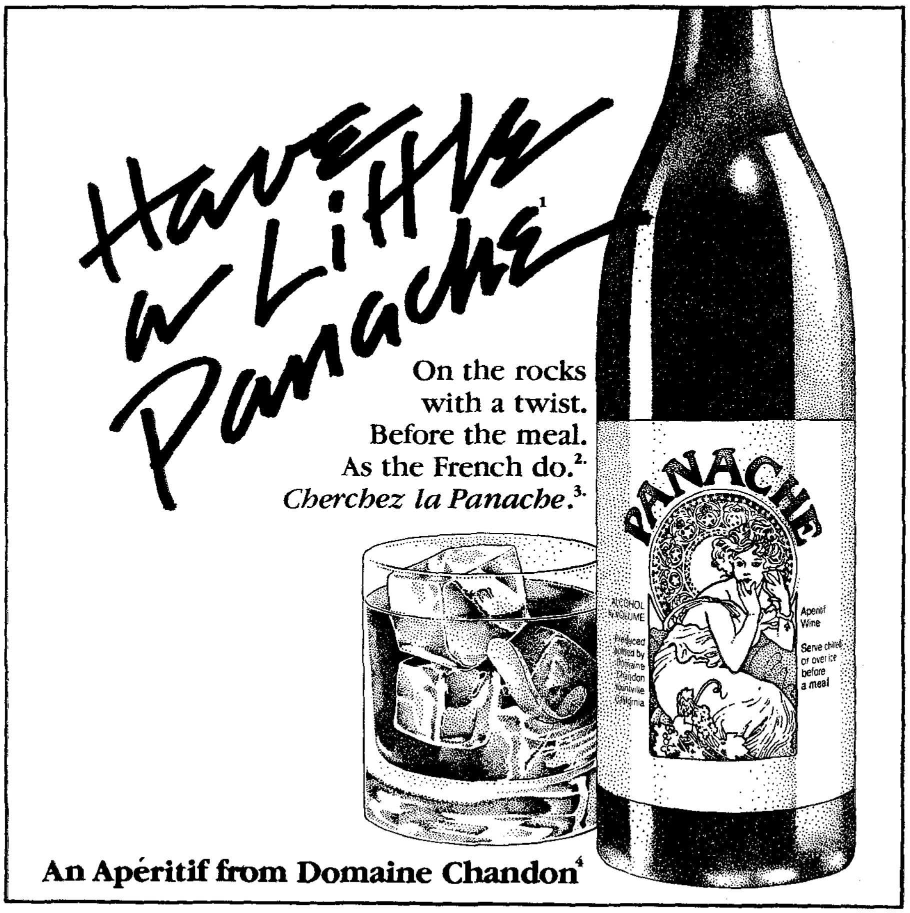

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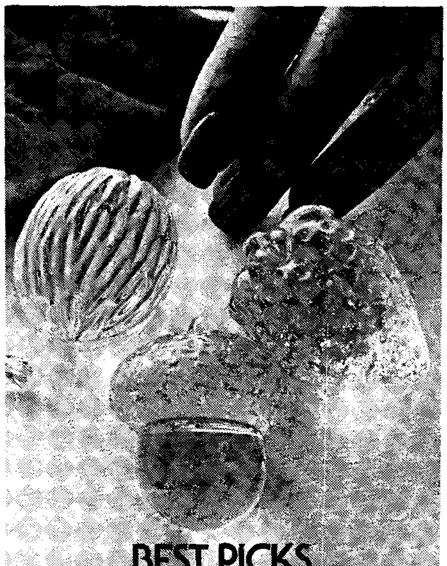
Then the departure: "The casting off and smooth heading to seaward was spine-tingling. This, thought I, was living." The succeeding sentence, for Tom, foretold it all: "From here on I will not try to trace events day by day."

Much, much later: "For at least half the voyage, I felt slightly nauseated."

TOM is asleep above me, and I can hear the waves from my bunk, but the moon just eludes me. The voices of the helmsman on watch can't be heard. I am protected from falling out of bed by canvas leeboards. When the port side of the ship is the windward side and you are heeled over hard, as we have been now for two days, you need to extricate the lee straps from under your mattress. They come conveniently equipped with snap hooks, so that you need only find the corresponding eyes under Tom's bunk and hook them in. Every time, you pause to consider alternative ways of proceeding. The first is to snap in both ends (the canvas is about three feet long, protecting you from somewhere very soon under your armpits to below your hips) and then grope your way through the upper or nether aperture until you are in full possession of your bed. Or you can secure the lower end and slide your body in quite easily, but you then have to contrive to snap on the upper end when your whole body is being directed by gravity to put its full weight on exactly that part of the canvas that you need to stretch tight in order to fasten the hook. Extreme exertion, combined with isometric control, permits the latter; and I chose this way in, this time around.

It has been a mysteriously unsatisfactory day. The conditions, of course, are hard. Tom is, to put it simply, miserable. But Tony, too, is preternaturally silent, and I fear he is sick. Even Reggie and Christopher are dutiful rather than lusty as they go about their business. Only Danny is, as ever, zestful: he twice came to me in the



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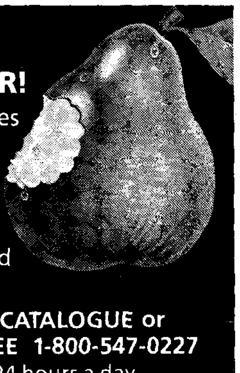

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morning, on instructions interrupting my paperwork, to tell me he thought I might snatch the sun through the clouds—because, although the conditions are stormy, the visibility is good. For perhaps twenty per cent of the day, we had glimpses of the sun, even as now the moon is fitfully out, causing the monstrously wonderful shadows that augment the savagery of the waves as they thunder past you, so that sometimes you are plunged from near-midday visibility into utter darkness.

All the meals were strictly utilitarian. We were given deep bowls, with a gruel of sorts. That and bread and cheese and wine. At that, we spilled much of what we were given. Allan has taped a two-by-four down the length of the table, but it isn't high enough to serve efficiently as one of those fiddles Tony speaks of. It will resist only that in which the center of gravity is low. Coffee in a heavy mug, yes; wine filling a Plexiglas goblet to the brim, no.

There were no indications of any change in weather. The barometer hasn't budged in days—hasn't tipped us off, as a matter of fact, to what we are in. Presumably, we are still in the same Azores high, but in a part of it that is windy. I miss our daily swims, but the rain and the waves keep us well laundered, and, besides, there is a splendid shower by the master stateroom. The sights have been irregular, and this afternoon we spotted a Portuguese warship and spoke to it. The reply: "We ahrr Portugal. You ahrr what?" I suppose that if we had said we were Mozambique they'd have declined coöperation, but we gave our flag and asked if they had a position, and after a few minutes' silence they gave us one. Either we were six miles south of where I had us or they were six miles north of where they placed themselves. I had had a noon sight, and was not lightly going to give ground on the subject; those northerly winds were probably giving us considerable set and leeway, though, and I cranked our course north by three degrees. I'm not worried about where we are.

As a matter of fact, I thought, turning off the reading light, I wasn't really worried about anything. Sealestial was built without any notice of being overwhelmed by such seas as come at you with winds of forty miles an hour, and was proving it very nicely.

The next day was just as bad, but it

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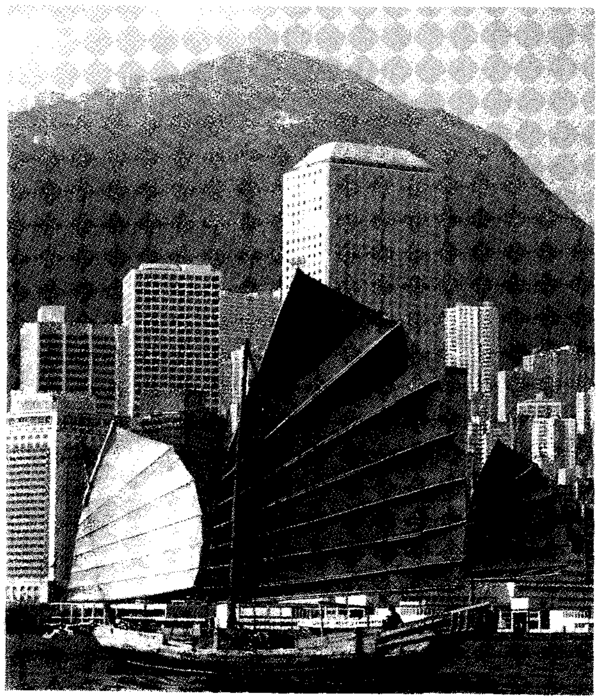

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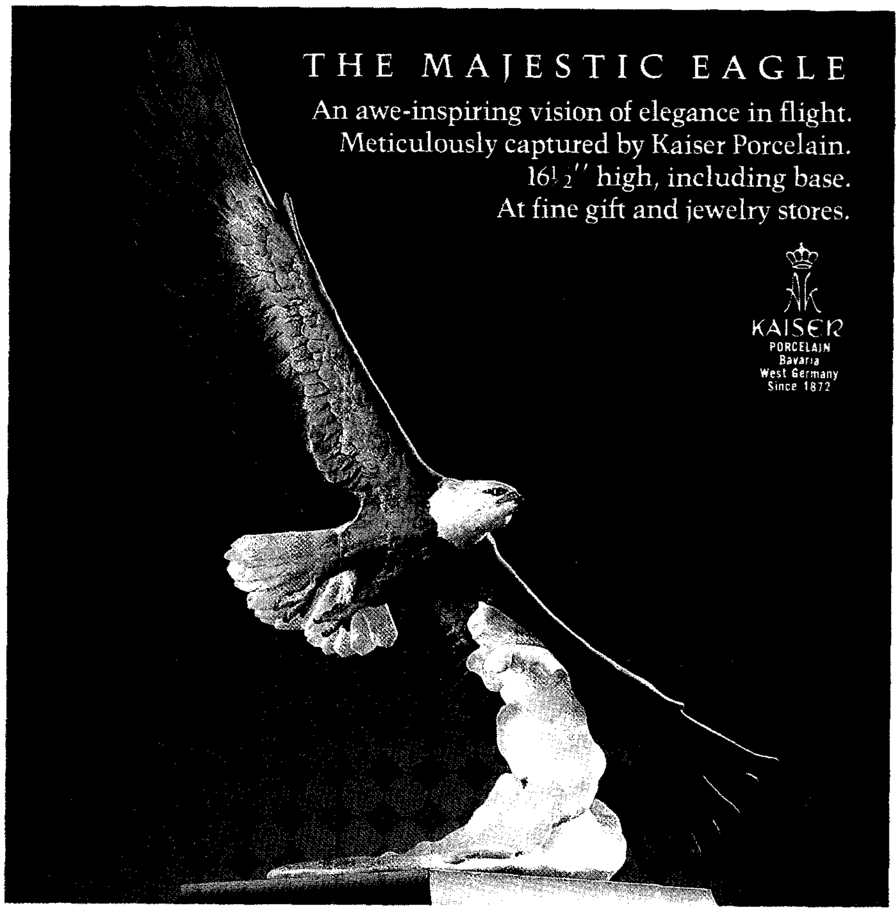

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was on the evening of it that Allan made his remarkable prediction. Allan, who speaks infrequently, sniffed the air, ducked a great wave that splashed across the deck, and said quietly, "Tell you what ah think. Ah think tomorrow this time we'll be under power."

We all forced a smile.

But at 1800 the following day I said, "We're doing only five and a half knots. Let's have some power," and there was great rejoicing, for, lo, we had a prophet in our midst. Two hundred miles to go. The ordeal was not, however, at an end. It is hard to describe the joy that comes to a sailor when, after a particularly long blast, the weather clears. I swear, it's like V-J Day. You just want to go out and be happy. There were still swells at 6 P.M., but the wind was down to seven knots. For the first time since leaving the Azores, we ate in the cockpit. The moon was perfect, the stars were out. The music was on. Everyone had a drink, and wine besides. Tom was fully recovered and once again was finding everything funny, including imitations of him during the past three days. (Reggie's was superior. To do it right, you must lie flat on your back and look straight up and put your hand over your eyes. The tone of voice must be funereal: "I'll have one saltine. No! Make that *half* a saltine. Thank you.") And the whole of the next day was more of the same, with just enough wind to sail by.

Christopher had said during our evening watch that he was greatly struck by the congeniality of the crew, and I reflected on the philosophical proposition: If A likes B, C, D, E, and F, and they like A, does it follow that B will like C, D, E, and F? Tom had never met Tony or Christopher, Tony didn't know Van or Christopher, Christopher didn't know Reg, Tom, Tony, Danny; Danny didn't know Tony or Christopher. A metaphor survived in the memory from the column I had written setting out from Bermuda; namely, the dialogue between intimacy and loneliness. It was so at the South Pole. I was there for just five days in midsummer (January); but, beginning in April, the sun would disappear, to rise again only in October. Six months of darkness, isolation: no traffic whatever with the rest of the world; the parent community at McMurdo Station reduced from its summer-size complement to about a hundred people. How did they get on? I am not ready to generalize on the subject, but it is objectively true that on our voyage no one was getting on the nerves of anyone else; and so it would be, on through the final days. Whether they will remain friends doesn't really matter.

The centrifugal forces that lead people away from each other—the hectic anonymity of New York; different professions; different extra-marine interests. All these argue for separation. But in the loneliness of the sea there is a bond. It is highly attenuated by comparison with the bond that binds men in combat, but it is there.

I began to make calculations. Have I said already that I don't like to end a big trip at an anticlimactic hour? At the rate we were going, we'd pull into Marbella at about two in the afternoon, and that is simply no good for celebrating. Rather like being married at six in the morning. So, said I, studying the charts, I have a proposal. Let's go into Gibraltar, get off the boat, have lunch there, look around for an hour or two, then reboard and sail the thirty miles up to Marbella. My proposal was greeted with cheers from all sides, and I knew how Magellan must have felt when he said, "What do you say we pop around the world?" That night was especially animated; we played poker, followed by a little wild red dog, and when the chips were counted the whole exercise resulted in an entirely tolerable redistribution of the wealth, a modest amount of it in my direction.

YOU must not ever count on uneventful endings to ocean passages. For every day I have finished a race or a cruise in calm circumstances, I can think of two that have been turbulent.

The next morning, the breeze was on the nose, and before I came on deck Tony had hardened up the sails; and now, the wind having veered directly east, we had given way, heading about 110 degrees. We had run into what they call in those parts a levanter; that is, a tough wind that comes out of the Mediterranean, from the east, and has a swooshing funnel effect in the Strait of Gibraltar, which is only eight miles wide at its narrowest.

I took the helm, and hung on to it for six hours, enjoying it all, though it was fierce and salty. By now, we could see the southern coast of Spain and the northwestern tip of Africa. The navigation from this point would be visual. Consulting the *Coast Pilot*, I learned that the current there flows east to

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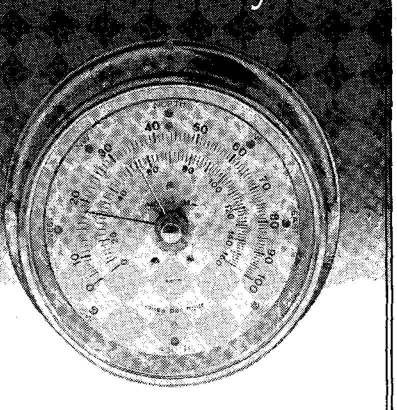

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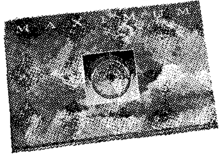

MAXIMUM

west, beginning four hours after high tide in Gibraltar, until the next high tide. So all we needed to do was find out what time was high tide in Gibraltar.

There ensued a search through every paper and document on board Sealestial. We came up with stuff that would have permitted us to navigate up the Amazon, around Patagonia, into uncharted ports in Micronesia, but no tide tables for the Mediterranean. So I asked Allan to try Radio Gibraltar, and he did. "This is Hotel Oscar 7918 Hotel Oscar 7918 calling Radio Gibraltar, calling Radio Gibraltar." Nothing. By then, we were coasting along the shore of Africa, with a good view of the wind-harried dunes, including a relatively new-looking freighter that had missed the turn by a mere quarter mile and was now abandoned, on its side, on the rocks. There is a spectacular lighthouse there, at a point east of which the Barbary pirates took sanctuary for so many years. Now we were abeam of Tangier, and I suggested we try Tangier Radio, with which, however, we had no better results than with Gibraltar. O.K., I said, let's try the hand-held radio, with which we had successfully communicated with several vessels during our passage. There were great tankers and freighters of every nationality and size steaming east and west across the Strait. All we desired was the simplest datum: What time was high water in Gibraltar?

We tried it in English, in French, and in Spanish—just the bare question. There was a sullen muteness in all that traffic—hard, really, to understand, because boats at sea tend to be civil to one another. I tacked about again, to starboard, pointing now to the Spanish coast about ten miles west of Gibraltar, and thought, What the hell, we'll stay on this course. If the tide is favorable, it will waft us into Gibraltar. If it isn't, it will blow us west with the wind, and worse fates are imaginable than spending a night in a southern Spanish bay, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and all that sort of thing.

The triple-reefed main was augmented by a storm jib, because we had blown out the staysail and the topsail, so we added engine power and moved tight into the wind at a full nine knots. Within one hour, we knew we had gambled and won. Two hours later, without tacking again, we were suddenly surrounded by hills: we were in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the time was

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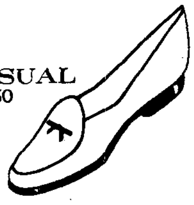

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four in the afternoon. Too late for our lunch plans, but not too late, I thought, for a little *tour d'horizon*, and so, with the binoculars, I got the lay of the land, and brought Sealestial through a crack in the breakwater, only to run into a frenzied harbor pilot in an armed launch, directing us away from the southern end we had thought to tour. "Prob'ly limey off-limits naval forces," Allan commented. I was glad to experience the sinews of Western military strength, but thirty seconds later we heard the crack of a gun. It was not a fusillade, let alone the beginning of the Third World War. It was a blank cartridge signalling the start of a children's dinghy race. We had been escorted out of an area in the bay reserved for the kids on the days they race. Oh, well.

So we took in other parts of Gibraltar, passing the fancy hotels serenely, looking up at the mountain where all the monkeys are cosseted, passing a dozen freighters tied up and loading and unloading. Judy and Diane were handing around some wine, and I took some and said, "Well, gentlemen, shall we proceed to Spain?" The consensus was affirmative, and so we moseyed out of Gibraltar and, to our surprise, found that the levanter had entirely dissipated, leaving us waters so placid one would not have thought they had experienced wind in a week. We rounded, and I set the pilot on automatic, with a heading for Puerto Banus, whose light we would in any event pick up within a couple of hours. I don't remember ever seeing such pinks and blues as we saw that night, quietly proceeding, at a mere 1,300 r.p.m., so that there would be no noise to contend with. Every few moments, as the sun went down and the moon blared up, the color combinations changed, and we saw deep mauves, every color every painter has ever used when painting in a tranquil frame of mind—such a frame of mind as our own. Dinner was served slowly and consumed slowly, and there was barely time for coffee, brandy, and cigars before we saw the light and closed down on our destination.

I had seen it before, and remembered sending Danny in a dinghy to delineate absolutely the angular little channel by which you enter that huge facility. I remembered the channel, too, and we crawled in, and instantly spotted two flashlights signalling us in a direction where, through the glasses, I could make out an unoccupied section of a dock, about the length of

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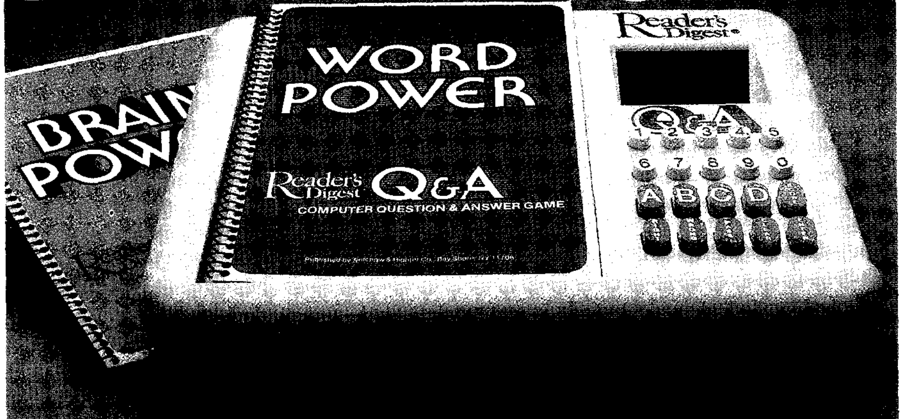

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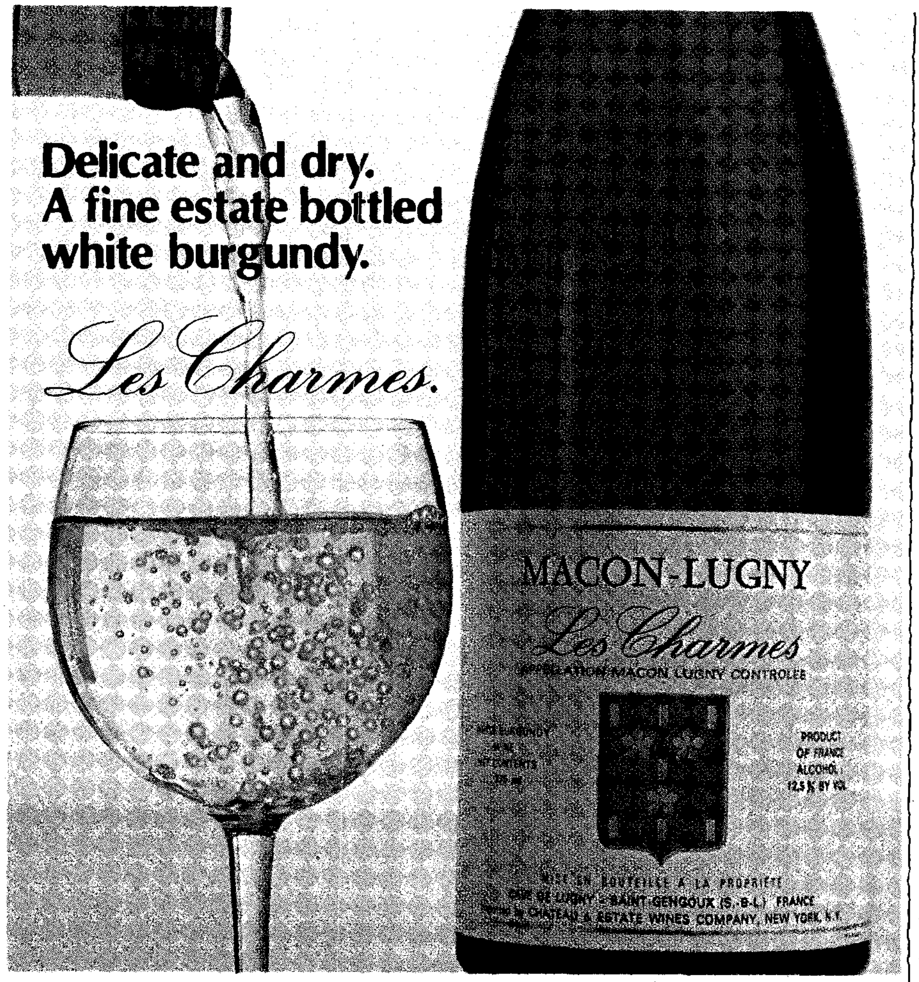
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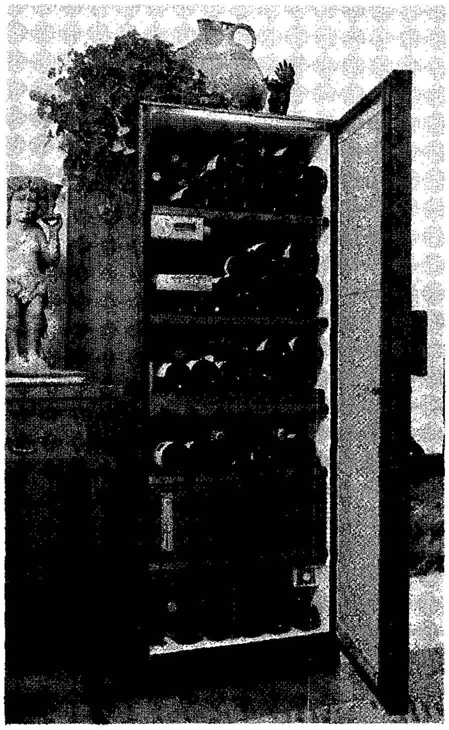

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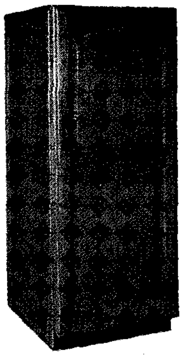

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Sealestial, and so I gave my last command: "Fenders, port side." I approached, did a figure eight to test the current, and we slid in. Betsy—Christopher's wife—and a friend had just then arrived, at midnight, preparing for an all-night vigil. Betsy and Christopher had eloped only the November before.

There was great commotion at the immigration dock, during which we all endeavored to place telephone calls to America, on the understanding that doing so would not interfere with our consumption of champagne, which Van had sent ahead in copious supply and Betsy had taken care to keep chilled. I don't know why, but suddenly I felt an impulse to pull out. I did so without ceremony, walking, champagne glass in hand, back along the lifeless dock toward the boat. I stepped in gingerly fashion over the lifeline, grasping the shroud with my left hand; the other hand was not available, as there was still the champagne glass. The boat, mothballed in moonlight, was dead. Everyone was ashore, telephoning, revelling, roistering. There was no breeze, no sound. I walked aft to the stern cockpit and maneuvered down the stillness of the companionway to the master cabin, flicked on the reading light, dropped my pants, shoes, and socks with a single downward motion, and slid between the sheets. *For the first time in* seven days, no need to fasten the canvas leeboards that had kept me, during those screeching moments of heel, *from being tossed out of bed. I picked* up my journal and began to write. The dozen words I managed I cannot at this moment decipher. They are illegible. But I know what they say, what they express: gratitude.

—William F. Buckley, Jr.

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OH WOW
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MICHELLE OBERMAN:
Happy Birthday to My Favorite Fan!
Love Always,
Pat Metheny

To the Pledges and Brothers of
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Thank you for rescuing us and for a terrific time.
Love,
The Pledges of D Phi E
(Sisters Too)

LORETTA,

Happy 20th next Wed. Kiddo! Thanks for making these two years so "amazing": waiting in line for hockey tix, OOOLs - mostly IOLs, being nice - not good, ICs, pipe dreams, Michael and Gordon, gov't. finals and champagne, "it's all coming back to me now," 4 a.m. phone calls, jeeps, Sigs parties, the C-House, the Pub, Dunbar's, etc. ...We are definitely living together senior year!

Love ya!
Cindy

MICHELLE OBERMAN
Happy 20th Birthday! You know that on your special day, March 28th, we'll be with you in spirit if not in body. Have a wild and crazy time!
Love always,
Lisa, Diane, and Theresa

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Beeeee!
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What WILL We Do With Liz?

JO—SEPH
I get jealous, but you're more than compensation.
Pops

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Love, The Wild Women of
Baker Tower

Hermans aren't the only ones who forget.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY JIM McCAFFREY
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Dear Forgetful Photographer—Just call 272-1014 and we'll straighten everything out.

Dear Mom (alias Boobass),

Never forget the tootsie roll fights, peas and mushrooms, chem tutoring, step-dad (alias Beeny-Weeny), Abbot hunts, calls to Switzerland, Cheetos, Jergens and Clark! We promise to be good little girls for your 20th birthday. You are a big girl now!

Love
Your two angelic daughters

To the World's Up and Coming Drummer—

How could I have goofed, of course I should have assumed it was from you! What great wit!

Love,
Stacy

P.S. Everything will work out for next year—I still have faith!

ON A COLD WINDY EVENING ON APRIL 8th, 1947, in a small dim lit room in New York City, a tiny red headed, round cheeked baby girl was born. She grew up quickly, went to school, became shy, read romances, studied cloud formations in the lazy afternoon and instead of reading textbooks, tried to memorize the moon. And when the girl was sixteen, she began to notice something strange. Her ugly duckling features had undergone a change. In short, she was growing pretty. And the shock so stunned and thrilled her that she decided to go to Cornell and join Delta Phi Epsilon sorority and find a husband (preferably a professional). In 1966 she met her man and in 1967 was wed. And love was sweeter than the berries, or the honey, or the stinging taste of mint. And love and life grew with Jonathan, Jennifer and Robin budding like beautiful spring flowers after an April rain.

Every secret prayer, every fancy free, everything I dared for both you and me. All my wildest dreams multiplied by two. They are you, they are you, they are you.

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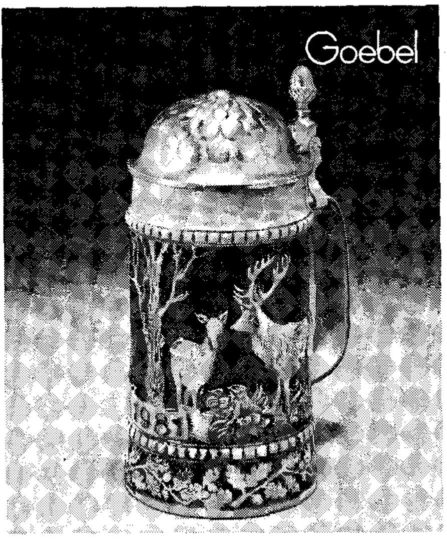

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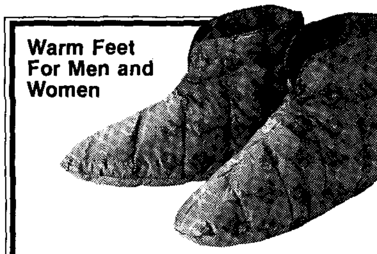

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THE THEATRE

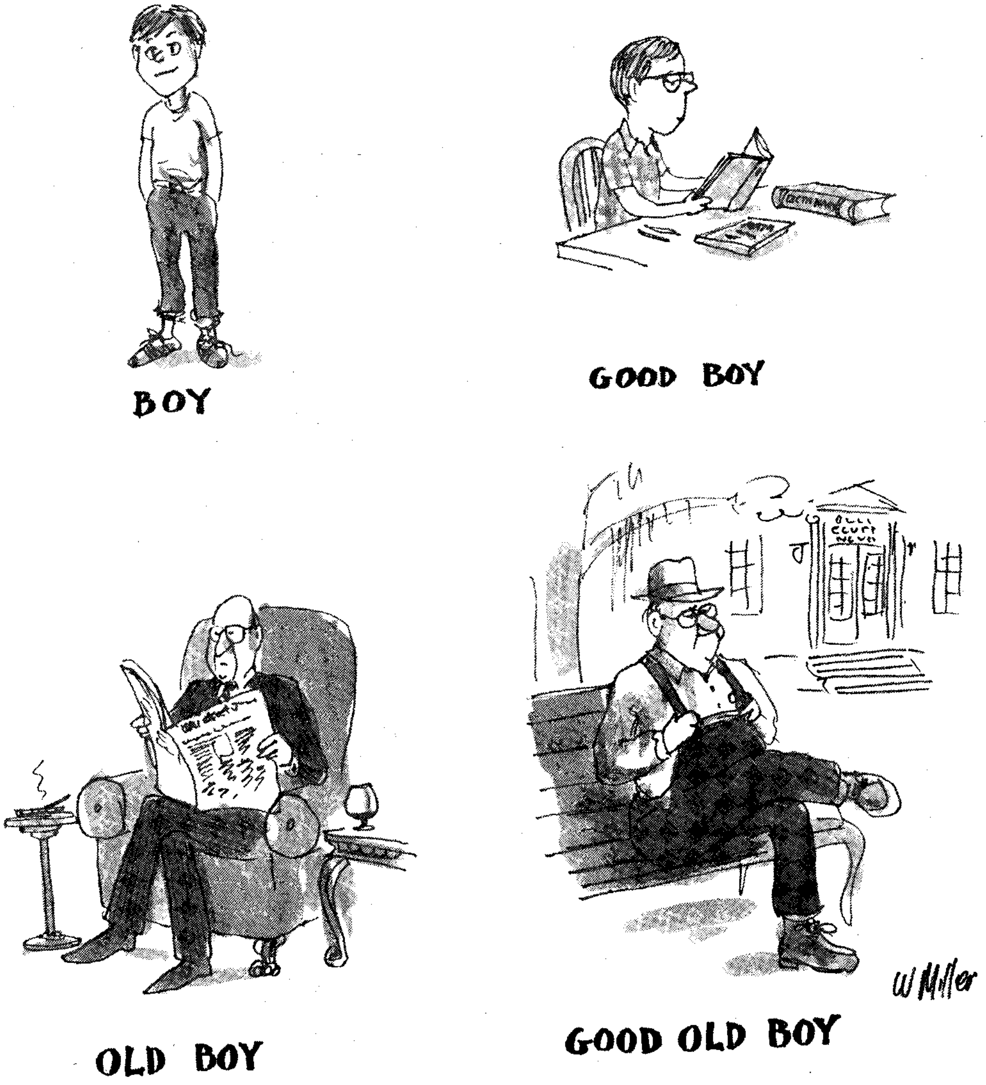
Family Troubles

IT'S an iron-clad rule of play reviewing that one ought never to reveal the plot of a thriller, on the nearly always safe assumption that the more or less deft working out of a more or less complicated plot will be the most interesting aspect of the work and the very thing that the audience will have spent its good money to observe. In the case of "A Talent for Murder," at the Biltmore, the plot is a mess, capable of being seen through by an inattentive six-year-old, and its working out is notable largely for an exceptional degree of dramaturgic clumsiness; still, I am eager to abide by the rule against revelation, because to violate it would prove a tiresome exercise indeed. For the record's sake, let me just mention that Jerome Chodorov and Norman Panama, the co-authors of what they have dared to subtitle a "suspense-comedy," have invented as their chief character an elderly woman writer of popular mystery novels whose name is Anne Royce McClain. Mrs. McClain lives in a big old house in the Berkshires, along with an Indian cook-butler-chauffeur named Rashi and a collection of twentieth-century French paintings. (We are told that she once had an affair with Matisse; the odalisque he painted of her hangs in a prominent place on her drawing-room wall.) The collection is reputed to be worth fifteen million dollars, and a desire on the part of some of her heirs that it remain intact and be passed along to them as soon as possible leads to an outbreak of family quarrelling and, at last, to a grisly and implausible murder.

Claudette Colbert is an actress of enviable charm and beauty, and from time to time she manages to make us believe that Mrs. McClain is uttering a witticism where no witticism exists. For reasons that pertain to the plot, she is obliged to spend the evening in a wheelchair, and I got the impression that she missed the exercise her vigorous nature requires. Jean-Pierre Aumont plays the role of a French physician whose affair with Mrs. McClain appears to have lasted longer than Matisse's did; he, too, has charm, but he is given not a single line worth listening to. The others in the cast—Barton Heyman, Nancy Addison Altman, Stephen Schnetzer, Liane Langland, and Shelly Desai—manifest energy without charm, though they touched me for a moment by the smiling relief with which they took their curtain calls. The pleasant setting is by Oliver Smith, the lighting is by Ken Billington, and the costumes are by two designers—Miss Colbert's by Bill Blass, and her colleagues' costumes by David Murin (who ran up a thoroughly unsuitable evening dress for Miss Altman). The director is Paul Aaron; his opportunities were slight, and he is far from having made the most of them.

DAVE ALLEN, an entertainer very popular on British telly, is playing a limited engagement at the Booth under the modest title of "An Evening with Dave Allen." A good-looking man in his forties, Mr. Allen wanders about the stage and gives us his opinions on a hundred diverse subjects, including sex, the Roman Catholic Church, his Irish upbringing, the perversities of the English tongue, truth in advertising, and the imprudence of taking the tall tales of the Bible literally. Like so many British entertainers, he has a schoolboy preoccupation with the loo; in this country, a little loo goes a long way. In earlier times, Mr. Allen would have been one of a number of stars in a Broadway revue, as Will Rogers was, or he would have put on his act in a big night club, of the sort we no longer possess; twenty or thirty minutes of him would be delightful, but an entire evening is, alas, too much.

—BRENDAN GILL



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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Pasadena* (*Calif.*) *Star-News*]

The presidential counselor, in an interview published today in the San Diego Union, said he had gone to bed early and had been awakened with word of the clash. "The initial inclination," he said, "was to call the president. But then you say, 'Wait a minute. Why are we bothering him if there's nothing he needs to do?' "

Meese also told the newspaper that the way the clash was handled was an indication of Reagan's management style and added, "When higher levels of command get involved in the decision-making, you invariably foul it up."

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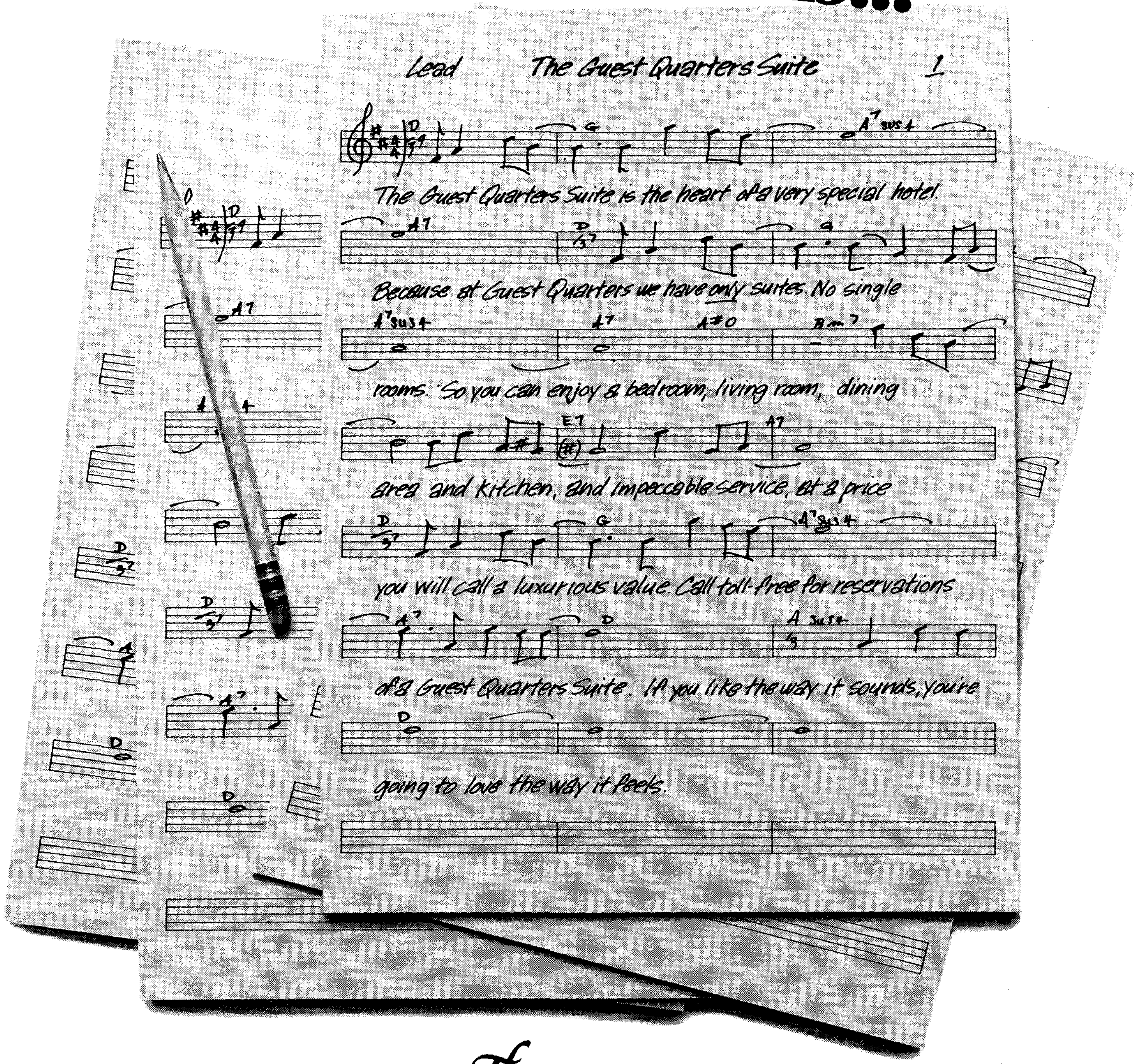
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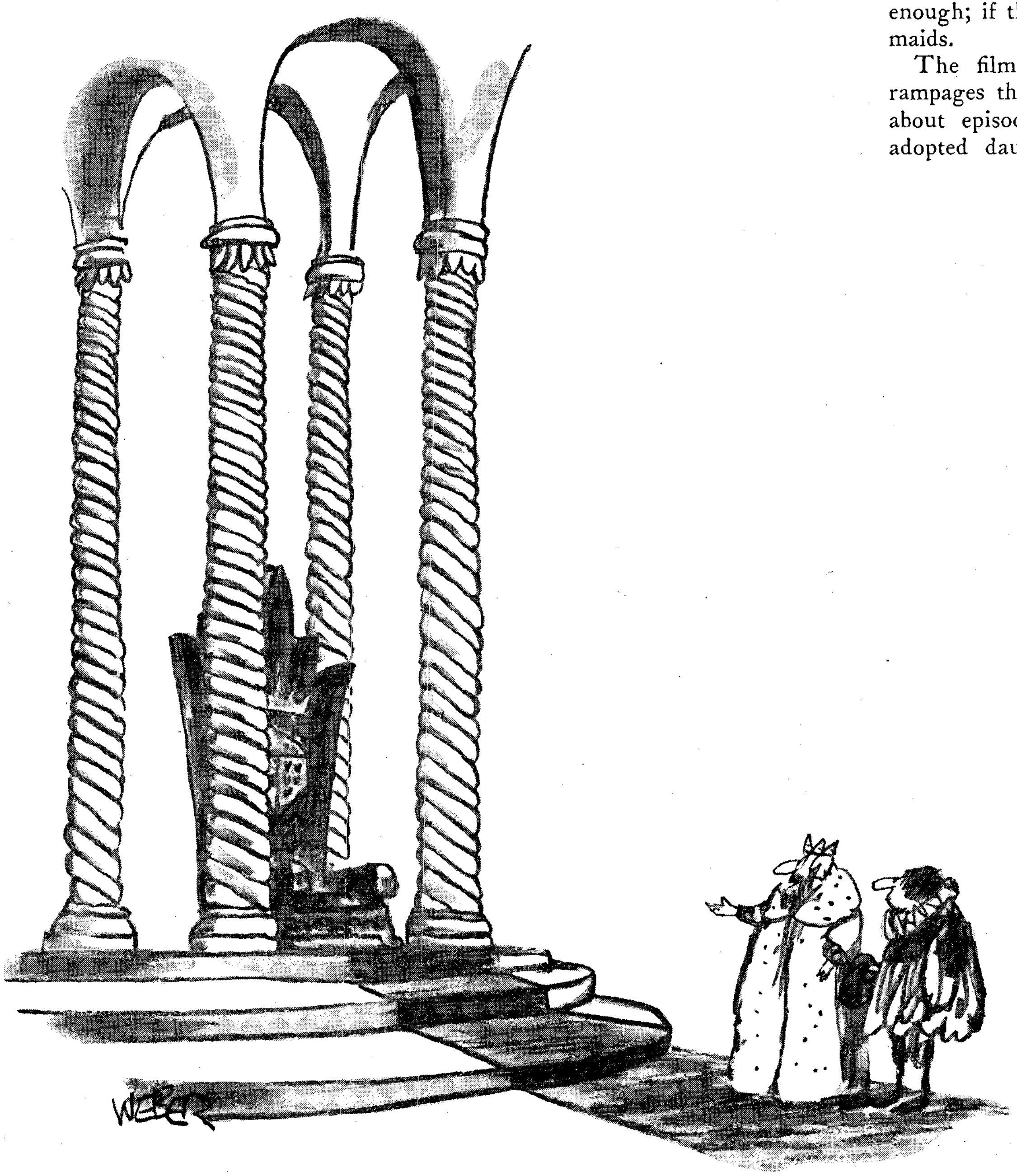
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dunaway Assoluta

FAYE DUNAWAY gives a startling, ferocious performance in "Mommie Dearest." It's deeper than an impersonation; she turns herself into Joan Crawford, all right, but she's more Faye Dunaway than ever. She digs into herself and gets inside "Joan Crawford" in a way that only another torn, driven actress could. (She may have created a new form of *folie à deux*.) With her icy features, her nervous affectations, her honeyed emotionalism, Dunaway has been a vividly neurotic star; she has always seemed to be racing—breathless and flustered—right on the edge of collapse. In "Mommie Dearest," she slows herself down in order to incarnate the bulldozer styles in neurosis of an earlier movie era; her Joan Crawford is more deliberate and calculating—and much stronger—than other Dunaway characters. As Joan the martinet, a fanatical believer in discipline, cleanliness, order, Dunaway lets loose with a fury that she may not have known was in her. She goes over the top, discovers higher peaks waiting, and shoots over them, too. Has any movie queen ever gone this far before? Alone and self-mesmerized, she plays the entire film on emotion. Her performance is extravagant—it's operatic and full of primal anger; she's grabbing the world by the short hairs. Maybe Dunaway had to get into this hard-nosed Crawford drag—the mannish shoulders, the popping eyes and angry mouth—before she could yell this loud. Her back is stiff, her voice is thick with barely suppressed rage, and her diction has become ridiculously cultured. This congealed-syrup voice is the only voice Joan has got. She's a very scary, sinewy woman; wearing a silver lamé gown fitted at the waist, she looks like a high priestess with breastplates. In a scene in the sterile Crawford mansion, Joan is on her hands and knees vigorously scrubbing her own shrine. She's proving her right to be a star the only way she knows—by compulsive, punishing work. She has to scrub the floor because the maids don't get it clean enough; if they did, they wouldn't be maids.



"This is where I do some of my best work."

The film includes the nocturnal rampages that were the most talked-about episodes in the book by her adopted daughter, Christina Crawford, on which the movie is based. In one, Joan, prowling through her children's closets, finds a flaw—an expensive little frock on a wire hanger—and goes out of her head. In another, Joan responds to the news that she's finished at M-G-M by systematically cutting down her rose garden; she's wearing a sequin-top evening gown as she chops away at a tree. Dunaway brings off these camp horror scenes—howling "No wire hangers!" and weeping while inflecting "Tina, bring me the axe" with the beyond-the-crypt chest tones of a basso profundo—but she also invests the part with so much power and suffering that these scenes transcend camp. The destruction orgy that follows her discovery of the wire hanger may recall the gothic flamboyance of "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," and her smeary cold cream gives her the white face of a Kabuki demon. Yet she's so

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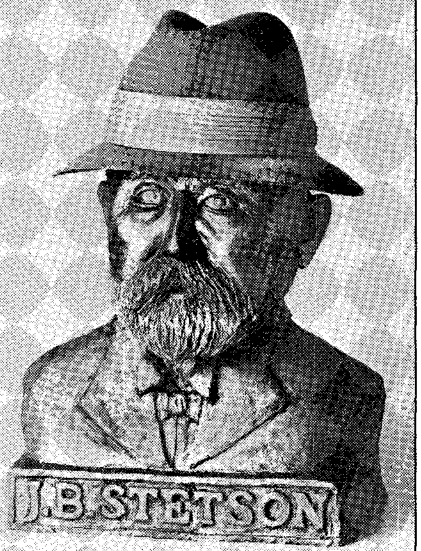

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wrecked, so piteous—and so driven—that she isn't funny. You can't help laughing at the movie, but you can't laugh at her. When she beats Tina with the offending wire hanger, or whomps her with a can of Old Dutch Cleanser, the horror isn't ridiculous, because you feel her tension and madness; you feel the strength of her need to smash this child, who isn't the malleable doll she fantasized when she bought her. (Movie stars were pioneer customers in the blond-blue-eyed-baby traffic.) Dunaway doesn't hold back: when Joan abuses Christina, you know that the child represents all the disappointments and disorder in Joan's life.

Dunaway gets at the mania for precision and order which often comes with age—it's almost always part of the running battle between parents and children, and sometimes goes as far as weird geometrical obsessions about where things should be. And for an aging star trying to deal with the pressures of the business world—someone who has labored to develop competence and needs order so that she can function—precise arrangements can be the only peace that's attainable. (It's too bad that the film doesn't provide any specific allusions to her early life, so that we could visualize the squalor she has climbed out of.) There's an aesthetic involved in Joan's rejection of wire hangers: when everything is symmetrical and expensive, she knows where she is—she can feel that she lives in harmony, unthreatened. There's no *mess.* Order is beauty to her, and the satisfaction she takes in it keeps her going. She's providing her kids with the perfection she yearned for, and they don't appreciate it. So she blows sky-high and shows them real disorder—the mess they deserve.

Dunaway has only one sequence that's merely camp (and it's an entertaining lowdown number): after the death of Joan's last husband—Alfred Steele, of Pepsi-Cola—when she lets the company board of directors know that she's not going to be pushed around, she belts out, "Don't ---- with me, fellas. This ain't my first time at the rodeo." She's like a rowdy female impersonator, savoring the jolt she gives the fellas—and the audience. It's a release the audience needs.

The Joan Crawford of this movie has the insecurities of an aging beauty and the strident aggressiveness of a two-fisted butch lesbian. It's an overheated, horrifying combination. And she's both mother and father to her

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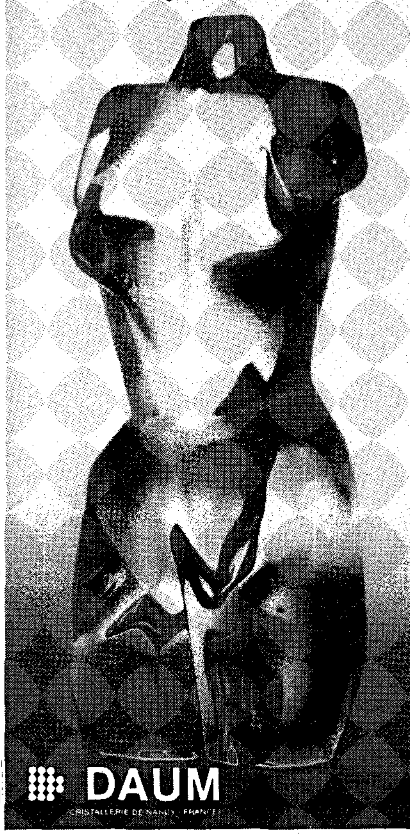

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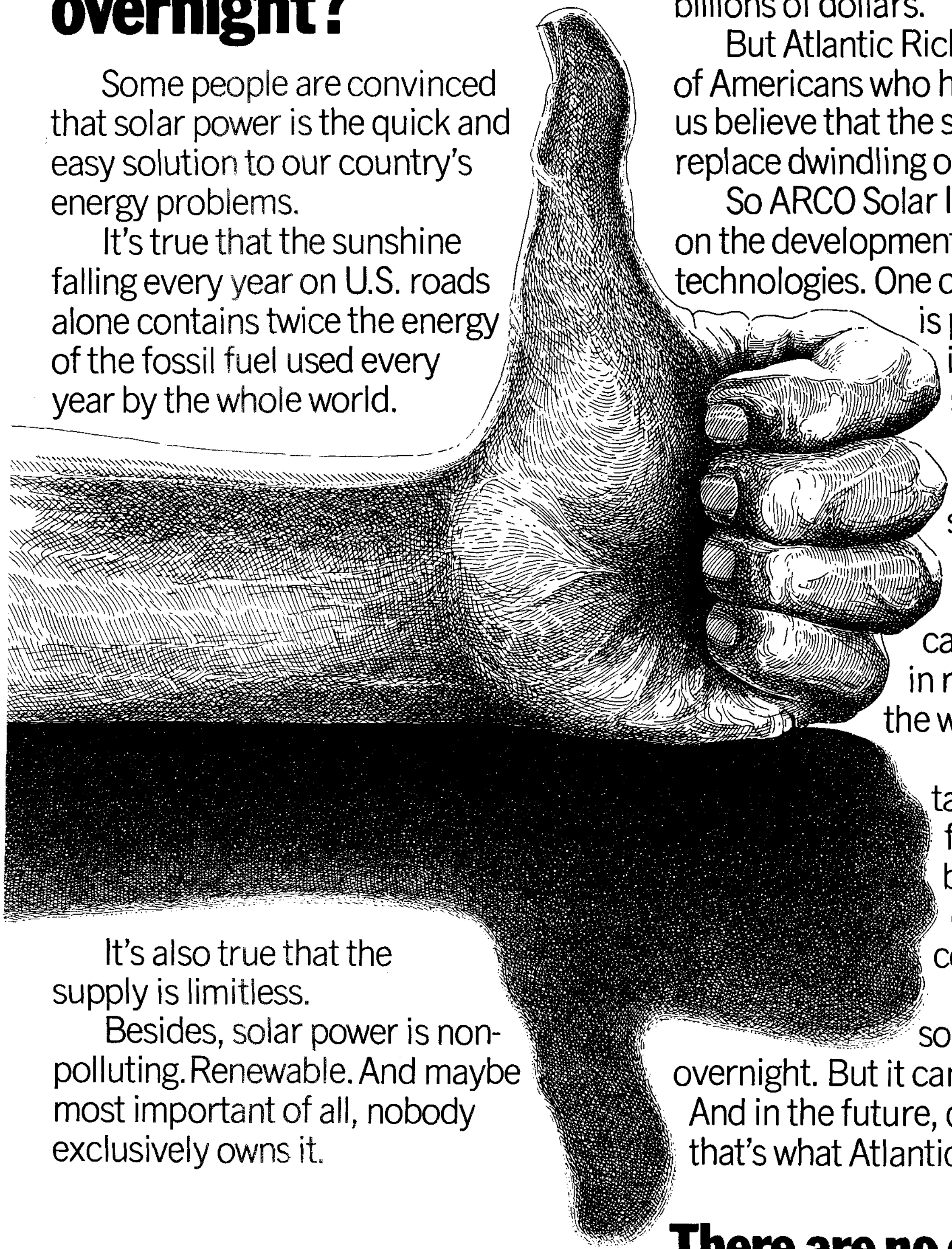

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adopted kids; actually, she is so authoritarian that she's neither mother nor father—she's a demented androgyne. There is nothing appealingly soft in this boss-lady bawling out instructions, so it's flabbergasting to see the rapport that the normally smooth Dunaway feels with this tough, crazy grotesque. It's one star speaking for another, saying that the business devours your sanity and your femininity. The picture sets up Crawford as Lady Macbeth of Hollywood. In a pre-title sequence, she is awakened by an alarm clock; it's 4 A.M. She unstraps her facial mask while getting out of bed, scrubs her face and arms briskly (she could be sandpapering herself), and plunges her face into ice to tighten the skin. There's anger mixed with a sense of duty in the determination of her movements as, wordlessly, she puts on garments from her perfect closets and walks through the chaste halls and into a waiting limousine, where she studies her script—"The Ice Follies of 1939"—and autographs photos on a special tray-desk. Not a second is wasted: everything she does is purposeful. She appears to be overzealous, inhuman. But Dunaway takes this star-machine Joan Crawford and shows you that she isn't evil or inhuman—she's frighteningly human.

Dunaway goes at the role with such magnificent loony empathy that her posture and movements and the way she runs recall Crawford's self-consciousness, and sometimes when her movements are most like Crawford's they're also quite crazy. Beyond your horror for the child whom Joan tries to subjugate, you're involved in Joan's need to enforce her perverted idea of discipline. The little girl (Mara Hobel) who plays the child Christina has a prematurely wise face; she's like a pixie dwarf. And in the scene with this creepy, narcissistic child sitting at the mirror pretending to be her creepy, narcissistic mother, only to have her mother pounce on her and, as punishment, hack off her golden curls, the mother and the daughter are both so hysterically upset and the mother is so unrelenting, cropping more and more of the hair, as if to root it out, that the nightmarish collision of temperaments begins to suggest a great subject: the horrible misunderstandings between all parents and children—their need to "correct" us, our need to spite them, our raw nerves that they can pinch, theirs that we can press down on. Diana Scarwid, who takes over from Mara Hobel when Tina is about thir-

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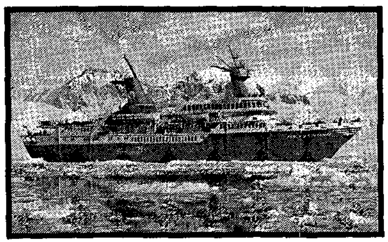

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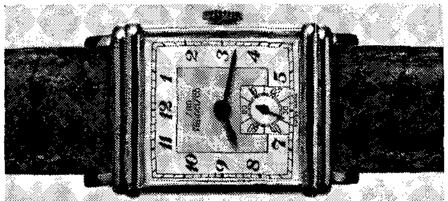

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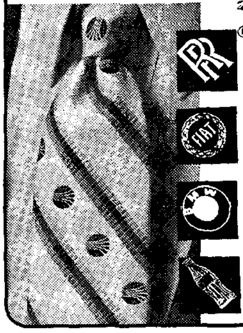

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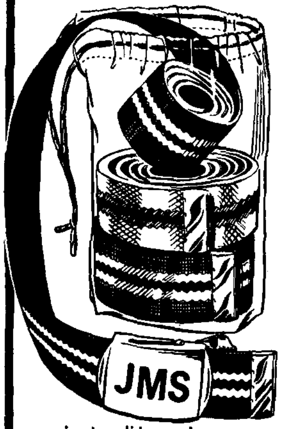

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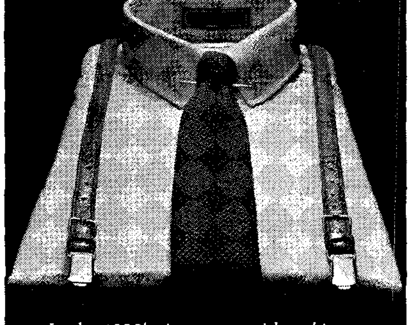

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teen, holds you by letting you watch Tina's secret thoughts. The adolescent Tina is a fresh-faced yet hidden person—she has to be hidden to survive. She's not docile—she's careful and cagey. But every once in a while she forgets herself and speaks her mind, and she's in real trouble. Scarwid has good low tones in her voice which suggest the ordeals Tina has been through, and she brings the role a twinkle, a gleam of rude humor, that seems to sustain Tina through her mother's most fiendish persecutions. On the occasion when it deserts her, and she raises her voice and talks back to her mother, Joan tries to choke her; Tina is rescued by a writer from *Redbook* (played in a believable, I've-seen-everything way by Jocelyn Brando) who's in the house doing a puff piece on the star's home life. Nobody is really in a position to help the children: Joan wouldn't put up with anybody strong enough to fight her. Her secretary-companion, Carol Ann (Rutanya Alda), who sees Tina's misery, is a wan, pinched acolyte. When she prays for Joan to win the Academy Award (for "Mildred Pierce"), there's a good possibility that she's really saying, "O God, save us from what we'll have to go through if they don't give it to her."

The best that can be said about the movie itself is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star. Mostly, it's bare and uninhabited. Produced by Frank Yablans and directed by Frank Perry, from a script they patched together (which was also worked on at various times by Tracy Hotchner and by Robert Getchell), it takes place in limbo. There's no illusion of any life going on around the action, which is staged right up front; you can practically hear the camera motor crank up for each shot, and when a crowd gathers, it seems to number eleven at the most. The film is a jumbled scrapbook of Crawford's life from her middle years to the end, with continuity that's slightly berserk. After the pre-title morning ritual, which goes on until Joan comes out of the makeup room at the studio and is ready to present herself to be photographed (this is the only sequence that's ingenious in visual terms), the film cuts back to her at home. Right after she wins the Academy Award, the film cuts to her wire-hanger fit, as if it were later that night. (Does the picture mean to suggest that she's so far gone that nothing can appease her? Or is there no relationship between the

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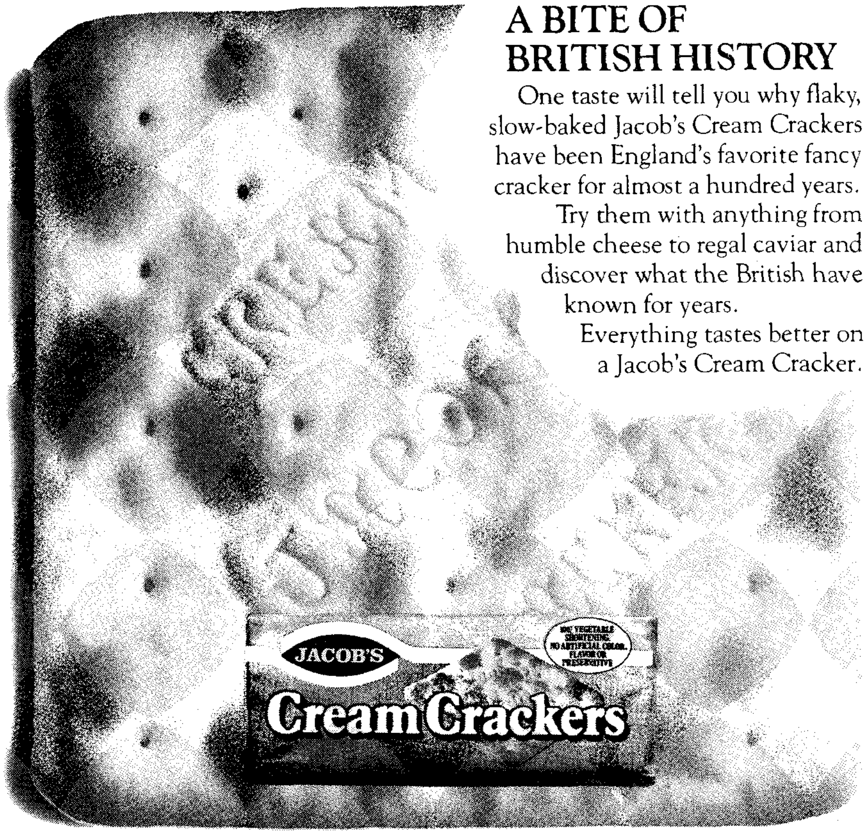
two sequences?) Some of the most promising episodes aren't shaped. The one in which the grown-up Tina, who has become an actress and is appearing in a soap opera, becomes ill and is hospitalized and the elderly, drunken Joan fills in for her is just a limp, squashy mess. There's an unexplained, tatty little scene with Tina accepting an award on Joan's behalf while Joan lies in bed weepy-eyed, watching the ceremony on TV. And Alfred Steele is presented as if he were a butter-and-egg salesman from Topeka rather than the head of an international corporation; Joan seems to lead him by a nose ring. And did the movie go through a budgetary crisis? Joan forces Al to spend excessive amounts of company money on a huge apartment that is to be their showplace, and then we never get to see the finished thing. There's too much of a beginning to some of Scarwid's scenes—we're almost watching her prepare for them. And Perry violates her performance with shots of the adolescent Tina necking which feature flashes of her white panties. But he doesn't intrude on Dunaway—he gives her long takes so she can go into her arias, and she sustains them. She becomes as grim and harsh as the actual Joan Crawford was—in her films of the forties and fifties, especially, when her falseness was so regal and heavy that you couldn't cut through it. You didn't feel the presence of anything else underneath. In the obit that George Cukor wrote, he said, "Whatever she did, she did wholeheartedly." Strenuously, rather; she was incapable of lightness, of delicacy. In a scene in which Joan is rehearsing for "Mildred Pierce," Dunaway looks like her, but you're aware of an enormous difference: this is "Mildred Pierce" with a real actress in the part.

The emotional violence in this film is potent; you can't get it out of your mind. There are probably people in the audience saying to themselves, "If Joan Crawford had adopted me, I would have known how to handle her"—and forgetting how they fought with their own parents. And there are probably others to echo the sentiments of Larry Rivers, who got up after a screening of "Mommie Dearest" and said, "You know what I just realized—I *am* Joan Crawford." Somehow, the movie is balanced: you see both sides. There's no question that Joan is guilty of battering her child, but Tina isn't exactly innocent—she has to test Joan in order to get her bearings in the world. The surprise of the movie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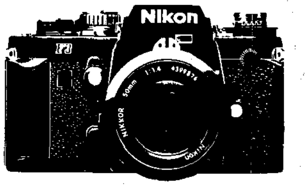

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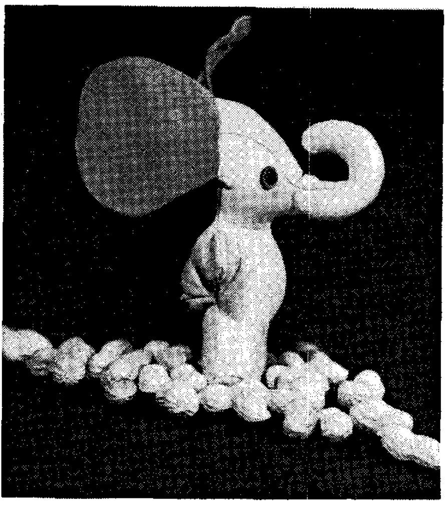
is that you can watch Joan's killer instinct at work and still not hate her. When the little Tina deliberately interrupts her mother's session with a handsome stud, you know what the session means to Joan, because you've seen her preparing for him, preening herself and anxiously checking out the leg she then casually displays to him. You've seen her jogging, working out: she has constructed herself almost mechanically—a post-industrial Venus. She wants to be perfect, like her spotless mansion. Her assumption of a charitable social role and her generosity to her fans are not just self-serving. She works to provide them with an ideal, and feels generous to those who can never accomplish what she has and yet believe in the ideal. Dunaway sees a grandeur in Joan Crawford, and by the size and severity of the torments she acts out she makes Crawford seem tragic. After Michael Redgrave played the insane ventriloquist in "Dead of Night," bits of the character's paranoia kept turning up in his other performances; it could be hair-raising if Faye Dunaway were to have trouble shaking off the gorgon Joan.

FOR the movie version of John Fowles' "The French Lieutenant's Woman" to set our imaginations buzzing, the one essential is that the distraught heroine, Sarah Woodruff, who keeps a vigil on the stone jetty of an English seacoast village in 1867 and, motionless, looks out to the gray sea, must be alluringly mysterious. If she isn't, there's no story, because the novel—a pastiche—is (among other things) a meditation on the romantic mystery women and sensual madwomen of Victorian fiction. It's Fowles' rather charming conceit that if this mysterious cloaked siren, with her haunted face and wild, free-floating hair, happened to stray into the ambience of the Pre-Raphaelites she would seem to belong there—she would be a free and independent New Woman. We never really get into the movie, because, as Sarah, Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance, but she isn't mysterious. She's pallid and rather glacial. When she ensnares the aristocratic Charles Smithson (Jeremy Irons) and tells him her two different versions of her relations with the French lieutenant and how she became an outcast, there's no passion, and not even any special stress, in her accounts, and so they have no weight in the movie. Meryl Streep's technique



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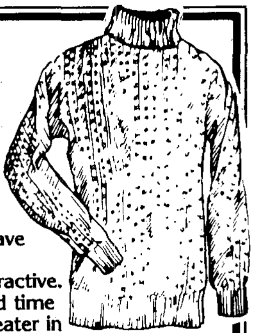

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doesn't add up to anything. We're not fascinated by Sarah; she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art": every vocal inflection is exact, the period settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness, with remnants of subplots and clues that lead nowhere. It's all so controlled that everything seems to be happening punctually, yet it's bewildering. If you want to know what's going on between Sarah and Charles, you have to go back to the book (which isn't all equivocation).

The movie may be getting so much attention because it represents the height of a certain kind of refinement. (There's certainly nothing funky going on.) This sort of restrained, calibrated moviemaking wears its cultural credentials right up front, like a house done in impeccable Swedish modern. Pinter's script is almost as frugal with emotion as his script for "The Last Tycoon" was. The anemia of the book is fairly amusing, since it's part of Fowles' game to drain the blood out of Hardy's novels and scrutinize what's left. But Pinter proceeds to drain out Fowles' playfulness, and even the devices that link the characters and tie the plot together. An example: Charles' enterprising manservant, Sam, is a variation on Dickens' Sam Weller, and he plays a crucial role in the fate of Sarah and Charles. In the movie, you see Sam (Hilton McRae) sneaking a look at a sealed letter that Charles receives and spying on him and hinting of blackmail, but nothing follows from any of this. In the book, Sam decides not to deliver a letter that Charles gives him to take to Sarah—it's the letter in which Charles

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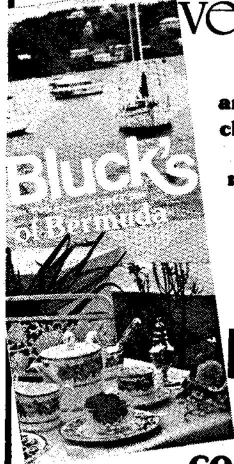

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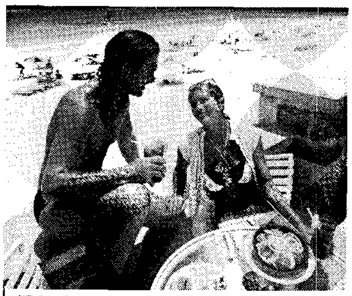
avows his love for her, tells her that he will *extricate himself from his engagement*, and declares his honorable intentions. He orders Sam to take it to her at the hotel in Exeter where he has left her—and where, he assumes, she will wait for him. Sam finds it more expedient to ingratiate himself with the about-to-be-jilted girl's wealthy merchant family, and is rewarded with a job in the family's department store, while Sarah, not expecting any word from Charles and not receiving any, leaves for London, and Charles, who ruins himself to break his engagement, can't find her. In the movie, Charles just tells Sarah that he'll be back, and she slips away before the appointed time. The melodrama is gone. Moviegoers are left vaguely wondering: Does the penniless Sarah disappear because she's a hysteric and a professional victim? Or has she suddenly snapped out of her doomy, repressed state? Or shucked off her feelings for Charles? Or gone off to "find herself"? Since she's not especially fascinating, it's hardly an urgent issue. You don't know what happened and you don't care.

Pinter won't let us have the fun of the book's plot—the particulars by which poor honorable, snobbish Charles, an advanced thinker yet a fool, loses his expectations of a title and a fortune, and his good name as well, all for the sake of a mysterious siren who stirs his passion. The movie is exceedingly literary, yet it doesn't offer the pleasures (minor though they are) of the book. Fowles provided a compound ending—diverting in different ways. Pinter provides no ending. He interpolates bits of a parallel modern story about the actors who are making a movie of Fowles' book, and simply cuts away from the story of Sarah and Charles, leaving their futures dangling. The movie thus acquires an undeveloped theme—the relation of actors to the characters they play—and the movie can also be said to be an exercise in adaptation and to be about "levels" of something or other, though Pinter may never have done anything as bland and ordinary as the parallel story, and the viewer's relation to the characters is tepid throughout.

Still, there are lovely moments, and a few have magical overtones. When Charles goes to break his engagement, he sees that his fiancée, Ernestina, played by Lynsey Baxter, is practicing her archery; he flinches, recognizing that he's to be her next target—and



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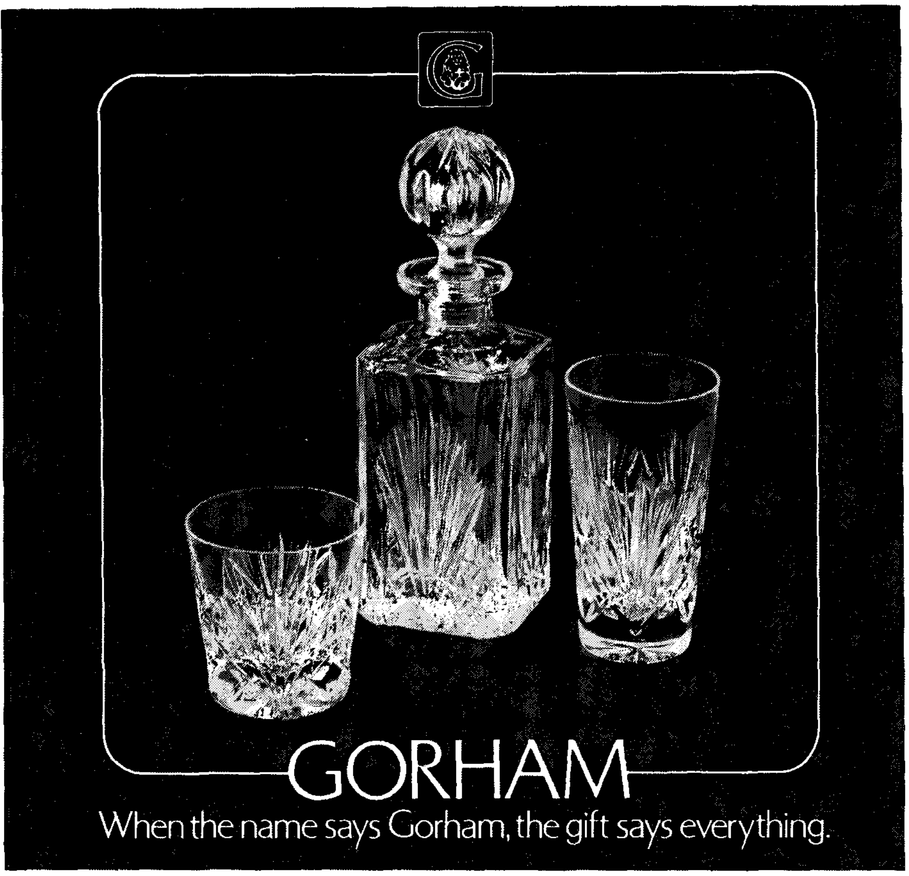
we laugh at his discomfiture. Lynsey Baxter gives a sweetly funny performance; she brings just the right daintiness and triviality to her role, and she has the mouth of a comedienne—it turns up at the sides, like a crescent moon lying down. Physically, she and Charles match up as cartoons of the privileged: the pampered jeune fille and the condescending pipsqueak. Jeremy Irons is tall and has an uppity nose and a long, pointed chin, with a slight overbite in between; in his elaborately layered hiking outfits and his broad-brimmed hats, he's an upper-class scarecrow. Irons has—or uses—a very closed face and an expressionless, lacklustre stare; he doesn't make much contact with us except when he smiles (and that happens rarely). He has just one scene when Charles comes alive: heated up after playing court tennis with his lawyer, and all pent up besides, he suddenly tells the lawyer, in no uncertain terms, what he wants done. It's an unexpectedly strong moment; it arrives like a gift.

There's also a jazzy little *frisson* that comes out of the interpolated material: the actress Patience Collier, who has appeared in the nineteenth-century scenes as Sarah's mean-spirited, puritanical employer, Mrs. Poulteney, is suddenly glimpsed, looking sporty in chic modern clothes, at a cast get-together for Sunday lunch. Meryl Streep has a few moments that register: there's one in which Sarah Woodruff dramatizes herself, sketching her own vision of her grief, and there's another, toward the end, when, in the middle of a scene that is being played for the cameras, Sarah suddenly loses her accent and metamorphoses into the American actress playing her. The idea of the actress "going out of character" (and pulling the actor playing Charles out, too) is more showy than what is done with it, but in a picture that's as much of a frost as this one you're grateful even for tricky ideas.

Most of "The French Lieutenant's Woman" might be taking place in a glass case, and Streep seems to be examining her performance while she gives it. If Reisz and Pinter and Streep are doing this deliberately, it's an almost unforgivable mistake in judgment—what could be the point of showing us actors who don't fully get into their roles? Moviegoers have no urgent need to see more uncommitted acting. When the learned Sarah says, "I am a remarkable person," you may want to make some small, coarse sound



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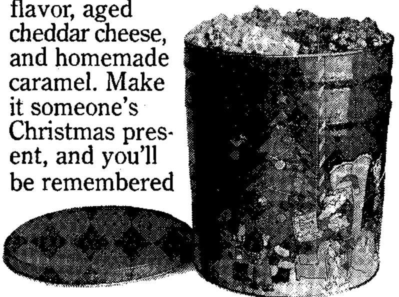

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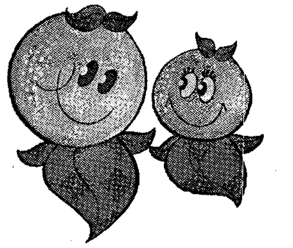
of derision. In the modern scenes, as the American actress, Streep has a promising spark—she often seems about to giggle. But all she's given to do is a demonstration of how casual the actress is about an affair, and she wears a short, straight hairdo—the most disfiguring star coiffure since Mia Farrow's thick wig in "The Great Gatsby." "The French Lieutenant's Woman" isn't infuriating; it doesn't have enough power for that. It's just ostentatious, about its own supposed intelligence. It's pedantic.

"SO FINE" is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and he and his cinematographer James A. Contner seem to have only one thought: to get a reaction from us. I sat way back in my seat, trying to escape the pinkish faces of the actors, which Bergman and Contner keep shoving at us. The film is a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s---," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. Richard Kiel is the mobster who has Fine's son, Bobby (Ryan O'Neal), kidnapped from his teaching job at a college, so he can bring some new ideas into his father's business. The central gimmick is that Bobby splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. Ryan O'Neal moves well; he has a light comedian's physical ease. But he's given frantic, tired gags, and he just revamps his tight-mouthed professorial priss from "What's Up, Doc?" The lovely, tiny Italian blonde Mariangela Melato makes her American début as the mobster's wife, and in her deep voice she garbles her English charmingly; she's an erotic imp—she looks a bit like Harpo Marx, and she's always flying, like Carole Lombard in a hurricane. She brings the movie its only real freshness. Irving Metzman, who plays Jack Fine's accountant, gives likable readings to his few lines—he's one of the few people in the movie who don't yell all the time. Bruce Millholland, who is seventy-eight (back in 1930 he was the original author of the play that became "Twentieth Century," when Hecht and MacArthur reworked it), is cast as Sir Alec, the world's greatest poet. His role is potentially the film's most



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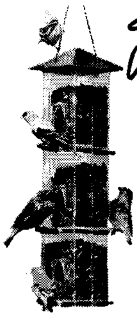

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original parody idea, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. This picture works too hard at being funny to be a simple embarrassment, yet movie audiences are now made up of TV watchers, who are trained to laugh on signal. "So Fine" keeps punching out signals—it could be a hit.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

WAITING FOR FATHER IN PAWLING, N.Y.

I have been sitting at
the window since morning
watching whirligig beetles

skim the surface of the pond
and listening to a high,
reedy song like the wind,

only higher, so high
the dog starts to moan
deep in his throat.

I am wearing a black felt
hat in memory of my uncle,
who drowned at City Island

sixty years ago. When you
arrive, we'll bury our
hearts (two small peach pits)

under the picnic table,
set out cold chicken, wine,
strawberries. We won't

speak of my solitude, how
fear for me makes you cry.
We won't wonder why your

left leg is dragging
more than ever. I'll say,
"I can't remember such

a good time, can you?"
After you leave I will
sit at the window and watch

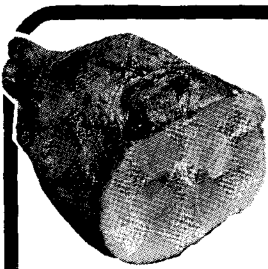
whirling beetles wrinkle
the smooth skin on the pond.
I will think of your brother.

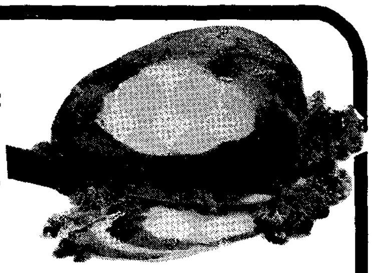
How he rented a rowboat,
brought a girl with him,
smoked a pipe all afternoon.

How he told her it was
the best day of his life.
How he was just

twenty when he waved and called
(it wasn't clear)
help and went under.

—PHYLLIS JANOWITZ





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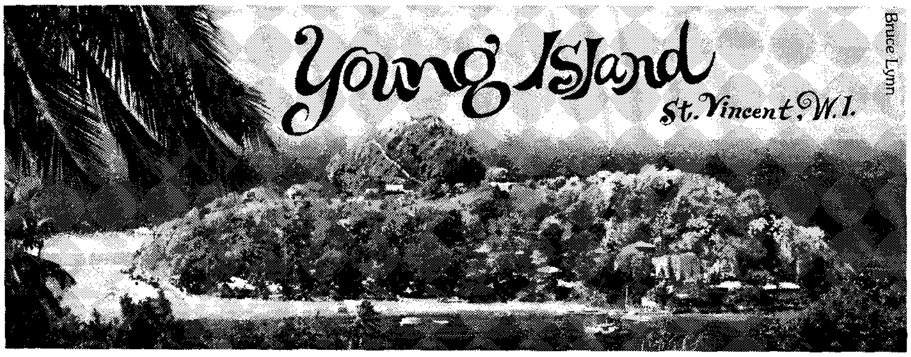

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

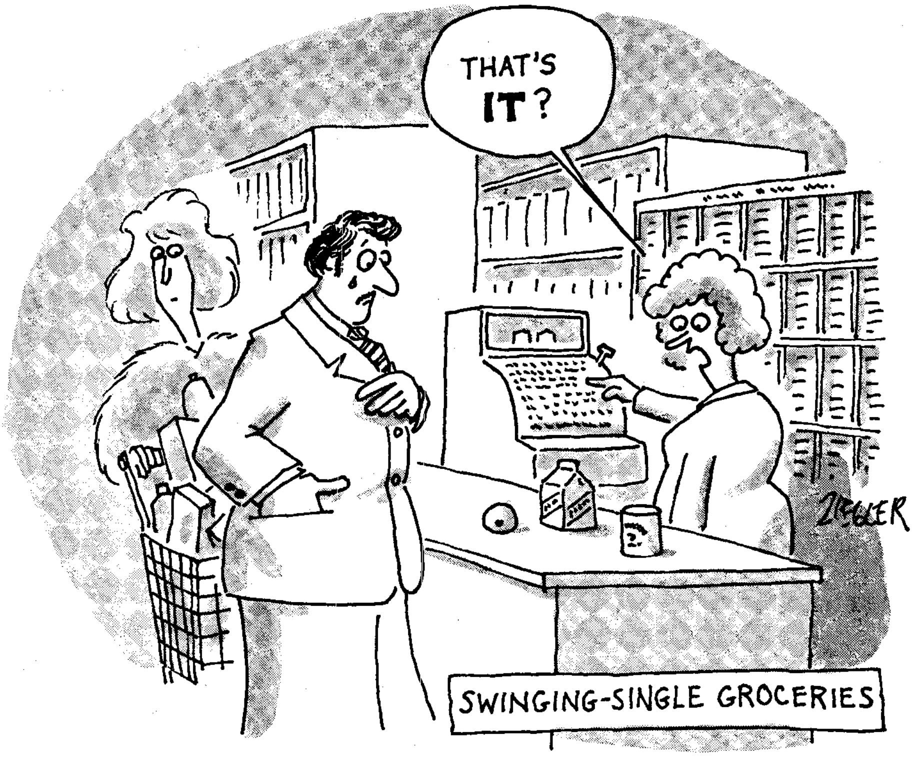
OFF OFF BROADWAY JOURNAL

JULY 9. Hot night in country. Ninety degrees. Trying to sleep; can't. Gypsy moths keep landing on face. Around 10 P.M., drift off into half sleep. Wakened by wrong number at ten-twenty. Toss; turn; toss; turn. Can't get back to sleep. Decide to read. Moths flutter around light. Pick up bedside copy of "Jane Eyre." Jane, a few months after her arrival at Thornfield, is having rough night:

> . . . I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur, peculiar and lugubrious, which sounded, I thought, just above me. I wished I had kept my candle burning: the night was drearily dark; my spirits were depressed. I rose and sat up in bed, listening. The sound was hushed.
>
> I tried again to sleep; but my heart beat anxiously: my inward tranquillity was broken. The clock, far down in the hall, struck two. Just then it seemed my chamber-door was touched; as if fingers had swept the panels in groping a way along the dark gallery outside. I said, "Who is there?" Nothing answered. I was chilled with fear. . . .
>
> [There] was a demoniac laugh—low, suppressed, and deep—uttered, as it seemed, at the very key-hole of my chamber door. The head of my bed was near the door, and I thought at first the goblin-laughter stood at my bedside—or rather, crouched by my pillow: but I rose, looked round, and could see nothing; while, as I still gazed, the unnatural sound was reiterated: and I knew it came from behind the panels. My first impulse was to rise and fasten the bolt; my next, again to cry out, "Who is there?"
>
> Something gurgled and moaned. . . .

Scene not conducive to sleep for Jane, me, or Mr. Rochester (whose bed is soon set *ablaze* by the crazed woman who has escaped from the attic). I turn off light; try to think serene thoughts. At last . . . slowly . . . sink into welcome sleep. *RNNNG! RNNNG!* Reach for phone; knock over lamp; "Jane Eyre" falls to floor. "Hello?" Enthusiastic voice identifies self as Joe Steele. (Who?) He is ebullient: The play is all set! (Play?) He and playwright want to see me on Tuesday in N.Y.C. for reading—"Don't worry, you have the part. No problem. We just want to see you"—and he talks about how great play will be; what fun; what wonderful people. "See you Tuesday!" he cries; hangs up. I am totally awake. Clock says eleven-fifty. No chance for sleep now, and many drearily dark hours until dawn.

JULY 10. Morning. Call Frank, in New York, to tell him the news. Frank, who is not an actor, either (he's an artist), is old friend. A couple of years ago, an acquaintance asked him if he'd like to act in an Off Broadway play. Frank—faced with several deadlines on work he didn't want to do—said sure. He had the time of his life; loved every minute; has never stopped talking about it. He was excellent in the play, too. After that, he got small part in movie, and has now begun to think of himself as actor who draws. Two months ago, Frank and I were walking down University Place, ran into Joe Steele (or the man I here call Joe Steele), who had been in play with Frank. Steele is wiry, dark-haired young actor-director; lots of energy. Frank and Joe elated to see each other. High-velocity show-biz conversation ensued: How's Sally? Seen Howie? Liz has a part in such-and-such. Tony's doing a commercial. Shirley's in a soap. They share laughs, reminisce. Then Steele says he's going to direct an Off Off Broadway play and wants some non-actors in cast. "Will you be available, Frank?" Will he! They continue to talk. I step forward inconspicuously; clear throat. Talk goes on. I nudge Frank. "How about him, too?" says Frank generously, finally. Steele looks me over. (Should I mention I played Second Lieutenant Raleigh in high-school production of "Journey's End" in 1944? Died at end of play; deeply moving. Both my parents thought I was very good.) "Want to be in the play?" Steele asks. "Certainly," I reply. "Good," says Steele. "I'll be in touch." Dashes off. Frank excited now; back to his true calling. We walk down street feeling life is about to become less routine, boring. New directions; bright lights; late nights; beautiful actresses; cheering audiences. Reminded of scene in Walt Disney's "Pinocchio" where naïve Pinocchio goes rollicking off with bad companions, singing, "Hi, diddle-dee-dee—An actor's life for me."



JULY 14. 5:30 P.M. Next to doorway on Great Jones Street where we are to meet Steele and the playwright, a man I'll call Allan Walters, at six, a drunk has dropped himself on sidewalk and is shouting curses at passersby. Excellent projection: remarks reach us across street with perfect clarity. Actor? We get coffee at Phebe's, bar-restaurant with big windows, on corner of Bowery and East Fourth Street. Wonderful view uptown: Cooper Union, and the Empire State Building beyond. Frank grim, nervous about reading. (Why? He's done this before. Maybe *I* should be nervous. Begin to get that way.) We return to Great Jones Street—drunk has departed—and get cheerful greeting from Steele

and Walters, affable man in rumpled pink seersucker suit. Rehearsal room is two stories high. Floor taped to indicate stage. No set. Long table; chairs. Steele and Walters chat with Frank; shoot appraising glances at me from time to time. I begin to brood: How did I get nerve to come here? Who think I am? What if I can't handle role? Should I back out now? Humiliation looms. Too late to quit: Steele is handing us scripts. They have black covers with small plastic window. (What should I concentrate on? Voice? Diction? Posture? Characterization? Motivation?) Open scripts to page 56. Frank's part is Man Who Tells Story. Steele says to me, "You're Another." He and Walters beam. "Ready? Read." Frank starts reading his part aloud. It goes on and on. Suddenly, I have a line:

ANOTHER: *No!*

I say it, and Frank continues. Presently, I have another line: "No!" again. Then Frank resumes. Story unwinds. Finally, I have a bigger line: "My God!" Frank goes on. Turn page. Where's my part? My part is over. Frank's story ends; Man Who Tells Story and Another exit. Steele and Walters are nodding and smiling, delighted with our performances. We do it again. "Very good, very good," says Walters. They shake our hands, give us photocopies of the pages of the play we're on (we don't get scripts), explain rehearsal schedule, and we are out on Great Jones Street again. Walk in silence for a while. Frank says, "My part in the last play was a lot better than my part in this one." What's he complaining about? Now I am committed to daily rehearsals, then performances five nights a week, all in order to say, "No! . . . No! . . . My God!"

JULY 15. Country.
"No! . . . No! . . . My God!"
"No! . . . No! . . . My *God!*"
"No! . . . NO! . . . MY GOD!"
"*NO! . . . NO! . . . MY GOD!*"

JULY 17. Country. Party on somebody's lawn. Talk to distinguished actor. He has deep, resonant voice; exquisite diction; beard. Handsome; moves well. (Are these qualities necessary?) He is about to go to California to do thirteen weeks of TV. Later in evening, woman I am talking to points out how the actor is now sitting in chair at one side of lawn and is back-lit by garage flood-

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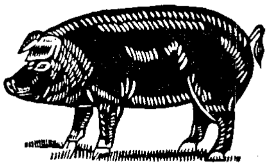

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light: a silhouette with halo around him, and light coming through fringes of beard. We go over; she tells him he looks very dramatic. "I know," he booms. "That's why I'm sitting here."

July 18. Have told all my friends that I'm in play. Reaction I seek is congratulations; what I get is incredulity. Restless for rehearsals to start. Repressed thoughts keep bubbling up: How come Frank's role so big, mine so small? What if he gets hurt, sick . . . killed? "Tragic about Frank. Lucky thing you were around to step into the part." Go to see play at nearby summer theatre. Study acting techniques. Some actors good, some not so good. Encouraged by performance of one actress who gets big audience response with only *one line*. She says her line, then gives weird giggle. Small things like that make stars. Drive home after play. "No! . . . No! . . . My God!" Pause. Giggle. No. Can't use it.

July 19. Interview in *Times* with actress Swoosie Kurtz. Read it avidly. "I work from the outside in, which is not to say I work externally." Hmm. Can't decide which way to work. " 'It's whatever works for you,' she said with a shrug." Feel better.

July 20. New York. Late afternoon. Having burger before first rehearsal. Outside Phebe's windows, a couple of Hell's Angels roar by; a girl with orange hair walks past (she wears white pants and a green T-shirt with an alligator on it); a young man with a blue Mohawk haircut; a bearded codger in an old tweed sports jacket, a pink straw hat with an "I LOVE N.Y." hatband, fuchsia pants, carrying a black plastic garbage bag. The derelicts pass, too, heading toward or away from the Salvation Army a couple of doors downtown, or the city shelter around the corner, or the bars between. Some walk sidewise with eyes closed, veering this way and that; some have torn shoes, others are barefoot; white-bearded and wrinkled; young and gaunt; bloodied; bandaged and unbandaged—it is a continuous parade of wounded veterans, limping back from private wars. Goya. Hieronymus Bosch. Maybe actors and derelicts share discomfort at being who they are. The actor, however, hopes to become—at least briefly—somebody else. The derelict has a more modest goal: he just wants to destroy himself.

July 22. Some scenery has been moved into the rehearsal hall during the morning, and now we stand at an actual bar. I have no problem with my lines, but I am not comfortable. I lean on the bar with my left arm, then worry about my right arm. It has nothing to do. It just hangs there stiffly. Don't know where to put it. I feel the audience will begin whispering. ("Psst—look at him. Wow, is he self-conscious!" "Who? The one with the arm hanging there?") I ask Steele what to do to relax. "Don't worry about how you stand," he says. "Think about what you're feeling as Frank talks. The action will follow naturally. Don't *indicate* what you're feeling, though; just feel it. It'll be fine." Steele says we have the advantage of looking and sounding like non-actors, and we should make the most of it. "I was rehearsing in a play once and the director told me to turn upstage. I started to do it, and he yelled at me, 'No! Not like an *actor*—like a human being!' "

We talk for a while. Steele keeps reassuring Frank; tells actor stories. Rehearsals and real performances are very different, he says. Tells about actor who was in medieval play. During rehearsals, stage manager called out "Cannon!" and actor was supposed to say "Hark! The cannon fires! His Majesty arrives!" Worked fine during rehearsals. "Cannon!" "Hark! . . . " But on opening night there was actual sound of cannon firing. Actor jumped, shrieked, "What the ---- was THAT?"

We resume. Frank improves. Steele and Walters give me two more lines: another "My God!" and a "My God! That's incredible!" It feels like a soliloquy.

July 28. Discussion of costume for play. Steele says I should have "kind of a slob image." He is distracted by other matters, but eventually turns back to me, looks me over. "Why don't you just wear what you've got on?" he suggests, not unkindly. A few days ago, I was walking down the Bowery when I saw somebody I thought was a college classmate drive by. He didn't see me—or maybe he did. I glanced at reflection in window: I was wearing old T-shirt, dirty pants, sneakers, no socks. At this very moment, classmate probably saying to

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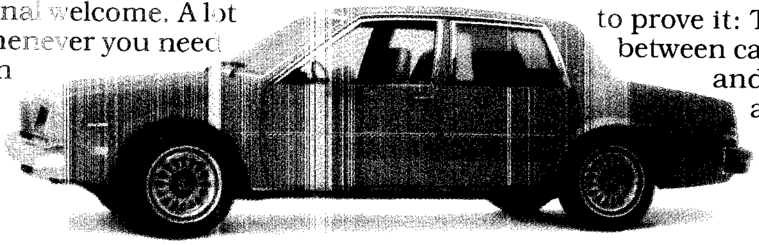

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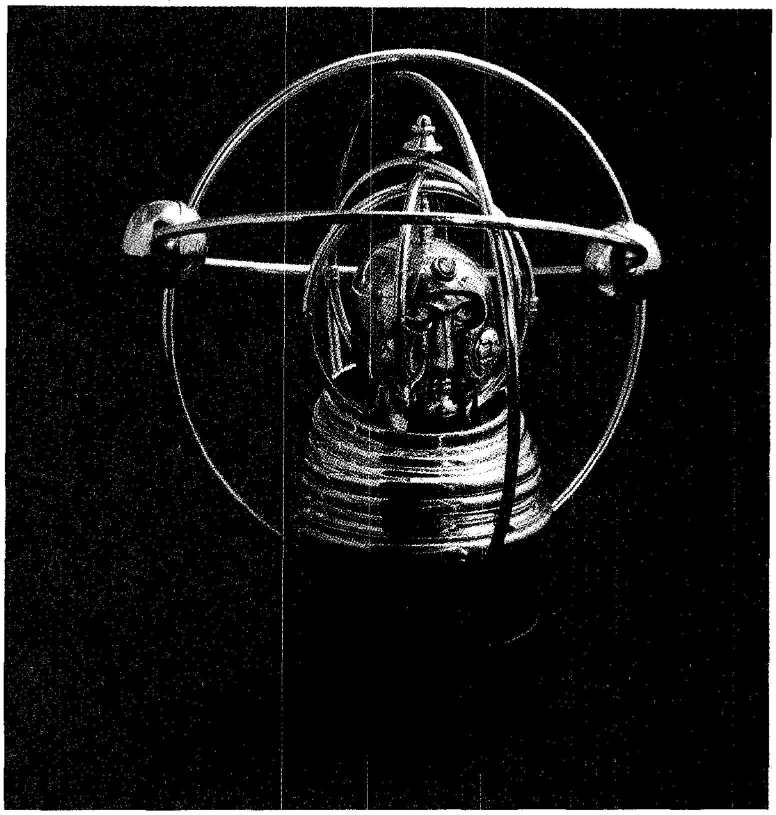

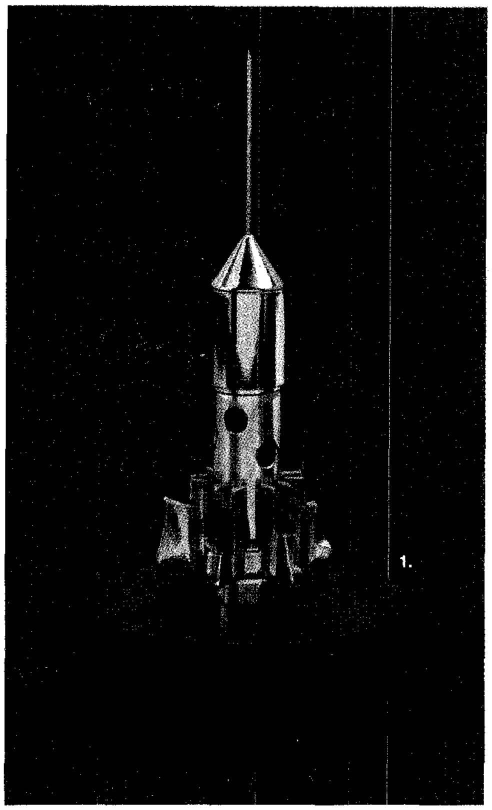

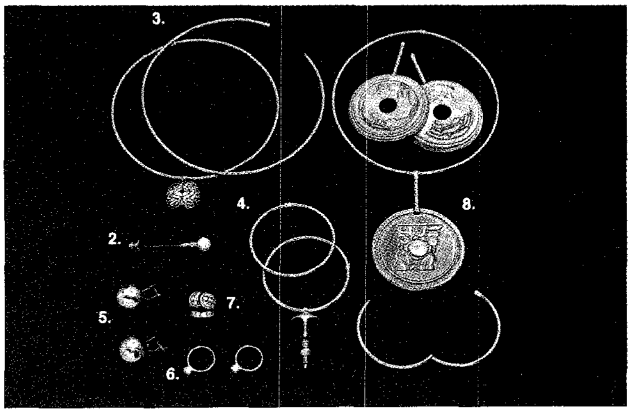

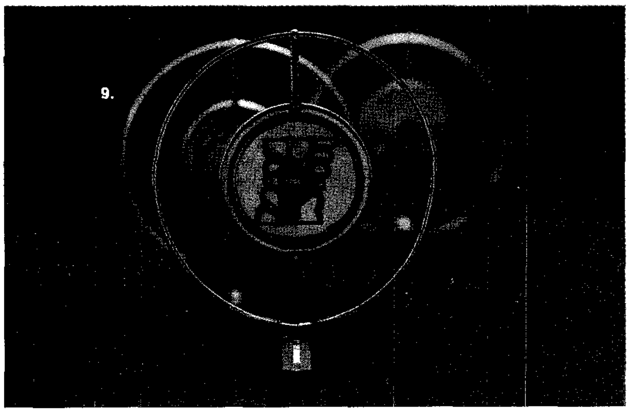

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old friends, "Guess who I saw shuffling along on the Bowery."

JULY 30. Afternoon. Driving in to New York for first full-cast rehearsal. Anticipatory; preoccupied. Passing a car on highway, I notice driver giving me wary look. Realize I have been exclaiming, "My God! That's incredible!"

The real actors are friendly, cheerful, optimistic; generous about amateurs in their midst. We all shake hands. Rehearsal moves along. In middle of scene, I realize I'm supposed to be on other side of stage. Start to cross. But somebody is speaking his lines. I freeze, stuck in middle of stage like a scarecrow. Terrible sensation. Next time, I cross sooner. We run through play again. This time, I can't remember whether my first "My God!" is just "My God!" or "My God! That's incredible!" Total confusion. Frank still getting his lines wrong. When he gets into trouble, he increases his speed, contracting the story so there is no place for me to say "No!"—much less "My God!" Rehearsal ends. Everybody in high spirits. Great sense of sharing in something.

AUGUST 4. Wandering around before rehearsal. On Houston Street, see a used-clothes store with its door open, and a window heaped with shoes of all shapes and colors; piles of clothes inside—coats and suits and trousers—autumnal, as if blown across the avenue by a cold October wind and whirled through the open door into this dim storefront. Nearby, two legs are sticking out from a doorway: worn shoes, once black; pants the color of the sidewalk; a dirty hand hanging over one knee. The hand recedes; vanishes; reappears clutching a bottle of bright-red liquid. The bottle rises; disappears. The legs, the doorway, the pavement—everything has a wash of dirt over it, toning down the colors. Except the bright-red drink.

Between Lafayette Street and Mulberry Street, a derelict lies sleeping in a shadowed alley; two large red brick buildings rise on either side, with metal shutters (many open) on every floor. It is an area of large, fat, proud old buildings—their shutters like flags or kites; festive—and their strength and solidity contrast sharply with the skeletal, ragged men lurching among them now. Some of these men speak—mutter, growl, rasp—but they are not speaking to anybody in particu-

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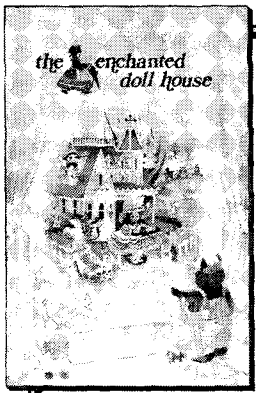

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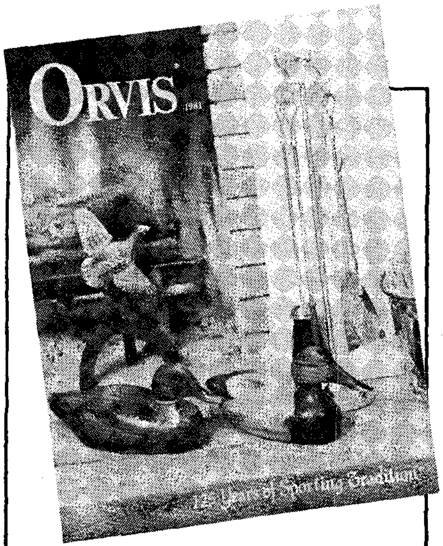

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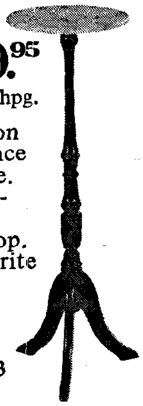

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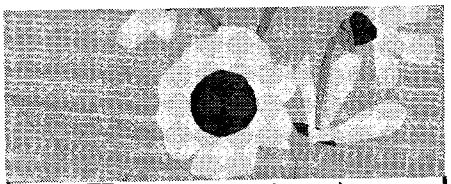

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lar. They speak to the world at large, like actors.

AUGUST 6. We go to the real theatre tonight. Frank has been reading Stanislavski, he says—very helpful. The block on which the theatre stands is shrill with portable radios; kids yelling to each other; people shouting down from fire escapes; dogs barking; cars honking; garbage cans clattering. Teen-agers sit on the hoods of cars, hugging and kissing; old people sit on the stoops of the tenements, fanning themselves, playing cards; speaking Spanish. Children are skipping rope; throwing balls; weaving through crowded sidewalk on roller skates. Frank steps over a man who is passed out on the sidewalk, and, entering theatre, says, "It would be hard to do a play in here that could compete with the human drama out there."

Theatre is in big, dim, musty building. Go up wide steps to second floor, through another door. Sign in. Go around side of bleachers, down dark passage, and then—abruptly—there is the nearly completed set, brightly lit, and the other actors. Greetings to all, and rehearsal begins. Frank has not yet learned his lines, and is very nervous. Every time he skips a cue, I lose a line. Since I have only ten words *in toto*, I resent losing any of them. Eight words, I now feel, is my absolute minimum. I won't do it for seven. When, on way out after rehearsal, I say to Frank "Damn it, why can't you learn your lines?" he looks at me as if betrayed, clearly thinking, This is the person I helped to get a part?

AUGUST 7. The set is finished; looks great. Mike, the designer, is also the builder and painter. He has worked like hell, carrying heavy materials up the long flights of stairs into the theatre, where the temperature is steadily in the nineties, regardless of what the weather is outside; he's built the set, then painted it to make it look real and old. He gets little help, and demands no credit; just does it. A genuine professional. Rehearsal goes well. Late in evening, everybody goes to Phebe's. One by one, the actors stop at the table where Joe Steele is sitting; tell him how well the show is going. Steele listens; agrees pleasantly. Then, invariably, each actor adds one qualifier: "Of course, So-and-So isn't loud enough," or other such comment. Steele is amused by this. He is a skilled diplomat, among other things; he must

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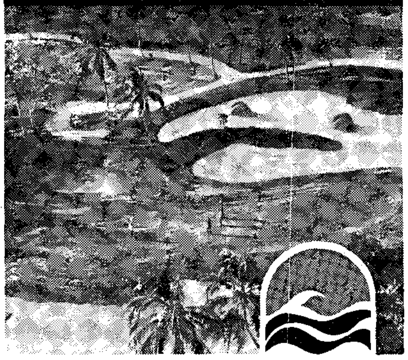

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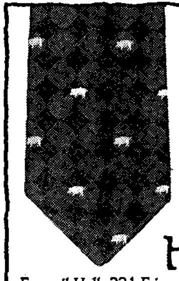

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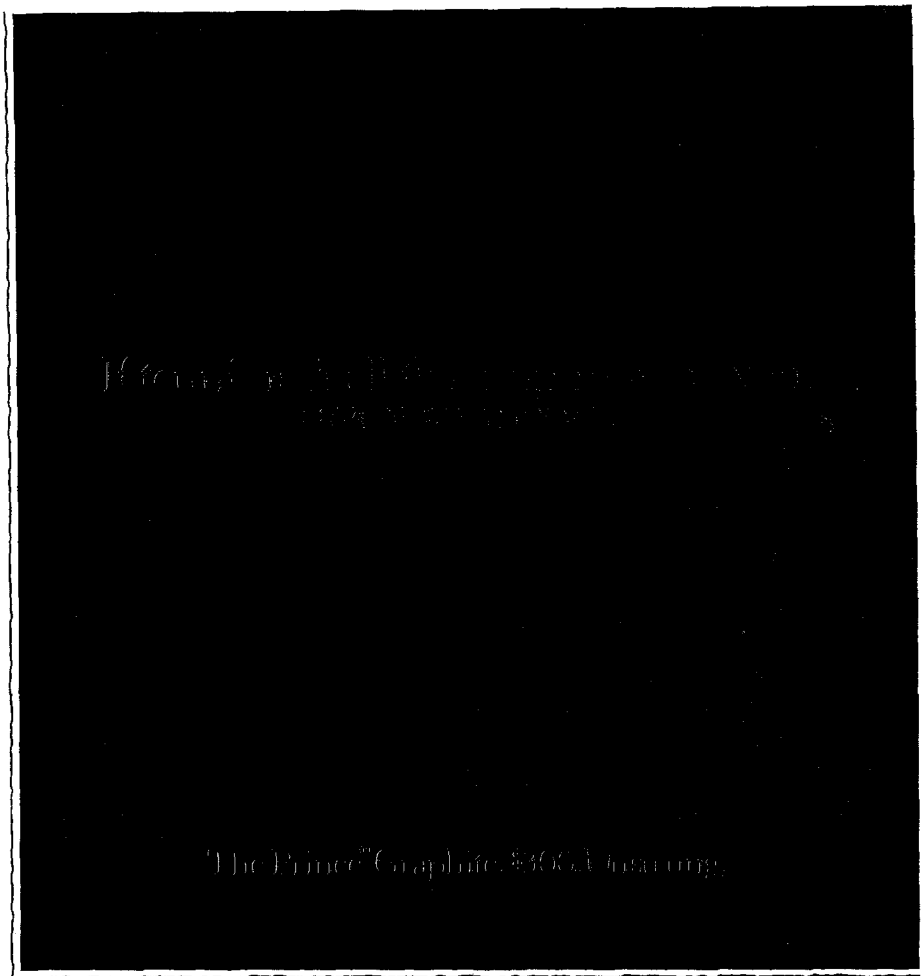
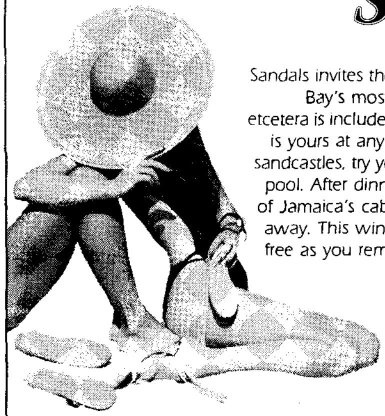
get along with the actors, shape their performances without damaging their morale. Steele tells me I am fine. (Fine? Is that better than O.K.?)

AUGUST 8. Rehearsals getting more intense. Steele has been working with actors during the day, then full rehearsal at night; he's beginning to look slightly haggard. Tonight, we went in to rehearsal around six. It was a very hot, sticky, sunny afternoon. Five hours later, we came out into a dark downpour of steady rain. Nobody had known it was raining. There is little or no sense of outside world when we are inside theatre. Increasingly, this theatre and the play in it are becoming the real world. (Yesterday, I was watching somebody walk down the street, and thought, That's a very good walk—very convincing.) We sit on folding chairs behind the set waiting to go on. The stage is bright—lit from the front and above—but where we sit it is shadowy; the actors are dim shapes. It is a kind of limbo.

It's hard to go home at night, and once I'm there it's hard to sleep. When the main rehearsal is over, we all stay and watch others rehearse special bits. Everybody's tired, but doesn't want it to end; doesn't want to miss anything. When, finally, there is nothing left to see, the actors drift over to Phebe's, drink beer, and let down slowly. Some of the actors are old friends; have worked together before. They joke about how they have gone from Off Off Broadway play to Off Off Broadway play, never getting money or fame. What matters is to be doing a play, some play, and trying to do it well. They make ends meet as best they can: unemployment insurance; a part in a soap; an occasional commercial; odd jobs in between. They have a lot of admiration for each other, a lot of generosity, and great love for their work. They respect each other's professionalism. Joe Steele talks about an actress called Irene. They were in a play together a few years back. Irene had a scene with an actor named George, and it was very funny. Irene managed to get five separate laughs out of the scene each night. Then George had to leave to be in a movie, and he was replaced by another actor. This actor gave a different reading to the role, and now Irene was getting laughs in completely new places—eight laughs a night. Then George finished the movie and came back to the play. "You know what Irene did?" says Steele. "She got





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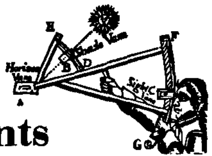

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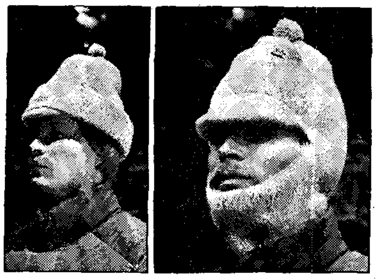

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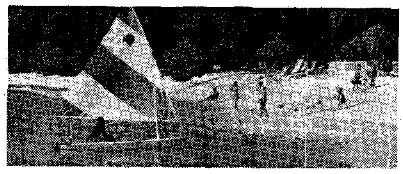
George to change his original reading so that she got thirteen laughs every night—the original five plus the eight others." He slaps the table with glee. "She's *great!*"

AUGUST 9. Three days until opening. Went to American Museum of Natural History; saw Shakespeare show. Globe Theatre, it turns out, was situated in much crummier part of its city than our theatre is. (No bear-baiting rings on Bowery, for example.) Museum had film clips of actors doing Shakespeare, including Olivier as Hamlet. "Alas! poor Yorick," says Olivier, gazing at skull he holds in hand. Then Olivier turns to Horatio (offscreen) and remarks, "I knew him, Horatio." Then turns back to skull; continues. Made me laugh, it was so fresh and right.

Near the theatre, in early evening, a skin-and-bones derelict comes out of the municipal shelter for homeless men, moving stiff-legged, as if on stilts; goes to the edge of the sidewalk. Stands there awhile; plods back; returns. He repeats the process over and over, as if the edge of the sidewalk were a lookout, a vantage point, a place where he is able to gaze into some sort of distance—perhaps to see something coming, something he expects.

"I'm going to give you a sixty-second lesson in acting," says Steele when I get to theatre. He wants me to speak louder. He has Mike, the set designer, stand at the bottom of the stairs of the bleachers. "Say your line to me, but make it so Mike can hear it," says Steele. "My God! That's incredible!" I say. "O.K.," says Steele. "Mike—go up a few steps." Mike does so; I repeat my line. We do it again, as Mike moves up to the highest reaches of the theatre. "MY GOD! THAT'S INCREDIBLE!" Steele asks, "Did you hear him, Mike?" Mike says yes. "Good," says Steele to me. "Now you know something about acting." Rehearsal proceeds. Frank is doing very well. At Phebe's afterward, attractive and skillful young actress describes how she spent three years as a waitress in N.Y.C. before she got any parts. Another talks about how she was lucky to find theatre work in Vermont. Steele says, "The hardest thing in the theatre is writing. Then comes acting. Then producing, and then directing." Not sure he is serious, but maybe. He talks about one of the other amateur actors in the cast, who is getting lots of admiration. "He's never



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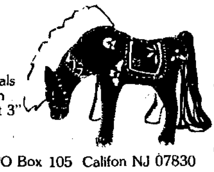

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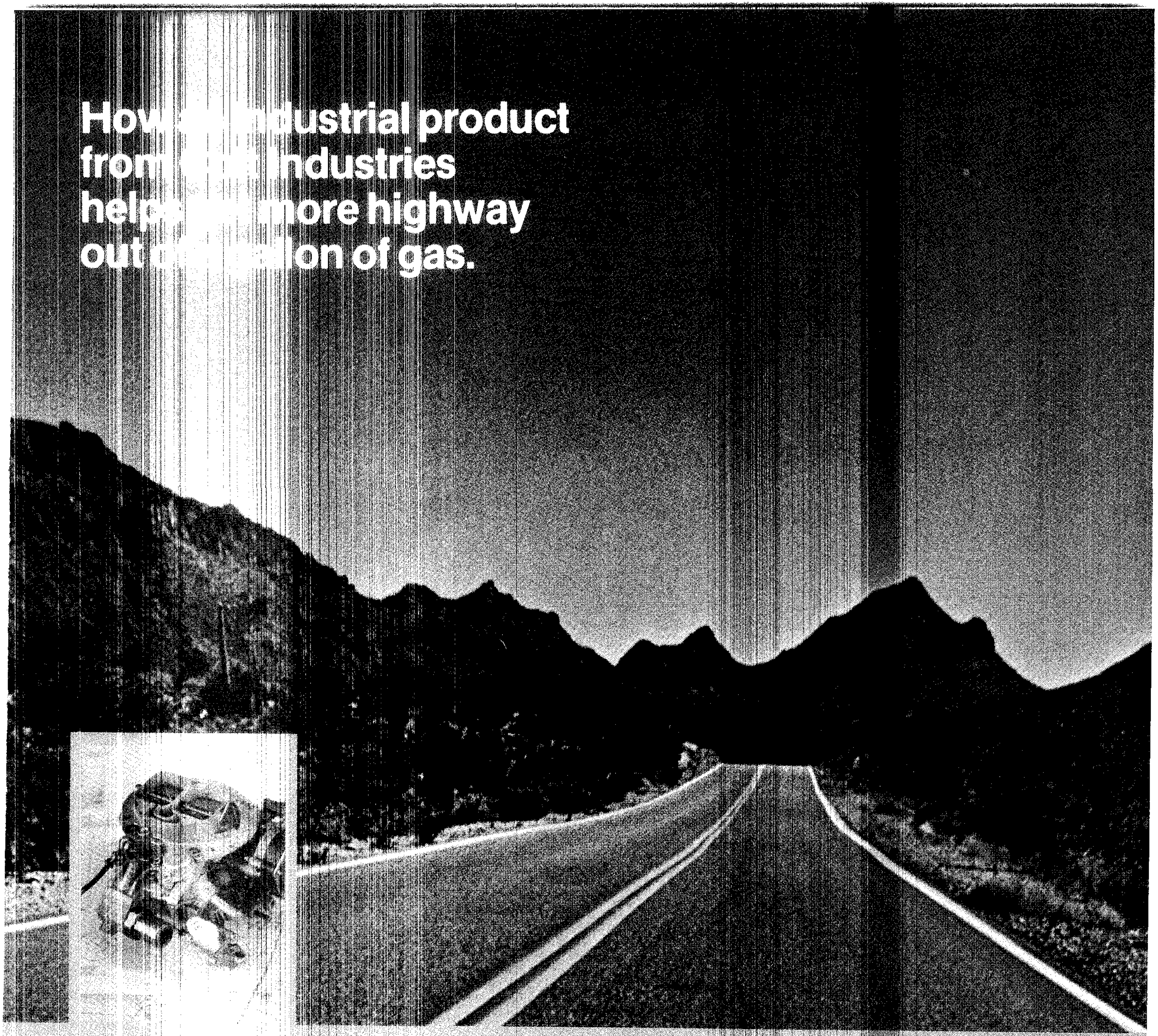

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acted before," says Steele, "but once we open and he sees the power he's got over a roomful of people, he's not going to want to go back to what he usually does." It's going to be hard for everybody to go back. What were evenings like when nobody had to be at the theatre at seven o'clock? What was life like? We have all become quite close, without knowing very much about each other. The actors greet each other with waves, kisses, embraces, handshakes, laughter. Would people in any other line of work be so open, so affectionate? Don't know.

August 12. Opening night. Joe Steele addresses cast. "I think you're ready," he says; wishes everybody luck. Cheers and applause. Dan, the stage manager, announces the time at intervals. "Ladies and gentlemen: Half hour." "The audience is entering the house." "Ladies and gentlemen: Fifteen minutes." Frank is sitting in a corner saying his lines over and over. He has been giving good performances, but he still worries. "Places!" calls Dan. The house lights go down. Chairs creak. A few coughs. Then silence. Beyond the dark set, the lights come up onstage; the voices begin.

September 7. Country. Gray day. Flat, dull light; no sun. Very quiet. The play ended a week ago. Mike, who built the set, has dismantled it. The actors have dispersed. Frank is back to drawing pictures and meeting deadlines. The last party at Phebe's was noisy, touching, and fun: talk of reunions, and phone numbers written on soggy napkins; hugs and kisses; then we all separated for the last time. Most of the phone calls will never be made; the reunions will never take place; in fact, we will probably move farther and farther apart, until names are no longer remembered, and then the faces will vanish, too —but it seems unlikely that any of us will forget the short, good time when we were a company of players and brought a play to life. Finished "Jane Eyre" last night; she married Rochester. "We entered the wood, and wended homeward."

—James Stevenson

•

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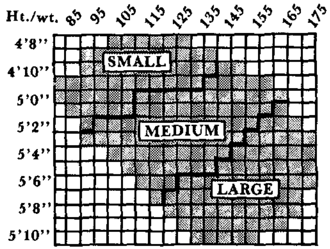

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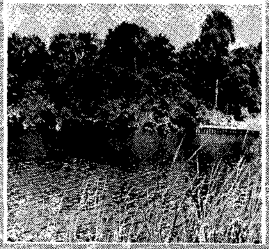

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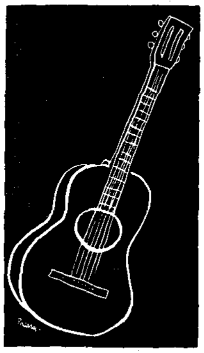
MUSICAL EVENTS

Odyssey

HANS WERNER HENZE'S "Barcarola" for large orchestra, given its American première by the Philharmonic last month, is a romantic twenty-minute "tone voyage" that laps the listener in beautiful sounds and lulling rhythms; cajoles him with a melancholy viola solo; calls him to attention, several times, with brazen signals; and leaves him at last in contemplation of a serene, shimmering vision. The piece has a program (slightly differently stated in German sources and in the Philharmonic's program book), which starts out, "This boating song was sung by ferryman Charon on a crossing of the river Styx." Before the barcarolle begins, there is a long embarkation scene: a low, tugging swell; a summons from a trumpeter who remembers the hollow fifths of "The Flying Dutchman;" some impassioned cantilena; strains of the Eton Boating Song, which was used in Henze's opera "We Come to the River" to symbolize moneyed military coarseness of fibre; much other incident. "Charon's boat crosses the river at night." From time to time, he blows his horn in the darkness, and these calls are "like poles planted in the quicksand, resisting the current." The musical development, we are told, may be likened to the mingling in the mind of memories and new insights at the approach of death, "and the fragments of memory appear to the traveller as colorful visions flashing on the horizon, on the unknown shore." The bark beaches on the chord that opens the third act of "Tristan," but here it does not resolve into F minor and anguished yearning. Instead, the percussion flickers. Muted strings glister. "On the horizon, the traveller perceives a small island shining in the morning light, rubs his eyes, blinks, and knows: this is Ithaca." The references in program and score touch on themes in other recent Henze works: his ballet "Orpheus;" his "Tristan," for piano, orchestra, and tape (which also cites the start of Wagner's Act III); his new version of Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse." Even if the program were suppressed, one would still have the impression of calm, steady progress accompanied by intense and varied emotions, and of new ways of thinking about old, familiar things.

Henze is a bewilderingly prolific composer. Music of many kinds pours from him; in recent years I have not been able to keep up with the stream. But it was delightful to encounter so soon the "Barcarola." It was commissioned for the Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra and played by it in April, 1980, and has since been played by at least seven other European orchestras. In its romantic richness, the work recalls Henze's 1953 cello concerto "Ode to the Westwind," but although the orchestra is indeed large—triple winds, two saxophones, six horns—the textures are less luxuriantly dense than those of the earlier piece. Most of the sounds are bewitching, and several players have eloquent solo episodes. The Philharmonic's first viola, Sol Greitzer, was outstanding. Zubin Mehta conducted.



EDWARD BARNES' Concerto for Piano, Percussion, and Strings, which was given its first performance last month, also has a program. Its subtitle is "Fifteen Verses After Passages by Sam Shepard," and the passages are the "eagle" narrative that opens and the "eagle" dialogue that closes Act III of Shepard's play "Curse of the Starving Class." Both are strong and vivid; the final image—eagle and cat in midair, cat clawing the eagle to death and refusing to be dropped, until both come crashing down—is painful. The passages were printed in the program book, "to make it possible to listen and follow along," but I doubt whether anyone could follow along very closely. In the score, however, the verses are tagged with phrases—"Doin' some suicidal antics," "All of a sudden he comes. Just like a thunder clap"—that make the correspondences clearer. This is a rum piece by an evidently fluent talented young composer. (Born in 1957, he came to attention last year when the Juilliard staged his opera "Feathertop.") Torrents of notes for the piano (played here with panache by the composer himself). Almost "single-line" music, driving ever onward, sometimes at a relaxed pace, Coplandish, but more often furiously. Little counterpoint but lots of busy accompaniment in the form of ostinatos, flurries, lush added-note harmonies. Hard to describe: imagine Granados become the pianist of a modern pop group.

The concerto was given at the first of a Music Today series conducted by Gerard Schwarz at the Merkin Concert Hall. Each program in the series includes a "classic" (Schoenberg, Stravinsky), one piece by an older and one by a younger American master, and a new work. The first concert, string-based, opened with Wallingford Riegger's "Study in Sonority," for ten violins. Then, after the Barnes, Milton Babbitt's "Correspondences," for string orchestra and tape (1967). It's a difficult piece for both listeners and players, and too difficult for me, whose ear cannot order the profusion of very short motifs—a sparkling barrage of brief exclamations—into connected musical discourse. In a platform discussion, Babbitt declared that Mr. Schwarz and his players had done brilliantly. Finally, the orchestral version of Schoenberg's Second String Quartet. Possibly an East Coast première, Mr. Schwarz said, though that seems surprising, since the score was published in 1929. In the new medium, the first movement becomes more evidently a waltz, and the last two movements turn into richly accompanied arias. The soprano, Margaret Chalker, voiced the lines beautifully, with clear, fresh, steady tone, but did not bring Stefan George's poems to life. Mr. Schwarz had assembled an ensemble of first-rate young players. It was a concert on a high level.

Merkin Hall is the concert hall of Abraham Goodman House, newly christened. Since it opened, three years ago, we have all been singing its praises. Just north of Lincoln Center, on Sixty-seventh Street, it offers what the Center has long lacked—an attractive, intimate concert hall with good sound and good sight lines, well scaled for solo recitals, chamber music, and small orchestras. It seats four hundred and fifty-seven. It is booked for a busy season of near-nightly concerts, and the bills promise a feast of old music (this month, English pieces of the early fifteenth century, from Pomerium Musices), classical music (Haydn on original instruments), and abundant modern music.

THE Met had engaged respectable casts for its half "Ring"s—"Rheingold" and "Siegfried"—but the first two performances were poor. The scenes are murky derivatives of the luminous, enchanted pictures that Günther Schneider-Siemssen created for Karajan in Salzburg a decade ago. (Brünnhilde hailed sun and light under a gray, lowering sky.) Erich Leinsdorf's conducting was brisk, professional, prosaic. Except in the second act of “Siegfried,” where from the prelude on there was color, incident, and drama, nothing much happened musically—nothing seriously wrong, nothing memorable, nothing to engage mind or emotions in the great work. Is a workaday “Ring”—even a workaday half “Ring”—better than no “Ring” at all? I'm not sure. The Met can plead practicalities—inability to devote the first month of its season, as Covent Garden did last year, to nothing but two fully rehearsed “Ring” cycles. But even by repertory standards these were two pretty shabby performances.

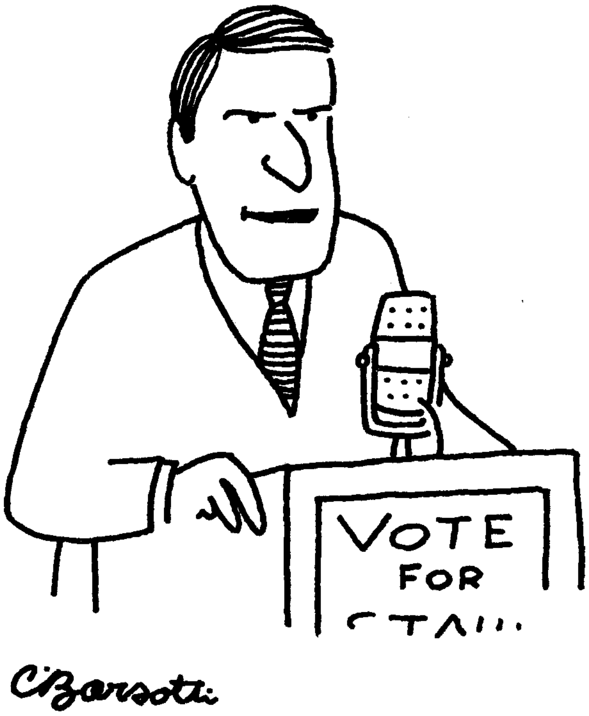
No discernible stage direction may be preferable to an egocentric director's antics. In the old days, I thrilled to many a performance where little time had been spent on the staging. But then there was an accepted standard of appropriate—and eloquent—Wagnerian behavior. Kirsten Flagstad, Astrid Varnay, the Konetzni sisters, Hans Hotter, Ludwig Weber knew what to do, how to act the music. The Met shows, however, were a medley of singers doing their own things—an anthology of “touches” picked up in other, eccentric productions—and singers doing nothing but stand around and sing. What possessed the Wanderer, played by Donald McIntyre, to rise while answering the third question of the riddle scene, cross the stage, rub Mime's nose in the runes of the spear, brandish the spear on high, and then strike the ground as if summoning Loge at the end of “Die Walküre”? A bright lightning flash followed. The stage directions are unambiguous: Wotan, still seated, “as if involuntarily touches his spear to the ground; a slight thunder is heard.” What possessed Siegfried, played by Manfred Jung, to clamber up and perch “boyishly” on the high anvil? He looked absurd.

“Das Rheingold” brought the New York début of Heinz Zednick, that alert, arresting Mime; by “Siegfried” he had become altogether too fussy and fidgety. Ragnar Ulfung dried the lyrical beauty from Loge's aria, as Gerd Brenneis did from Froh's arietta. Franz Ferdinand Nentwig was a passable but small-scale Wotan. The giants—John Macurdy and Aage Haugland, as Fasolt and Fafner—were the real thing. They, at least, lent a touch of distinction to the evening. I enjoyed some unforced, gentle, lyrical singing from Mr. Jung in the second act of “Siegfried.” Elisabeth Payer, the new Brünnhilde, has a voice that from G to B above the staff is amazingly loud. If the Statue of Liberty were to give tongue, she might let out an A like Miss Payer's in “Kein *Gott* nahte mir je!” Her high C's were unpleasant, and on the staff her voice lost quality and character. Her singing was unrhythmical.

UNTIL “I Puritani” returned to the State Theatre, opera this season failed to “dazzle the imagination” (the Met's claim) or more than intermittently “come alive” (the City Opera's). But the “Puritani” held its listeners from start to finish, and this was no small feat, for it is a difficult piece to bring off. When Donizetti recomposed it (just about) as “Lucia di Lammermoor,” he and his librettist, Salvatore Cammarano, arranged the traditional numbers—soprano's entrance aria, love duet, largo concertato, bass's narrative aria, mad scene, etc.—in a traditional sequence of proved efficacy, and provided a rational plot. Whereas “I Puritani,” as the editor of *Opera* once wrote, “probably takes the first prize for the most ridiculous plot of any opera now in the repertory.” At the City Opera, however, it was not ridiculous at all. The music, as Bellini intended, portrayed convincing plights, and one did not stop to ask why Elvira, minutes before her marriage, should be the only person in a fortress bustling with preparations who was unaware that it was about to take place. A single prima donna with supporting cast cannot bring “I Puritani” to life; composed for a quartet of great singers, it is an ensemble opera. There are only two unequivocally solo numbers—the baritone's cavatina and the bass's romanza—although several of the ensembles are dominated by a single voice. Bellini called the mad scene a “trio.”

Gianna Rolandi's first Elvira was a success—carefully prepared, accurately and touchingly sung, stylish and delicate in its phrasing. She was at her best in fleet decorated music. A troublesome vibrato in sustained cantilena spoiled the start of the mad scene. Her face was unbecomingly painted, and her wig was untidy; she is a more attractive woman than she was allowed to appear. The vibrato is a danger signal to heed; the looks can easily be put right. With his first Arturo, John Aler takes a big step forward. I didn't know there were still tenors at once versed in niceties of bel-canto style (had Mr. Aler been listening to Bonci records?) and able to carry in a large theatre—not with volume but with clean, clearly projected tone. Mr. Aler sailed up to the C-sharp of “A te, o cara” and the D of “Vieni fra queste braccia” so easily that I almost expected him to essay the high F's of “Credeasi, misera.” (He didn't, however.) He was handsomely and flatteringly costumed. Pablo Elvira, a good Riccardo, took a while to get into his stride; his best singing came after the aria. In “Suoni la tromba,” it was his bad luck to be pitted against the much bigger bass of Paul Plishka, a splendid Giorgio.

The conductor, Theo Alcantara, missed the sunrise romance of the opening pages. There were wrinkles in Carl



“In answer to your question, Ma’am, yes, I am very sincere.”

Toms' backcloth. Jack Eddleman's staging began unpromisingly: soldiers marked time as they sang, and Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf had evidently been recruited in the Puritan cause. There was far too much sitting on the ground. Riccardo sat to sing "Ah! per sempre." Elvira sat to sing "Vieni al tempio." She began "Vien, diletto" sitting and then lay flat on her back. This jarred with the keen sense of style brought to the music but did not spoil the evening. More important on the balance sheet were Mr. Alcantara's feeling for the shape and progress of the movements, his sure handling of pace, climax, and large form; the handsomeness of Mr. Toms' settings; and Mr. Eddleman's presentation of real people who suffered and rejoiced. No "Puritani" I've seen, however starry—at Covent Garden, the Met, the San Carlo, Glyndebourne—gave a more favorable account of Bellini's fresh, adventurous opera than this one does.

—Andrew Porter

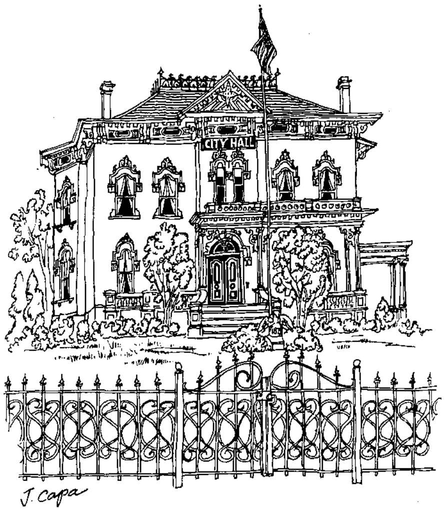
FURTHER EVENTS

Conjunction

THE music of Franz Joseph Haydn and Igor Stravinsky has been juxtaposed in concert programs in the past—notably in those of Pierre Boulez during his second season with the Philharmonic and his first with the BBC Symphony, in London. The Haydn-Stravinsky Celebration mounted at Alice Tully Hall by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center was, however, devoted exclusively to the two composers, and was fleshed out with lectures (by H. C. Robbins Landon and Ned Rorem) and a film. The composers scarcely have as much in common as the celebration's program book claimed, but they fit well together: Stravinsky's rhythmic manipulation, which substitutes contrast for development, is complemented by Haydn's thematic manipulation, which often avoids contrast altogether in the search for exhaustive development.

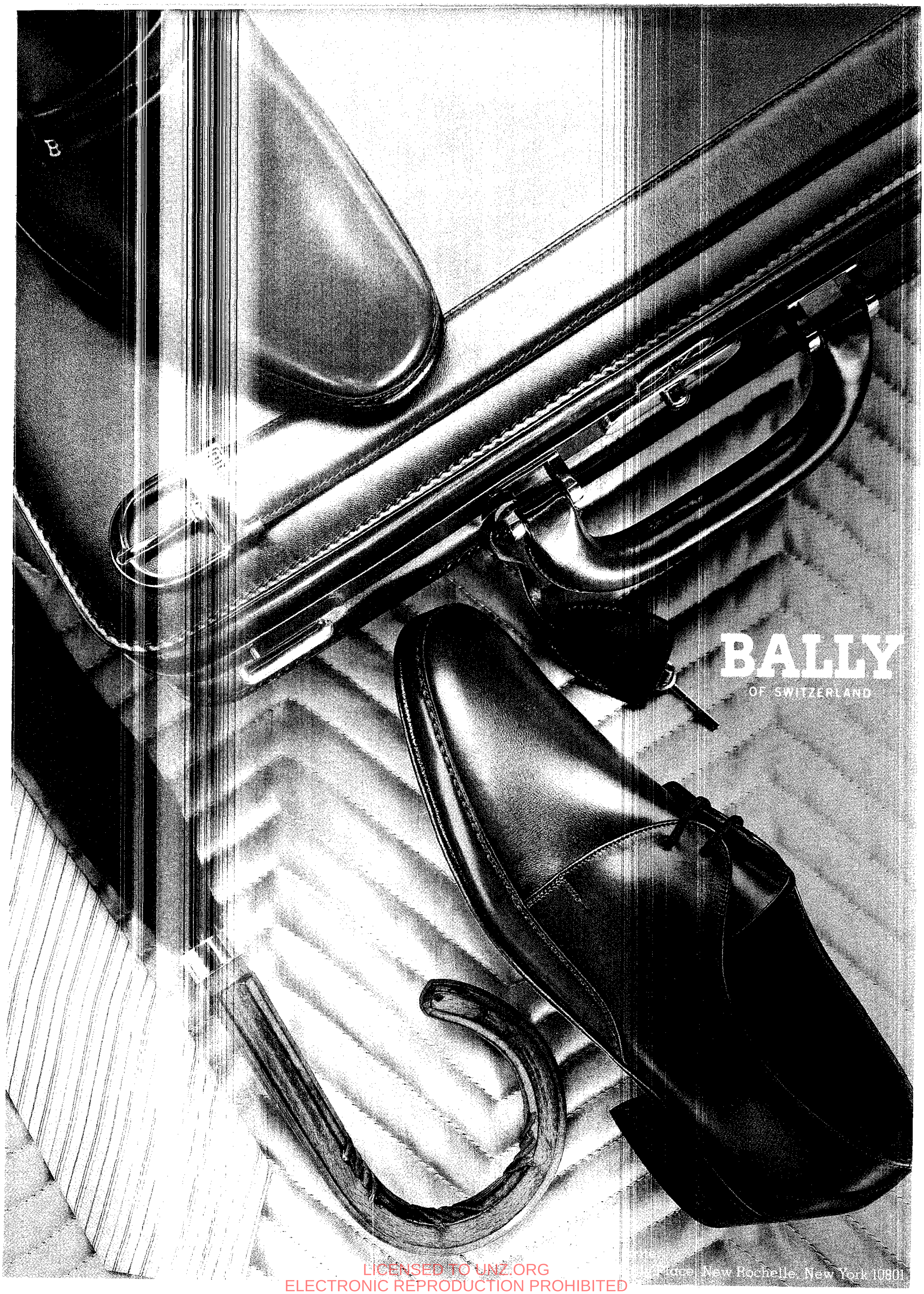
The Chamber Music Society's concerts contained several rare and unusual pieces, but they were jumbled into a miscellaneous set of programs. An amiable Haydn Notturno followed by three little Stravinsky works in thirteen tiny movements provided an insubstantial beginning to the celebration, and the performances were ragged and lifeless. Throughout the week, the problem of finding an acceptable, coherent performance style for both composers loomed large. In Tuesday's all-Haydn program, an attempt was made to capture something of Haydn's sound world by importing Kenneth Cooper, with fortepiano, to take part in the E-Minor Piano Trio. But Mr. Cooper's instrument was placed behind the resolutely modern, strongly projected violin and cello of Ani Kavafian and Leslie Parnas, and the acoustic result was nonsense; in this trio the violin often plays an alto part to the piano's right-hand treble, yet here the violin always dominated. Well-balanced, stylish accounts of Haydn trios with original instruments may be heard on a recent recording (Arabesque) by the Mozartean Players. A method of playing Haydn's music with eighteenth-century rather than nineteenth-century expressiveness is not impossible to find: in the first issue of a new recording of the symphonies (Saga, distributed by International Book & Record), the English group L'Estro Armonico, drawing on players experienced from work with Trevor Pinnock and Christopher Hogwood, gives outstandingly lively and biting, though occasionally rough, accounts of the first seven symphonies (in a new putative chronological ordering by Robbins Landon) under the direction of the violinist Derek Solomons.

Stravinsky, too, suffered from a casual approach to performance style. On Sunday, "Dumbarton Oaks" plodded, without shape or structure. On Friday, Ani Kavafian's playing of the "Duo Concertant" (with Paul Jacobs) lacked rhythmic edge and focus. The marvellous, shapely "Three Pieces for String Quartet" received a fumbling performance. Only when Michael Tilson Thomas arrived at the end of Friday's concert to conduct "Ragtime" and "Renard" did the music have real precision and balance; in "Renard" all the textures could be heard, and the rhythms bounced crisply.



The most enjoyable Stravinsky curiosity I heard was the "Eight Instrumental Miniatures," a 1962 reworking of some 1921 piano pieces, filled with witty, punning use of rhythmic alteration and surprise. The most enjoyable Haydn curiosity was the transcription for chamber ensemble of his "Surprise" Symphony, by the violinist Johann Peter Salomon—a clever and effective reduction, played with an apt sense of fun. But the most important novelty by Haydn was a String Trio in G Major that had not been heard here before and was edited, said the program, "by Professor Barry S. Brook's doctoral seminar at the City University of New York." (It would have been nice if the entire seminar could have taken a bow.) An approximate date for this work—shortly before 1761—and some information about its survival can be gleaned from Robbins Landon's "Haydn: The Early Years." (It was published earlier this year by Indiana University Press, and completes his magisterial five-volume survey "Haydn: Chronicle and Works.") Bruce MacIntyre's program note added interesting information about the publication of the trio, and also said something useful about the music, while Robbins Landon is content with the phrase "warm-hearted, formally impeccable" to cover some thirty-four works in the genre. To my ears, this trio sounded unusually decorative, with its demonstrative trills and runs for the first violin, but it was built on a solid base of sturdy, imitative writing, and so never seemed insubstantial. The trio section of the Minuet was especially dark and purposeful; the bubbling, quasi-orchestral final Presto, with its unison writing, was delightful.

Haydn finally met Stravinsky head-on in the final concert, when Leonard Bernstein played the piano in the Haydn C-Major Piano Trio. On a modern Baldwin, he struck the bass chords with an abandon and hit the rhythms with an earthy exuberance that gave a distinctively twentieth-century bite to the piece. Some of his playing was jittery, but it was always responsive: the A-flat episode in the first movement and the returns to the rondo theme in the Finale were beautifully done. Mr. Bernstein's other Piano Trio on the program, the D Major with flute, was superfluous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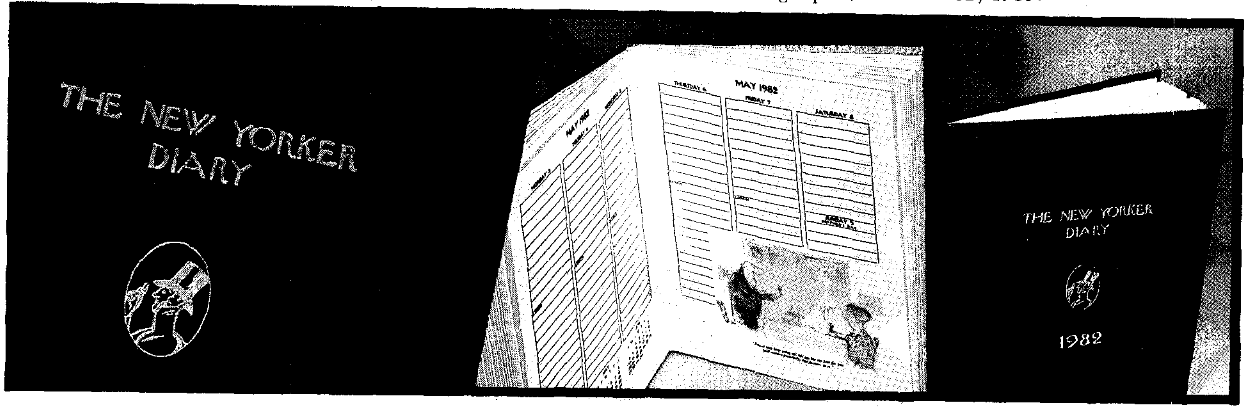

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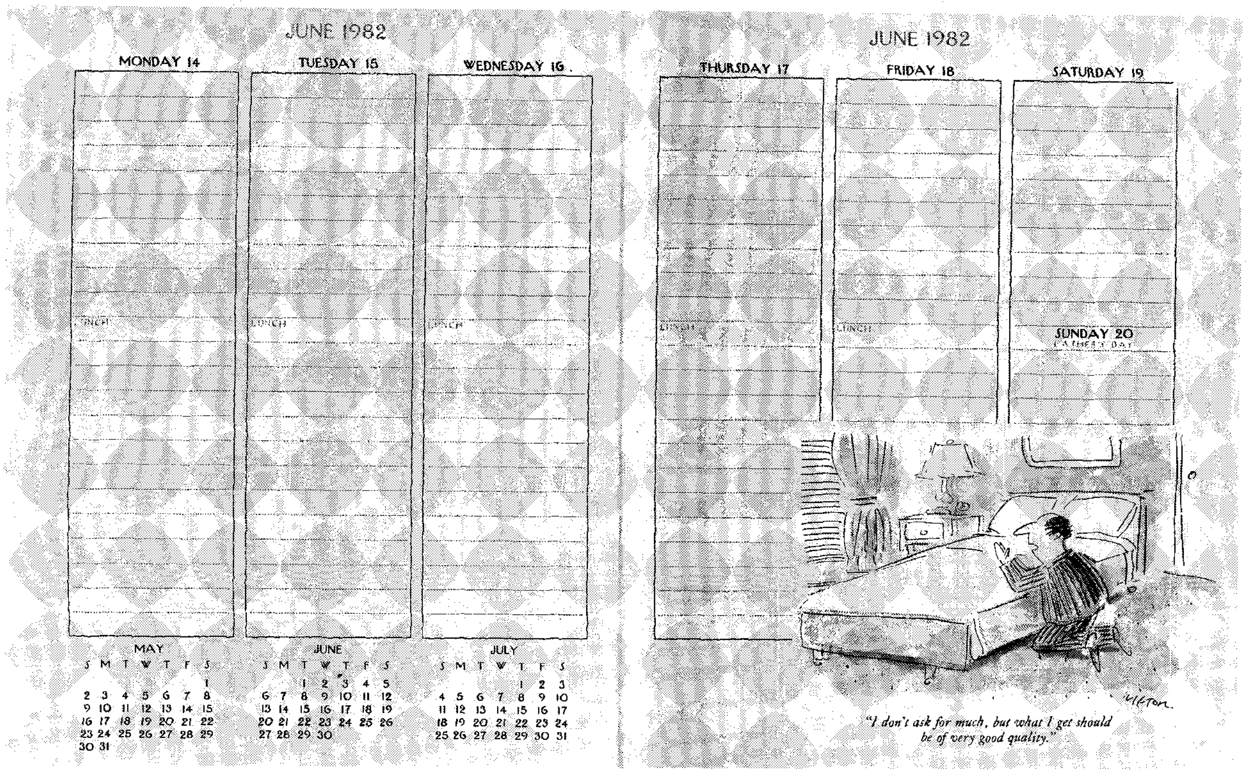

JUNE 1982

MONDAY 14

TUESDAY 15

WEDNESDAY 16

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JUNE 1982

THURSDAY 17

FRIDAY 18

SATURDAY 19

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SUNDAY 20
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and (like Tuesday's poor account of the "Emperor" Quartet) made the late-evening concert too long. But earlier in the evening Mr. Bernstein contrived with just a few tilts of the head and a flick of the baton to provide an apt pace and style for Stravinsky's "Octet" and the 1952 version of the "Concertino." At the end of the concert, he was joined by Michael Tilson Thomas in the piano-duet version of "The Rite of Spring": Mr. Tilson Thomas at the top, with bright, edgy, percussive sounds; Mr. Bernstein at the bottom, rich, full-bodied, conjuring all manner of orchestral color out of the keyboard. Each conductor must have directed clearer, sharper accounts of the work, yet this one had a tight-knit tension that—after all the streamlined orchestral performances of recent years—made the work sound difficult again.

MR. BERNSTEIN the composer was also on display in the same week: the John F. Kennedy Center, in Washington, chose to celebrate its tenth anniversary by reviving his "Mass," which had opened the Center in 1971. A television relay gave the new production wide exposure, but restaging could not revivify this pretentious display of ecclesiastical kitsch. The sincerity of the muddleheaded mixture of ritual and relevance was never in doubt; the faded images of the sixties and the faded musical idioms of many more years ago were strung together with watery-eyed passion but hung limply, without point or purpose. Mr. Bernstein is a puzzling creative character; his recent interpretations of Beethoven's symphonies with the Vienna Philharmonic (he gave the Ninth and the Sixth here with them two years ago) are not especially remarkable or revelatory. Yet included with a complete performance of the cycle for television (to be seen over PBS beginning in January and on the CBS cable network in October, and also recorded for Deutsche Grammophon) is an excerpt from a 1954 "Omnibus" broadcast, in which a young Mr. Bernstein expounds the opening of the Fifth Symphony with fervor, insight, and penetrating intelligence. When he reaches the podium now, however, heart seems to dominate head to unbalanced effect.

THE Brazilian pianist João Carlos Martins made a much-heralded return to New York recently, playing Bach in Avery Fisher Hall: a Prelude and Fugue, the Fourth Partita, and the Goldberg Variations. From his new recording (Arabesque) of the Partitas, I had judged him an eccentric pianist who paid little attention to Bach's intentions and played with a tone alternately brittle and wispy. Onstage, he cut a more convincing figure; his account of the Fourth Partita, though it still resolutely ignored Bach's dance markings and was filled with curious hesitations, was fervently projected and strongly articulated. The sound was better than on the record, yet there was still little depth to the playing. In the Goldberg Variations, however, Martins seemed to lose touch with the music altogether: fast, brilliant variations were played with either a misty, soft sound or a vicious, pounding touch; slow variations were reduced to a standstill by expressive pauses. The fughetta and alla-breve movements were nonsensically reduced to meditations; the final quodlibet was given added chords, perhaps from Busoni's edition, and the repeat of the Aria started with a clamorous fortissimo that was unbearable. Martins' beliefs about the transcendental qualities of Bach's music are strangely communicated in his performances; yet there is something there, a quality of fascination, that keeps one listening.

THE 1981 International American Music Competitions, held for the first time at Carnegie Hall and devoted this year to the piano, drew large audiences for the final recitals, by Stephen Drury, Lisa Moore, and Randall Hodgkinson. Outstanding among the performances I heard was a compelling account of Ives' "Concord" Sonata by Mr. Drury—technically brilliant but unduly soft and yielding in its softer passages, not quite sustaining the considerable tension of the opening movements through the ruminations of "Thoreau." Mr. Hodgkinson gave a vivid, clean-edged account of Roger Sessions' Second Sonata—a superb piece, whose revival and performance would alone justify this competition—and an unusually strong performance of Aaron Copland's less successful Piano Fantasy. There seems little point in awarding a first prize in such a competition—it is hard to judge between Miss Moore's playing of Babbitt and Shapey and Mr. Hodgkinson's playing of Perle and Griffes, and all finalists of this standard deserve engagements and wide exposure—but the judges chose Mr. Hodgkinson, and chose well.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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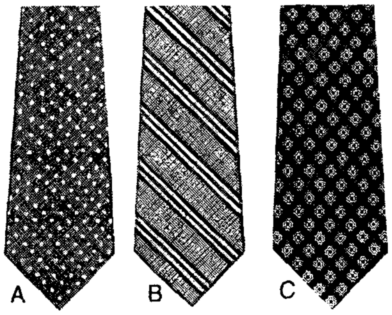

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DANCING

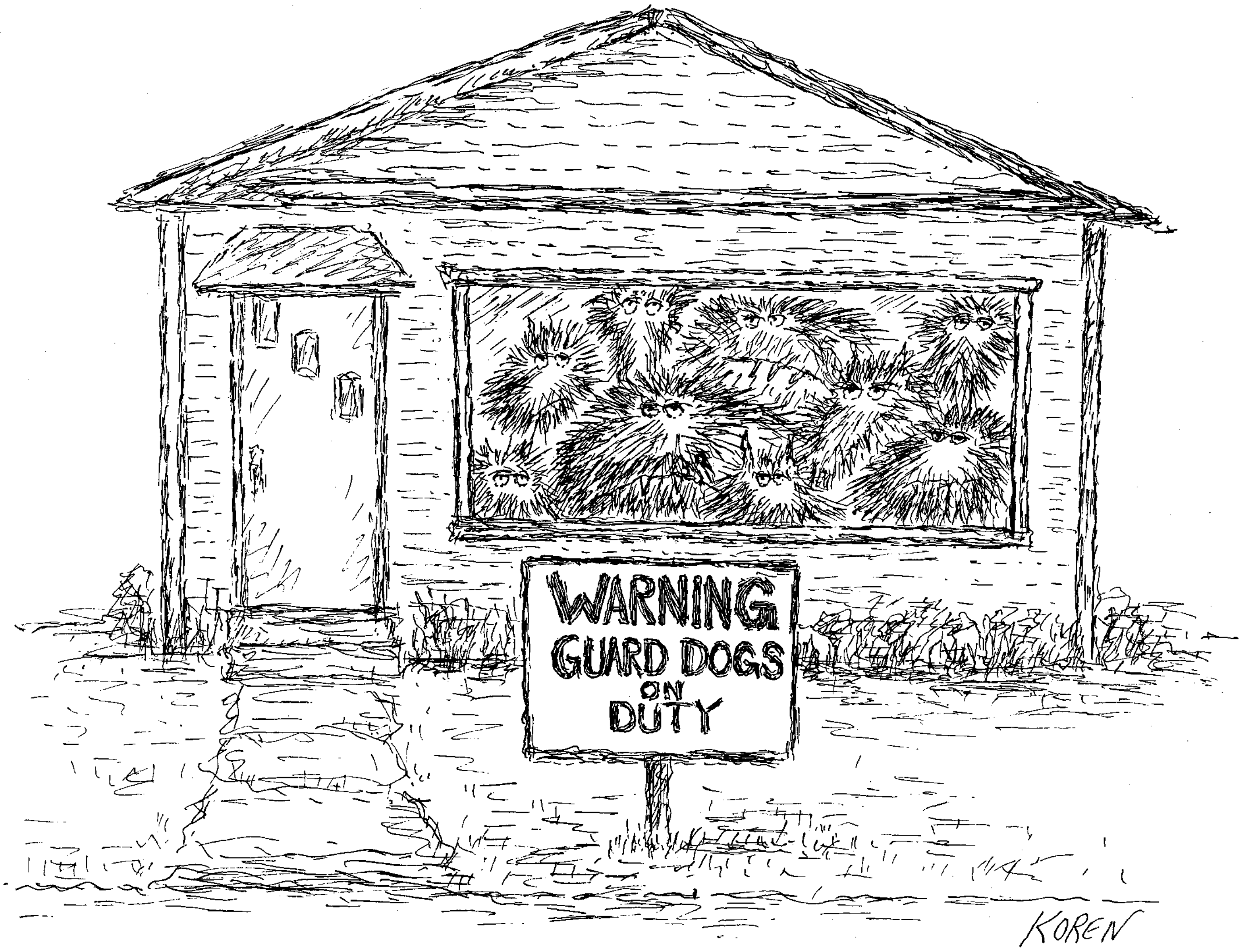
Oh, That Pineapple Rag!

WHEN choreographers take real life as their subject, they usually take it in the abstract. Literal intentions are almost always suicidal; even when they succeed they generally don't succeed at a high level, and the choreographer is accused of trying to think, as if cogitation and choreography were mutually antagonistic. Twyla Tharp's newest work, "The Catherine Wheel," which she is showing at the Winter Garden, manages to be literal and abstract at the same time, so that the turn of a thought and its realization in dance are more often than not presented together. But they are also presented in separate systems that are elaborately cross-referenced. Tharp's use of semi-abstract mime and semi-literal dance is one such system. She also uses the straight varieties of dance and mime, an array of props and costumes, a sophisticated and highly theatrical rock score by David Byrne, and the ingenious stage technology of Jennifer Tipton and Santo Loquasto. "The Catherine Wheel" is schematically overloaded, but then so were "Deuce Coupe" and "Push Comes to Shove." Tharp is like a juggler piling Pelion on Ossa on Mt. St. Helens on the tip of her nose. When the overload collapses, as it did in last year's "When We Were Very Young," we get cacophony. "The Catherine Wheel" is a multilevel poetic fantasy that discharges its most important meanings through music and dance. ("When We Were Very Young" was a playlet with dances.) Some of the characters from last year are back doing some of the same things; Tharp seems determined to reduce the American nuclear family to a pile of smoked turkeys. This time, though, she zips through her catalogue of abuse, adds a twist of scalawag comedy and a suite of social dances through the ages, and gets on with the main objective of the show, which is to enlarge the turkey story to the dimensions of a fable. It's a little like interleaving the *National Enquirer* with "The Golden Bough." But Tharp does it, and brings it off as an uncluttered, intensively lyrical experience. And keeps it going for eighty minutes without interruption.

"The Catherine Wheel" is so completely systematized that although it encloses a story about the modern world, it is always and only about itself. From time to time, lyrics are sung to the music which seem to relate to the action. For instance:

Well the bride bride and the groom
Run in a circle around their house
They're goin' out they're comin' in
Inside a circle around their house.

That's about as explicit as the lyrics ever get, and we do see a bride and groom. Yet at no time are the words used as a functional element in the staging. They're in dream language to begin with, and then, as part of the processed studio sound that makes up Byrne's taped score, they're largely unhearable. When a word drifts out of the sonic haze, it strikes us as pre-articulate speech—closer to the sources of pain and emotion than normal speech is. The cryptic sound goes



with the various pieces of primitive machinery which Loquasto has fashioned out of what look like scraps from a Victorian bicycle shop. The wheels turn but they don't go anywhere. Another contraption, which is lowered from the flies, has a use that may be guessed from its retractable prongs: it is a torture rack. One may with cause think of St. Catherine impaled on her wheel or of Lear's "I am bound upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears do scald like molten lead." But one isn't given time to ponder wheel symbolism, or even wheel nonsymbolism; there's more going on. "The Catherine Wheel" has wheels within wheels.

It also has pineapples. The wheel is a perfect symbol for the spectacle that has been devised by Twyla Tharp and her collaborators; the music, the décor and props, the costumes, the lighting, the staging, and the choreography are spokes radiating meaning from the hub of conception. And when the wheel spins and gives off sparks, it really is a pyrotechnical accomplishment. The pineapple is not a self-referential symbol; it's more in the nature of what Alfred Hitchcock used to call the MacGuffin. In Hitchcock's movies, what people chased after—secret formulas or uranium ore in wine bottles—was the MacGuffin, and, as Hitchcock told François Truffaut, the meaning of the MacGuffin is always beside the point. "The only thing that really matters is that in the picture the plans, the documents, or secrets must seem to be of vital importance to the characters." In "The Catherine Wheel," the characters worship pineapples; they need and want and love pineapples, they steal pineapples, make sacrifices of pineapples. At the start of the show, a cluster of pineapples glows through the gloom like a Christmas tree, like the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, like the burning bush. A vestal virgin (Sara Rudner) extracts one fruit; it brains a coy bridegroom (Tom Rawe). So we witness the fall of man, the rages and quarrels, the cretinous offspring (Katie Glasner, Raymond Kurshals), acts of brutality and of bestiality. A furry dog (Christine Uchida) is sexually abused; later she kills her tormentor. A monster mother (Jennifer Way) pimps for her daughter. A young poet (John Carrafa) shows some interest in the girl but he'd rather sleep with a pineapple. A pineapple isn't the Holy Grail; it isn't sex or money or power, although

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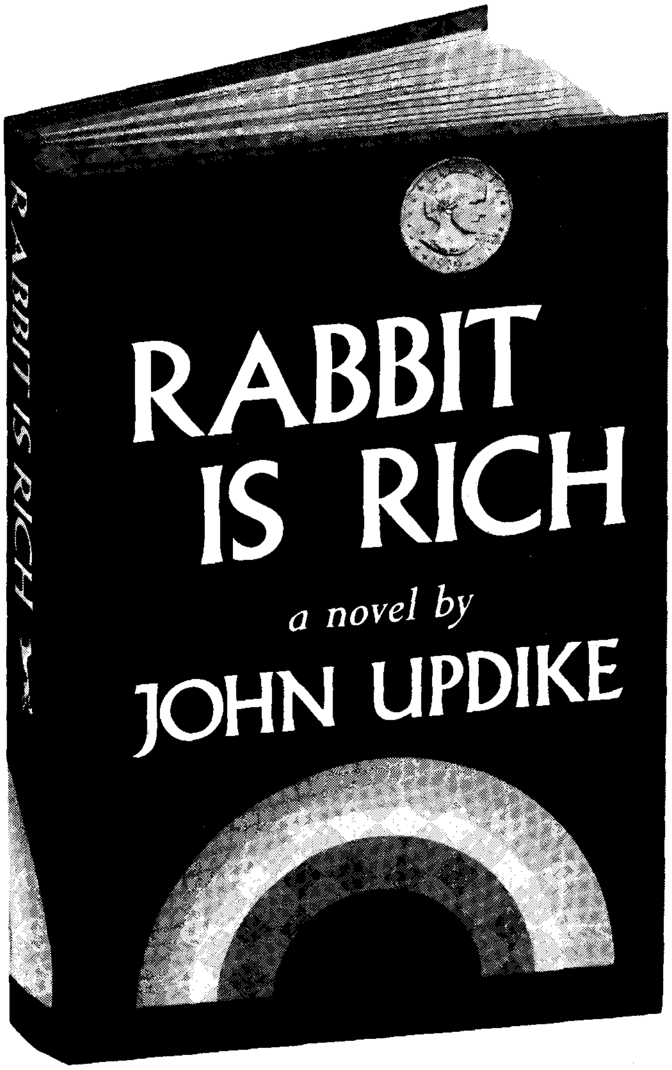

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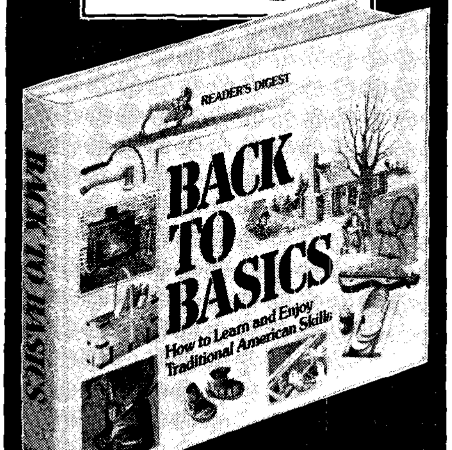

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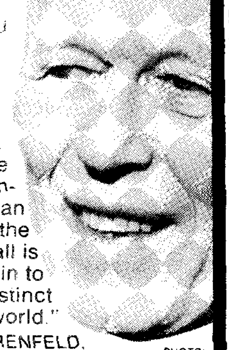
at different times it seems to be those things, and if you think it looks like a grenade it is that thing as well. It's an absurdist symbol, a symbol of absurdity, and a dumb device all at once. It's active, whereas the wheel symbolism is passive; pineapples, and not wheels, turn the plot and at the same time turn our minds to thoughts of illusion and degradation, of slavishness and cultishness and obscene greed. The pineapple is Tharp's pretext for showing us the harsh and depressing world we live in. As the frenzy reaches its climax and tapers off, Rudner, as the priestess, returns bearing a golden wheel with a pineapple at the hub, and the inner and outer thought systems of the ballet are merged; at least, they're meant to be. But, like the "sacrifice of the pineapple" that occurred a moment before, the moment of the merger is largely a mystifying one. In the sacrifice scene (Tharp calls it "The Leader Repents"), Rudner takes her precious pineapple, now reduced to a bag of (Styrofoam) chunks, and shoves it—literally impales it over and over on the torture rack. Although the scene is repeated many times and played alongside another "loop," of the monster family at its most Jukeslike, we don't get a chance to sort out the meanings or to relate the two scenes. We haven't drunk deep enough of the pineapple—we've been too busy discarding hypotheses—to know that it is capable of dying for our sins.

The last quarter of the ballet is a dance apotheosis of astonishing beauty and power. Tharp's title for it is "The Golden Section," and it rises like an Atlantis from the murk of the pineapple world, transforming it into a paradise of new feelings and visionary exploits. Tharp's abrupt alchemy substituting harmony for chaos is almost painful in its honesty. It's as if she were substituting art for life, knowing that no solution to the palpable terrors she has invoked is possible. Art, less than a solution yet more than a consolation, offers terms she can settle for; it's the great alternative to the dilemma of life, the only other reality that isn't death. "The Golden Section" is the classical "white" ballet, with all its implications of redemption intact. In the old ballets, though—"Giselle" and "La Bayadère" and "Swan Lake"—death was the condition of redemption. In "The Golden Section," the dancers are dressed not as incorporeal figures in white tulle but as acrobats in gold tights, launching themselves against a honey-gold backdrop. The characters of the previous scene return transformed and dance wonderfully, and the choreography reaches supersonic speeds as it passes from one prodigious episode to the next, until suddenly, in the middle of a leap, the lights go out. The dance ends in midair, which is to say it does not end. "The Golden Section" is a glimpse of infinity; it's a celestial version of those moments of Tharpian continuity in other works (like "Baker's Dozen") when the dance leaves the stage and returns, having continued behind the scenes. Tharp keeps the energy level climbing and the invention flowing, but she doesn't create a compulsive, inhumanly brilliant atmosphere, as she did in last year's "Brahms' Paganini." "The Golden Section" seems to rise effortlessly above the negotiations of virtuosity and to ride along in a kind of relaxed ecstasy. For the first time, Twyla Tharp attains grandeur.

The world of "The Catherine Wheel," half in darkness, half in light, has the completeness of Elizabethan cosmogony and the aura of myth. The rude mechanicals and their swinish and sleazy existence, the supernatural priestess and her entourage, the innocents (the Poet, the Pet, the hysterical Maid danced by Shelley Washington) occupy their classic positions as forms of life and dramatic counterweights. And in "The Golden Section," when they dance, dance, dance, they are all one race, neither gods nor human beings but the gilded beasts of the Greek fables. The ballet is a running frieze of stags and hinds and winged colts, with some broncos and circus ponies cut into the herd. It's a Circean transformation, and as an image it's true to the rough, inarticulate nature of the parable that precedes it. For all its polished surfaces and moments of blinding lucidity, "The Catherine Wheel" is an experience of mute sensations; we look and wonder, and are lifted we know not how, and at the end our blood is changed.

But to say that the experience is mute is not to say that it is incoherent. No; feeling about in the dark, we are able to sense and then grasp with conviction the relationship of things, and whether we accept pineappleism as mystical wisdom or tactical whimsy we are bound to follow the pattern it imposes—we can't get lost. Twyla Tharp's best work has usually been so Spartan that the plush fancies of "The Catherine Wheel" may be overdaz-



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zling at first, and one may be inclined to mistrust them. But you could strip away the symbolical apparatus; you could cancel Tipton's shadows and scrims, her shimmering blacks and ashen grays and warm golds; you could delete Loquasto's fierce little engines, and even his forest of poles, through which the whole first section of the piece is danced, and stage the piece, as Tharp often staged her early work, in a school gym. And still the piece would work, on the strength of its current of rhythm. The choreography has no trouble sustaining rhythmic tension over an improbably long span of time; the flat-out driving attack of "The Golden Section" only accelerates the excitement—Tharp has been in high gear right along. Byrne's music is the first rock score to pull solid weight in a theatrical-dance context. It has real rhythm, not just a beat. The deficiencies of rock as dance music were noticed long ago by Paul Draper, who pronounced it "rhythmically more arid than the Sahara," and went on to define rhythm as "visual or aural patterns which live within the framework of the beat and the time." Byrne's brand of concert rock must, I suppose, be accorded the status of serious music. Its werewolf-and-charnel-house sound imagery is not the kind of seriousness I care for, but there is no doubt that working with Tharp has sharpened Byrne's sensitivity to the variety of pulse and mood a dance score has to have. The horrendous chill that I take to be characteristic of Byrne's music—it is there in his records with the Talking Heads as well—is perfectly suited to the dark side of Tharp's world, where dads rape dogs, devils writhe in women's bodies, and public assassins creep in the shadows. In "The Golden Section," the brilliant metallic clang of the music is appropriately circusy; then it changes into a choir sweetly chanting

Oh I don't understand
Oh it's not just a word
Oh I don't understand
It doesn't matter at all.

For a thinking choreographer's comment on the world, "The Catherine Wheel" is strangely precognitive. One would have to go back to Paul Taylor's "Orbs" to find a work of comparable scale, purity, and charm. But even Taylor did not attempt an uninterrupted dance epic. Nor did he use a commissioned score. "The Catherine Wheel" is a major event in our theatre.
—ARLENE CROCE

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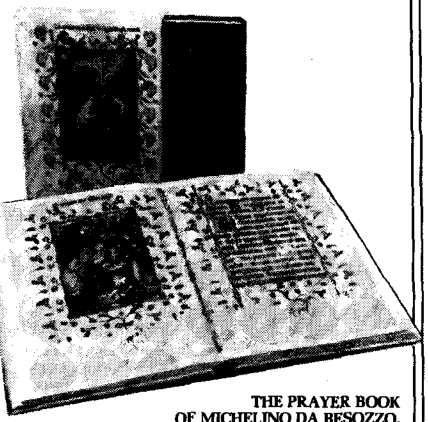

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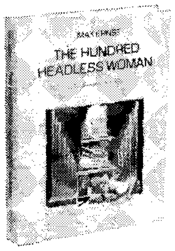

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BOOKS

Proust

Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust's "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu" is a period masterpiece of that dangerous transposing art. So luminous and fervid does it still seem to us that it is even lazily said to rival the original, by those who did not find the French all that difficult as they skated over the surface but then gave up. Of course, we know that no translation can be a perfect mirror, but we did feel rather dished when the Pléiade edition showed us that Scott Moncrieff had been obliged to work from what has been called the "abominable" early *Nouvelle Revue Française* text, which Proust was still covering with revisions on a Balzacian scale when he died, in 1922. Scott Moncrieff died in 1930, and did not get as far as the grand disillusioned peroration of "Le Temps Retrouvé," which was translated first by Stephen Hudson and later by Andreas Mayor. Not until 1954 did the patient Pléiade scholars complete their work, adding two hundred pages of explanatory notes and a long addendum of doubtful passages—for Proust was notoriously a writer who fed afterthoughts in from the scraps of paper scattered on his bed in the cork-lined room. Now, from the Pléiade edition, Terence Kilmartin has completed years of dedicated revision of Scott Moncrieff and a slightly emended Mayor, and we have "Remembrance of Things Past" in three handsome volumes from Random House ($25 each). In the third volume, there are often considerable rearrangements. One change of title is certainly better: "The Fugitive," which Scott Moncrieff had rather archly called "The Sweet Cheat Gone." Mr. Kilmartin is a remarkably sensitive mediator. He has certainly been loyal to both Proust and his translator, and has not tinkered for tinkering's sake in the interests of pedantry. "Loyal" is his own word, and it fits his labors: he has not killed Scott Moncrieff's tune, though he recognizes it belongs to its generation. He has also selected one or two omitted, "hard to place" passages. One is exquisitely sad and comic: a scene in which Charlus in old age is pursued by the infatuated old Princesse de Guermantes. Sometimes Proust's additions are ponderings of a mind that can't give up its discursive habits, but this particular episode is a gem.

"My, my! With government off your back, you're looking much better in your suits!"

Scott Moncrieff had the great advantage of belonging to Proust's time. Its accents were in his ears. Intellectually, society was sententious and cosmopolitan, and as the crackup approached its artists broke into experiment and the reëxamination of tradition. Proust admired Balzac but was, on a different impulse, rewriting him. Among English writers, he turned to Ruskin, George Eliot, and Thomas Hardy. But Proust is a mingling of aesthete, surgeon, moralist, and scientist as he bursts traditional forms and the novelist himself becomes the novelist-as-hero of a critical exploration. He is seen in the act of clearing his mind for a novel that will never get written. He absorbs his characters into his own haze, as we do in autobiography. Rereading him now, after half a century, one also has the impression of being at the self-indulgent beginning of nonlinear writing—of which there has been a lot since, but none so crystalline. His reflections create an inland sea in which his people disappear into the hollows of the short waves and then reappear, excitingly changed for a moment, only to disappear once more. Very few of us now, except the professors and the saints of leisure, can have read him steadily from beginning to end in one long go; yet his gift is such that we can pick him up anywhere and be at once in his power—perhaps because his method is directed to floating small fleets of tales on the sea of speculation. One can begin anywhere, as one can with Gibbon as a moralist, or with the author of "The Arabian Nights" as an enchanter who mingles intellect with the shameless intrigues and passions taken for granted. And, like these writers, Proust is wide open to parody, and sometimes parodies himself.

For the reviewer who dutifully searches the new text in order to test the reordering of passages, the task is a nightmare—in fact, impossible. Despite the notes and a valuable synopsis of each section, one wanders like a fidgeting angler, trying three or four French and English ponds, tormented by both the big and the little fishes that will not tell him where they are hiding. We need a team of readers moving from version to version and reading aloud as, book in hand, we try to catch the differences. Ah, here's a bite, we may say: "Well-respected

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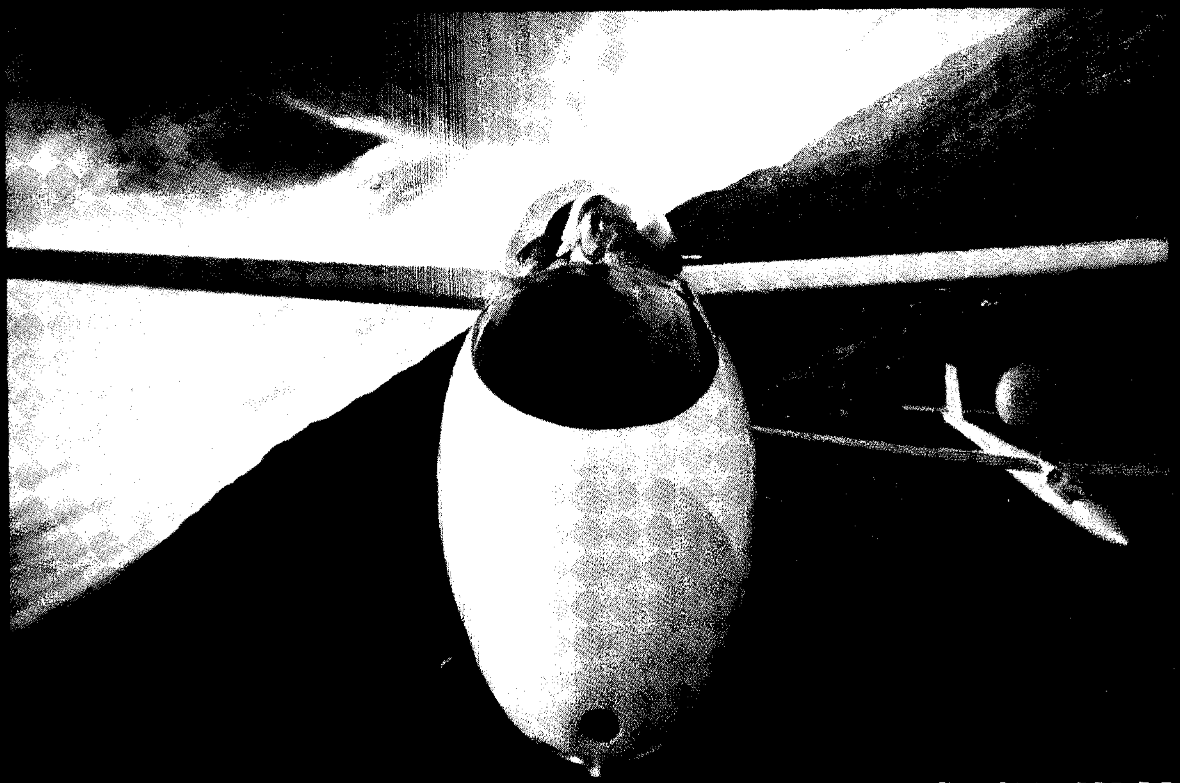

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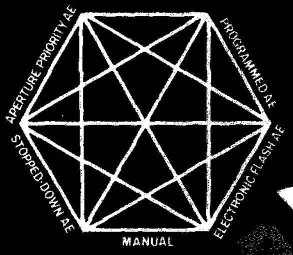

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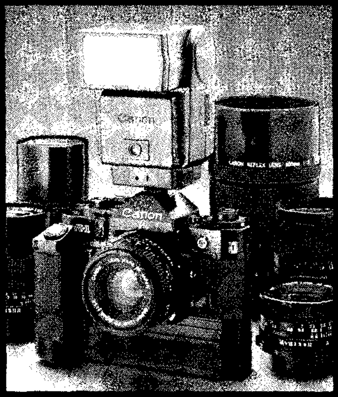

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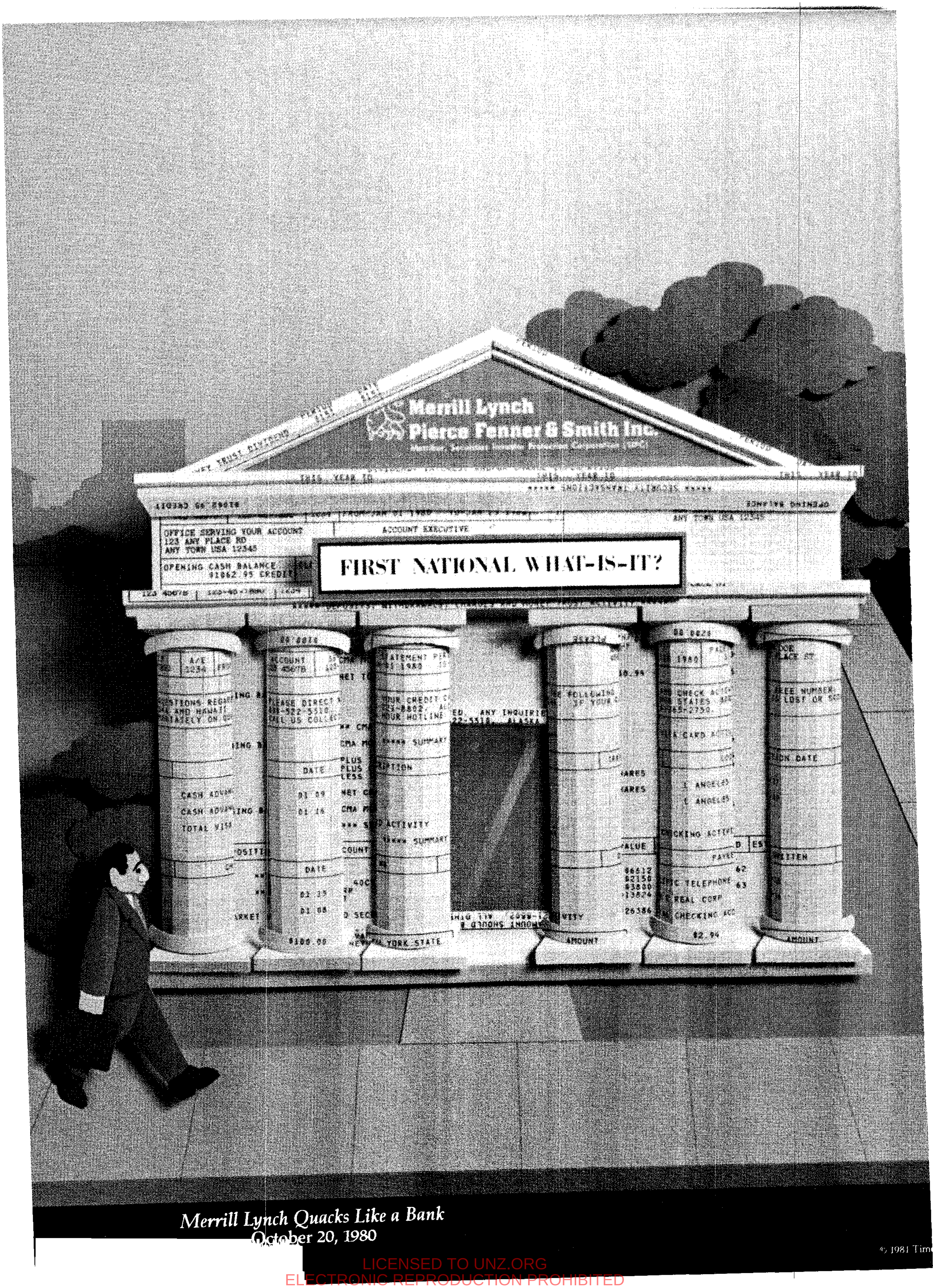
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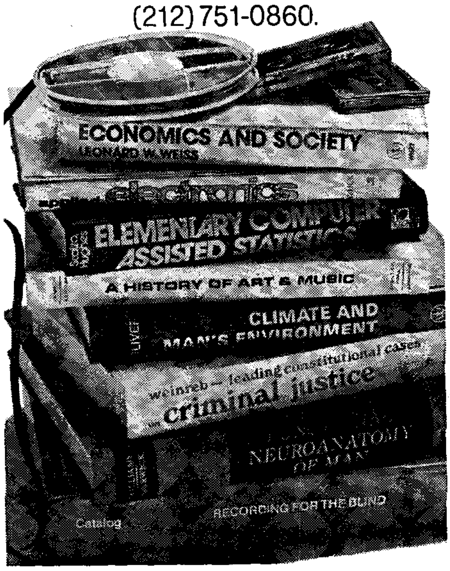


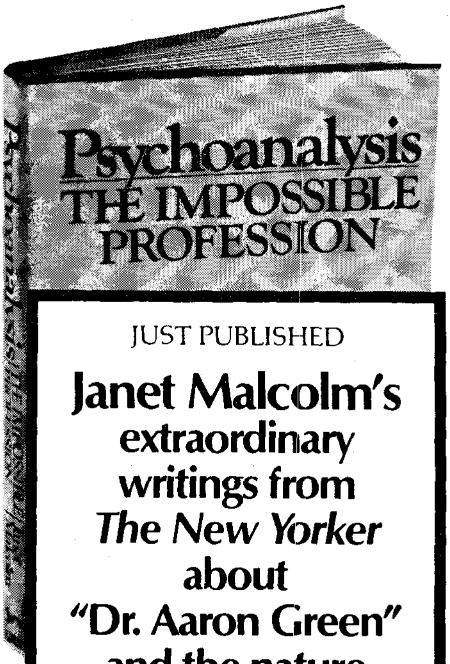
by all and sundry" runs more easily than "well-respected on all sides," which sounds like Albertine putting on public airs. Scott Moncrieff's "paschal season" sounds like one of his Gallicisms, though the new "Eastertide" is rather arty High Church English. "Prodigiously intimidating," a voguish extravagance heard among Bloomsbury Proustians—say, Lytton Strachey—in the twenties and thirties, is better than the prim Victorian "alarming." One gives up fishing for such small fry, and Scott Moncrieff's style still keeps its beguiling throb.

Yet what about that style? Scott Moncrieff has indeed been accused of raising the tone of the text, but Mr. Kilmartin points out that he kept extraordinarily close to the words, syntax, and rhythms of Proust's manner; there is little, if any, of paraphrasing, packaging, or the shortcut. The common criticism, Mr. Kilmartin says, is "that his prose tends to the purple and the precious—or that this is how he interpreted the tone of the original: whereas the truth is that, complicated, dense, overloaded though it often is, Proust's style is essentially natural and unaffected, quite free of preciosity, archaism, or self-conscious elegance." Scott Moncrieff will say, for example, that Françoise sees her body too eloquently as being dropped "like a stone into the hollow of the tomb" when she imagines herself dying neglected (incidentally, echoing one of Mr. Pecksniff's pet phrases). Mr. Kilmartin is surely better with his "like a stone into a hole in the ground," which is plain peasant talk.

The other criticism, Mr. Kilmartin goes on, is a defect of a virtue:

> In his efforts to reproduce the structure of those elaborate sentences with their spiralling subordinate clauses, not only does he sometimes lose the thread but he wrenches his syntax into oddly un-English shapes: a whiff of Gallicism clings to some of the longer periods, obscuring the sense and falsifying the tone. A corollary to this is a tendency to translate French idioms and turns of phrase literally, thus making them sound weirder, more outlandish, than they would to a French reader.

As for the purple and the precious, one has to say that a translator is likely to be affected by the "going" prose of his period. In Scott Moncrieff's time, *le mot juste*—as found in George Moore, for example—was often the poetic or exotic word. It is exceedingly difficult to find an English correlative of the precisions of French rhetoric—which seems to us extravagant, whereas it is sharply and formally contrived.



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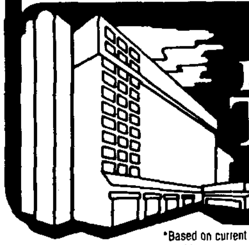

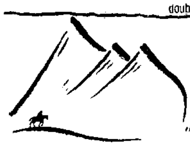

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One thinks of the French as being the *exalté* lawyers of the passions, in their analyses of them. Then, the English title "Remembrance of Things Past" evokes a drifting into the twilight of recollection; the French "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu" is intellectual—it defines the search for an exact recovery of what has been obscured by the memory of memory, and is a scientific expedition, an analysis of evidence, started off by involuntary memory. Again, Proust was sensitive to the "style" of each one of his people; personal, social, and moral history lay in the variety of these styles. In the famous description of the hawthorn hedge in blossom, he is at once poetic and botanical yet feels the earthy infection of the senses. No symbol was more rooted in pagan nature, of which we are a part.

In the prolonged utterance in "Time Regained" on the nature of the book, as he clears his mind in the act of writing he says:

> Through art alone are we able to emerge from ourselves, to know what another person sees of a universe which is not the same as our own and of which, without art, the landscapes would remain as unknown to us as those that may exist in the moon. Thanks to art, instead of seeing one world only, our own, we see that world multiply itself and we have at our disposal as many worlds as there are original artists.

And, again, there is the essential moralist and student of manners:

> Our vanity, our passions, our spirit of imitation, our abstract intelligence, our habits have long been at work, and it is the task of art to undo this work of theirs, making us travel back in the direction from which we have come to the depths where what has really existed lies unknown within us.

Such a view (he mockingly says) M. de Norpois "would have called a dilettante's pastime," whereas "it is our passions which draw the outline of our books, the ensuing intervals of repose which write them." So his people change and become richer as they reappear and as the hidden impulses are drawn out by his irony. Legrandin, at first sight, is a harmless comic example of preciosity in his speeches; but it is shown that his affectations have a pathetic and, ultimately, a heartless hypocritical aspect. His mellifluousness is a disguise. When Legrandin warns the narrator against the "Cimmerian" influences of the Balbec country on a youthful mind and pretends he has no connections in the region, he is trying to prevent the

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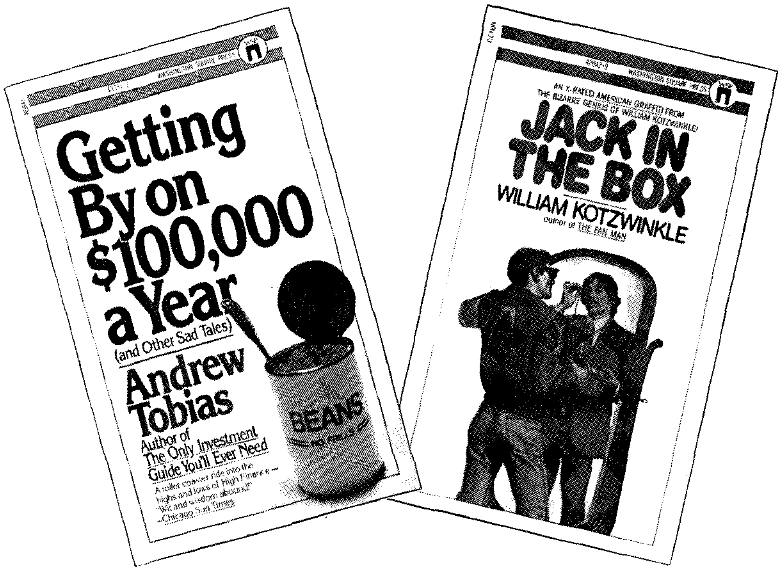
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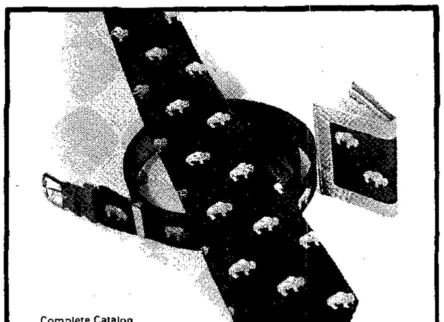

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youth from discovering he has an unpresentable poor relation there. Legrandin is a snob, but he is a failed snob, wounded because he, in his turn, has been snubbed by the Guermantes. Proust compares Legrandin's torments as a snob to the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, and his skill in hiding his motives to the cunning of a Machiavelli: the fantasy outdoes Legrandin. Proust's mock-heroics are devastating. But when he begins one of his innumerable asides, starting with the famous "Just as in," we know we are going to get a course in music, literature, painting, and sculpture. Is he, too, a high-flier on these Ruskinian tours? No; he is an excited, encyclopedic talker who has been trained in the salons and knows how to be competitive when it comes to being "*instruit*." Sometimes he seems to parody his own manner (which, of course, a Legrandin would be unable to do), as in the later mock-heroic dismissal of "the Young Ladies of the Telephone . . . the Vigilant Virgins . . . the Danaïds of the unseen who incessantly empty and fill and transmit to one another the urns of sound . . . the umbrageous priestesses of the Invisible," but at the point where the flight begins to sound a shade *de haut en bas*, and even facetious, he is saved by going off into a serious divagation on the relation of nostalgia to distance and on the pain of hearing the voice of a loved one without seeing the face. That face—especially Albertine's—may be telling lies. So may his. On the subject of lies, he is a metaphysician. There is another fine scene when Charlus in his decrepit old age is acutely seen as "a child, but without a child's pride." Charlus bows humbly to a woman to whom in earlier years it was his "principle of snobbery" to be rude. But now his state calls Sophocles and the chorus lamenting the humbled pride of Oedipus to the narrator's mind—or, as he piles on another image, some funeral oration. Why the funeral oration? A man for echoes, Proust cannot resist the new analogy, because when the old Baron raises his hat "there streamed with the eloquence of a Bossuet the torrents of his silvery hair." Showing off? Not really: the monster Charlus calls for it; he is a cultivated man and certainly knows his Bossuet. The analogy enhances. Saint-Simon, another influence on Proust, would have approved of this offhand glance at the grand manner.

But I think still more of "The Arabian Nights" and Balzac. There is an

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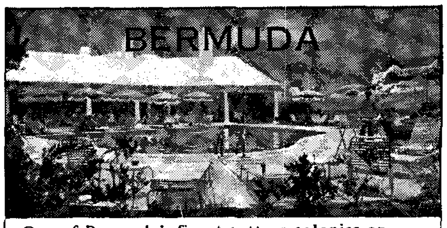

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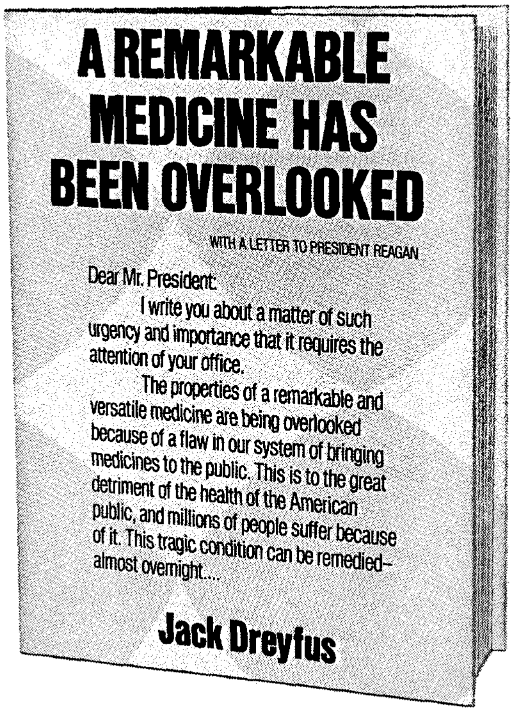
element of adventure in the serpentine and magical expeditions of Proust's mind; his long sentences are indeed like the circling journeys of a snake. If the end is never in sight, a continuing expectation relieves the intellectual strain. Open these volumes anywhere and one is on the move, compelled by the feverishness of his egoism; the fever accentuates his clearheadedness and his sight. He is an invalid making insistent demands. Every place or person becomes more than itself, even when he "sees through." And yet he is putting an order on his sensations. He is always present in his observations of people, never self-effacing. He has, of course, a good deal of the martinet in him, particularly in his relations with young women, who are in part young men: "Look, I have idealized you. Now I see through you, but in seeing through I enhance you. I have returned you, imperfect as you are, to the world to which I have shown you belonging. Now we break. It is interesting to remember the time when I began to forget you"—so he seems to be saying. The only loved women are his grandmother and his mother, who will reappear years after their deaths in his life-giving memory. But the lasting love—the love of the artist for his creation—is really Françoise, the servant, whose mind and language he mocks, and whose simple and often perverse opinions he treasures as a sort of grand national monument. Françoise is a statue for the Louvre. The "Arabian Nights" side of his genius gives the whole novel the cruel, proverbial, yet fantastic strain of a fairy tale, with Charlus acting the stentorian monster and Mme. de Guermantes the Fairy Queen.

The Balzac derivation is plain in the recurring characters, in the panorama of a society that is always out and about—but it excepts the working class. It must also be said that tradesmen are few. From pimps to duchesses, everyone is "going on." (There were few workers in Balzac also.) Proust has Balzac's fascination with status, professions, and class, his belief in categories, his eye for greed, obsession, lust, high pleasures and low, and, above all, his universal curiosity. There is some bothering mysticism. In Proust, this is not Balzac's animal magnetic fluid but the magnetism of time flowing through his people. He has not Balzac's obsession with *getting* money, but he takes for granted that love must be bought, that money is indispensable to the fulfillment



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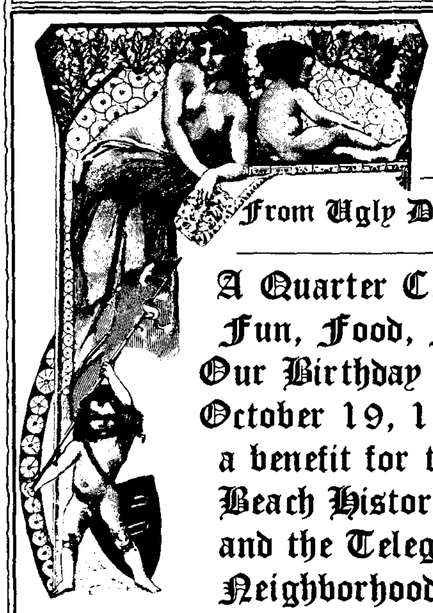

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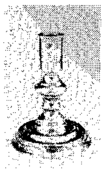

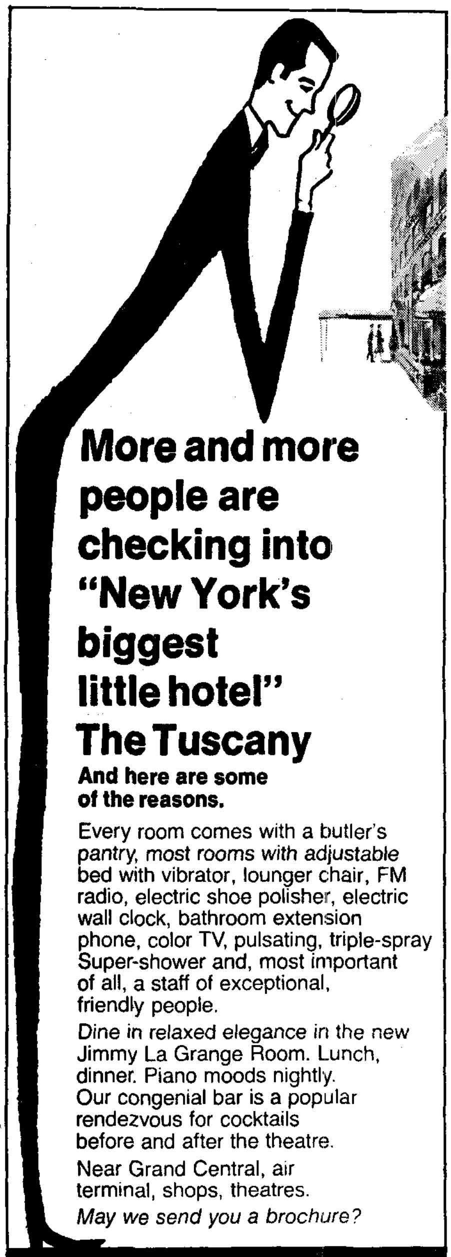

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of love. The system is felt to be normal. He is a mocker of ambition and is almost hardheaded in his judgments. He admires Saint-Loup's courage in war but faces the fact that men of honor may be privately corrupted.

As Proust said when he wrote about Balzac in "Contre Sainte-Beuve," the great difference is that Balzac has the style of a coarse feeder and of one who collects the dossier and lays down the law; his metaphors, Proust complained, are like posters that have no real connection with what he is describing. Proust sought to make his metaphors arise from the scene and multiply its significance. Why, for example, are those telephone operators "Vigilant Virgins"? Because they can listen to your intimate conversations. "Umbrageous" because they work and listen in hiding. Real life *is* hidden. But the key to the difference between Balzac and Proust is Balzac's famous "That is why . . ." Balzac explains Paris, the provinces, etc. He is a fact fetishist. The novelist must *not* explain, and Proust never does: he expands by suggestion, by reflection on parallels to the incidents or thoughts he has first put down. A work of art "brings back" life as it runs rife in nature. He was once congratulated for using a microscope on his people. He replied that what he used was not a microscope but a telescope, which brought the distant nearer and into focus, for time distances every moment of our lives at every tick of the clock. There *is* one clearly Balzacian character in Proust: Charlus is another Vautrin. Charlus, like Vautrin, is homosexual and lives for power; though not an escaped convict, he lusts after the brutalities of prison punishments. Vautrin is branded; Charlus seeks the brand. He is a human stentorian—real, preposterous, gifted, even affecting, a collection of royal fantasies—but he is not conceived melodramatically. There is none of Balzac's romantic melodrama in Proust or in his view of his period. The voice is never raised, and the word "time," with which the book ends, has a knell in it—the melancholy of requiem.

—V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Hotel New Hampshire, by John Irving (Dutton; $15.50). A long, tall tale about one large family (the narrator is the third of its five children) that founds and runs a series of three Hotel New Hampshires. The first hotel is named for its state, and the third, in Maine, is named in memory of the first two; the second, in Vienna, is named as it is to lure homesick American tourists to a section of town (and to a building) otherwise favored by prostitutes and terrorists. Some unusual creatures (a big, huggable dog named Sorrow, a bear named State o' Maine that loves motorcycles, a boy named Egg who loves costumes) are sidelined early on, but in Vienna others are brought into play (a woman in a bear suit, a bear trainer named Freud, a bombmaker named Wrench); the few who make it to Maine are all victims of violent crimes and warped genes. Big dogs, cycling bears, circus-like hotels, and Viennese prostitutes are nothing new to the maker—or to the readers—of "Garp;" but there seem to be fewer clever stories and charming sentences this time, and more arbitrary disasters, and more time for the reader to wonder whether punny names and furry animals ever (except in tall tales) make unbearable sorrow bearable. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Women's Work, by Anne Tolstoi Wallach (New American Library; $13.95). Domina knows that every with-it creative director of a Madison Avenue ad agency (which is what she is) wears velvet jeans and spike heels, and that even if she switched to navy-blue suits and pumps she would never be awarded the promotion (to senior vice-president) she deserves. The result: "The irritation that had been simmering inside her began to seethe, boiling up into rage." Then a handsome executive chooses Domina to work with him on a multimillion-dollar account (a luxury car), and Domina finds his Harris tweeds, his penny loafers, and "the shiny gray of his tennis callus" soothing; meanwhile, a spiteful female underling with marmalade-colored hair is plotting Domina's professional downfall. All this keeps Domina busy thinking ("Domina calculated for the thousandth time"), emoting ("Rage bubbled up in Domina"), and thinking some more ("She stood by the bed thinking furiously"). Will the exec with the tennis callus realize before it's too late that Domina's troubles have nothing to do with her daily intake of twelve cups of coffee?

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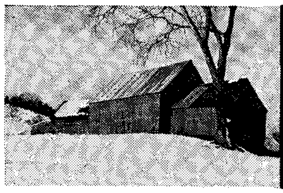
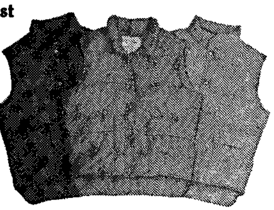
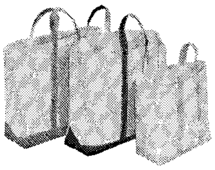
GENERAL

Life on Earth, by David Attenborough (Little, Brown; $22.50). Mr. Attenborough, an English natural historian and filmmaker, tells us that science now believes that there has been life on earth for at least three thousand million years, and in this extraordinary book he traces—with a clarity, a comprehension, and an animation reminiscent of Rachel Carson—the ingenious development and proliferation of life, from its infinite bacterial origins to the eventual appearance of man. On a scale in which each day in a calendar year represents ten million years, this last event took place on the evening of December 31st. It is thus the intervening multimillennia with which Mr. Attenborough is chiefly concerned—the marine beginnings, the giant steps onto land and into sky, the evolutionary trials and errors, the impasses, the breakthroughs. Insects, in particular, fascinate him, and for good reason: "The insect body must be reckoned the most successful of all the solutions to the problems of living on the surface of the earth. . . . The number of individual insects in the world seems beyond any computation, but . . . there must be something on the order of one thousand million thousand million." But, despite the fancies of science fiction, no insect can be any larger than the insects now on earth: "The restricting factor is their breathing technique." (This technique is "gaseous diffusion," which becomes less efficient with increasing size.) He also notes that man "has so far failed to exterminate a single insect species." We learn that the first voice heard on earth probably came from the throat of an amphibian—a frog. We are offered interesting reflections and speculations, such as an explanation of the phenomenon of courtship. It arose, the author suggests, with the scorpion: the male scorpion's problem was to get close enough to the cannibalistic female to mate without being himself eaten, and he solved it by inventing a ritual of "safeguards and placations." It is usual to compliment man for his use of tools, his development of







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speech, and such, but Mr. Attenborough finds something more distinctive: man's facial gestures. "Human beings have more separate muscles in their face than any other animal. They make it possible to move the various elements—lips, cheeks, forehead, eyebrows—in a great variety of ways that no other creature can match." But Mr. Attenborough's text, for all its excellence, is only a part of his accomplishment. He has sent a company of photographers around the world to provide a pictorial counterpoint—one hundred and thirty-three pages of full-color photographs of life forms of every kind. All of them are beautiful, and some—like Stephen Dalton's "Lacewing Fly in Flight"—are simply dazzling. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SOLO BLUES, by Paula Gosling (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $12.95). A London concert pianist turned jazzman (for the money) comes home from a night gig and finds his discarded girlfriend (she still has a key to his apartment) awaiting him, eager for a surreptitious roll in his bed while her current adorer is out of town. He awakes the next morning to find her gone—gone forever, as the police soon inform him: beaten to death and her body dumped in a vacant lot. John Owen Cosatelli, a.k.a. Johnny Cosy (half Italian, half Welsh, and a most attractive hero), finds himself suspected by the police and also—and worse—instantly convicted in the grief-stricken mind of the girl's jealous adorer. On the one hand, the police keep hauling him in for questioning, and on the other thugs waylay him. Miss Gosling is artful, entertaining, and fully literate. She has an interesting feel for Johnny's two worlds—Ravel and Debussy and Rachmaninoff, Oscar Peterson and Teddy Wilson and Herbie Hancock. Altogether, she brings a real freshness to the novel of suspense.

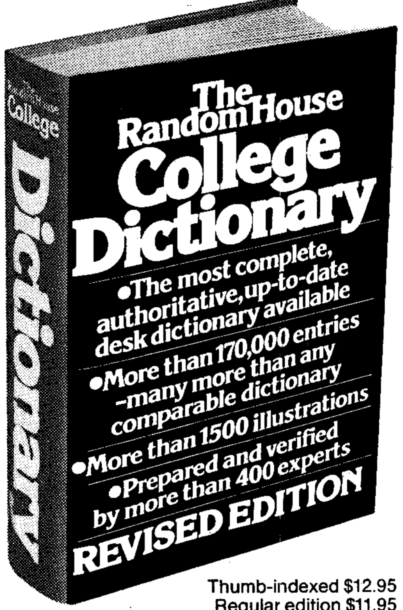
•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Northampton* (*Mass.*) *Daily Hampshire Gazette*]

If you like that idea, you should know about the time people in Cleveland decided to clean up Lake Erie. They turned on all their garbage disposals at the same time—backwards.

THE Smart GIFT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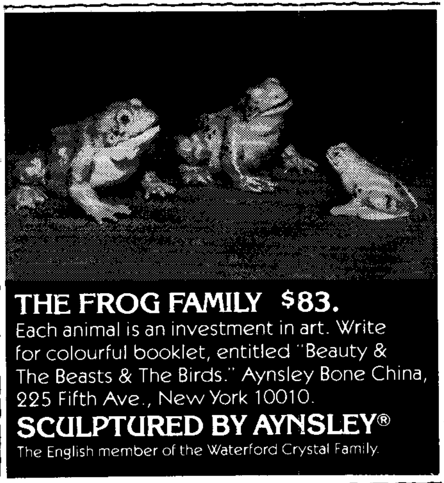

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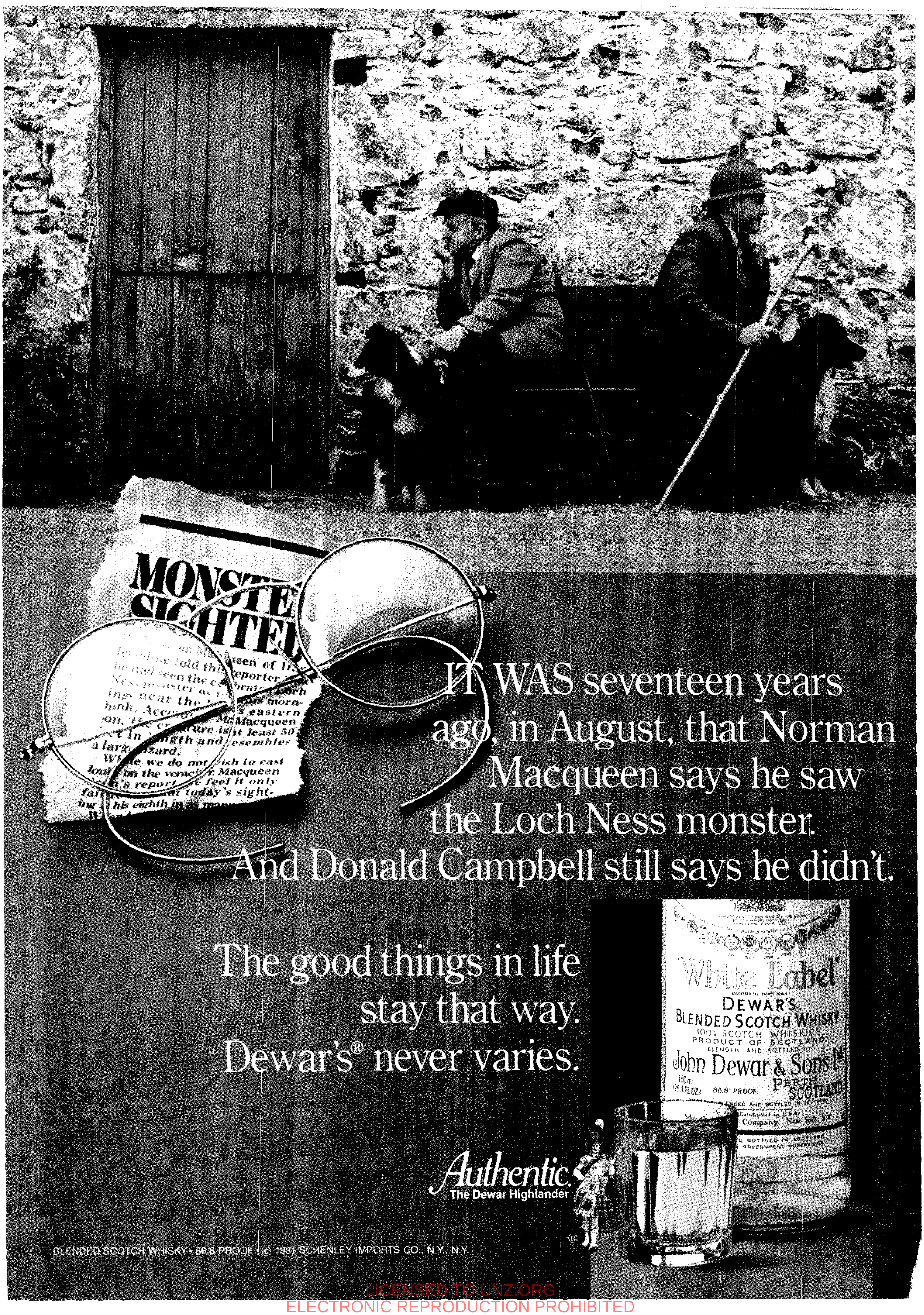
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